Nov. 24, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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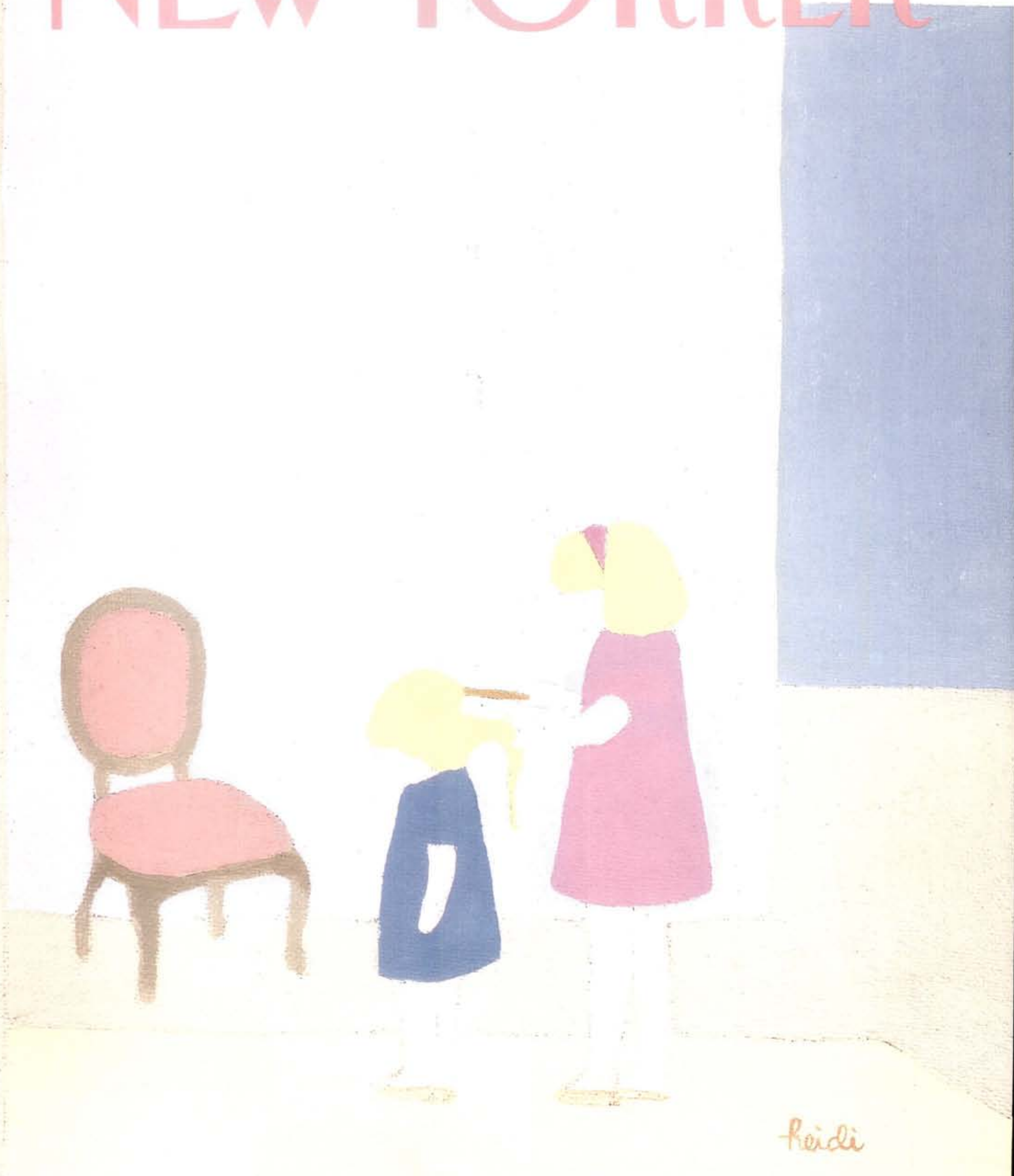

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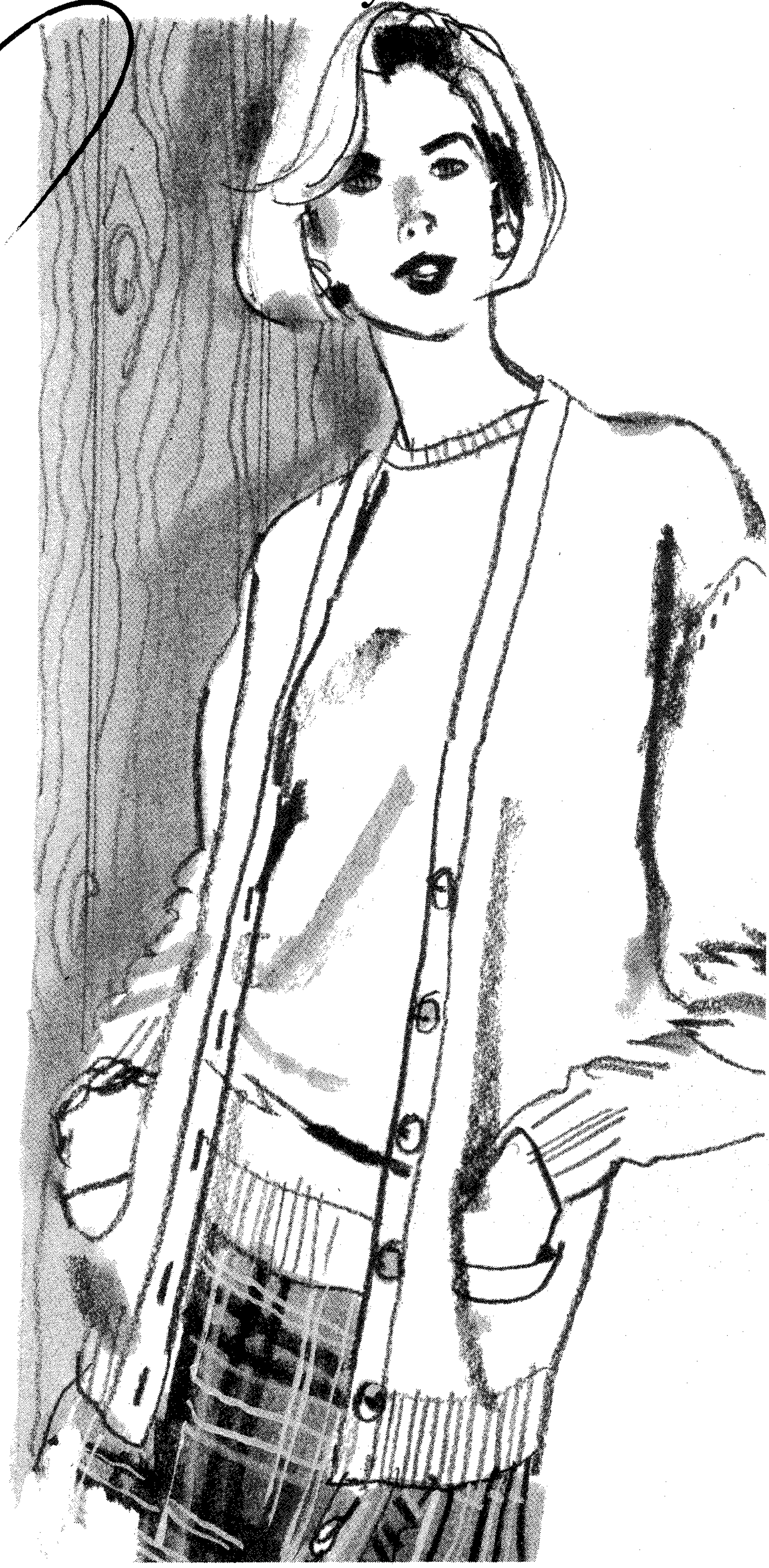

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 27. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGRY HOUSEWIVES—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a big cast and an exceptionally fine set, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

BROWNSTONE—A revival of a little musical about a New York brownstone and its tenants. The music, by Peter Larson and Josh Rubins, is pleasant, and it is well sung, but the words—lyrics and book—don't come to much. (11/17/86) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

CIRCLE REPERTORY COMPANY—A play by Caroline Kava, **THE EARLY GIRL**, is the second in this season's series. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Saturday, Nov. 29, at 7 and 10. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

COASTAL DISTURBANCES—A new play by Tina Howe. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

THE COLORED MUSEUM—A sharp, satiric revue on the subject of blackness and related matters, which is almost done in by damnable sound amplification. George C. Wolfe was the clever writer, and L. Kenneth Richardson the able director. The performers, all of them splendid, are Loretta Devine, Tommy Hollis, Reggie Montgomery, Vickilyn Reynolds, and Danitra Vance. (11/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMON PURSUIT—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane, and Peter Friedman, among others. (11/3/86) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DOUBLE IMAGE THEATRE—Presenting **THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW**: John Patrick Shanley's comedy—sometimes strong and funny, sometimes tedious—is composed of three conversations, between (1) a young woman and her former lover, (2) the young woman and her father, and (3) the father and the lover, all of them citizens of the Bronx. (10/20/86) (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1954 musical **THE PAJAMA GAME** is the second in this season's series of eight productions. The book is by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, and the score and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 23. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FACE TO FACE—A play by Alexander Gelman, *translated from the Russian by Zora Essman.* David Groh and Ina Balin are the stars. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 19. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE FRONT PAGE—A revival of a comedy by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, starring John Lithgow and Richard Thomas. The director is Jerry Zaks. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 22. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 23, and will run through Sunday, Jan. 11. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Special performance Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

GROUCHO: A LIFE IN REVUE—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

THE HANDS OF ITS ENEMY—A play by Mark Medoff, starring Phyllis Frelich and Jeffrey DeMunn. At the Saturday matinée, Nov. 22, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-

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COVER: *Heidi Goennel*

DRAWINGS: *Mike Twohy, William Steig, Saul Steinberg, Lee Lorenz, Michael Maslin, Edward Frascino, Ed Arno, William Hamilton, Bill Woodman, J. B. Handelsman, Arnie Levin, Burt Silverman, Joseph Mirachi, George Price, Mischa Richter, Jack Ziegler, James Mulligan, James Stevenson, Edward Koren, Peter Steiner, George Booth, Gahan Wilson*

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8989. Nightly, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A ham-fisted musical takeoff on "Frankenstein" and other horror movies of the thirties and forties. For camp followers only. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday and Friday, Nov. 27-28, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performances Friday, Nov. 28, at 7 and 10.)

Highest Standard of Living—Keith Reddin's political farce about an American graduate student in Moscow is weak on politics, but quite a few of the jokes are funny (Act I). The second act doesn't amount to much. Steven Culp does very well in the leading role. Don Scardino directed, and John Arnone designed the witty scenery. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28.)

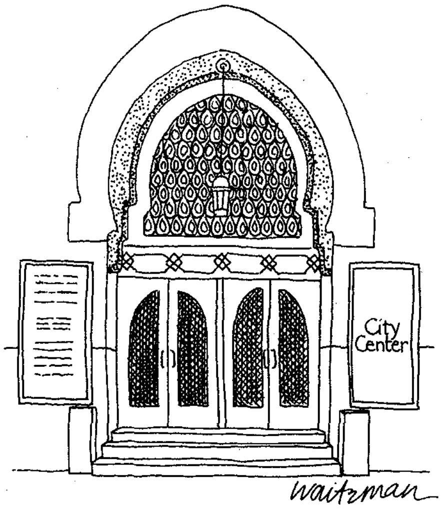
Lily Dale—A play by Horton Foote, with Molly Ringwald in the title role. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 19. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 20. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performances Monday, Nov. 24, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 3.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5; special matinées Thanksgiving Day at 5 and Friday, Nov. 28, at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 7.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. The production will run for as long as Lindsay is able and willing to run, which one hopes will be for several years. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Leslie Lee's **THE WAR PARTY**, the company's opening bill, is overloaded with plot, subplot, and incidents, but it is never tedious. Most of the action takes place in the offices of a black activist group in a Philadelphia slum. Among the good actors are Vondie Curtis-Hall, Adam Wade, Carla Brothers, and Kathryn Hunter. (11/17/86) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

New York Theatre Workshop—The third of four plays in the New Directors Project is **BURRHEAD**, by Deborah Pryor. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, at 8; Saturdays, Nov. 22 and 29, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)



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Oh Coward!—A revival of a musical revue devised by Roderick Cook and first presented Off Broadway in 1972. The Coward in the show's title is Sir Noël, and the music and lyrics are his. With Mr. Cook, who also directed, Catherine Cox, and Patrick Quinn. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Shogun Macbeth—Shakespeare's play, set in thirteenth-century Japan. With Ernest Abuba and Freda Foh Shen. A presentation of the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Smile—A musical taken from a 1975 film of the same title, with music by Marvin Hamlisch and a book and lyrics by Howard Ashman, who is also the director. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 22. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 24. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Social Security—A comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Stardust—A revue featuring songs by lyricist Mitchell Parish and his many collaborators, including Hoagy Carmichael, Duke Ellington, and Glenn Miller. Conceived and directed by Albert Harris. With Michele Bautier. (Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl., at 11th St. 627-2556. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Ann Reinking is the star. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

Time Out of Time—A play by and with Clifford Mason, directed by Al Freeman, Jr. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Dec. 7.)

You Never Can Tell—All Shaw delights, and absolute Shaw delights absolutely. This minor early work is full of commensurately minor pleasures, with two or three exceptionally attractive performances. In the cast are Victor Garber, Lise Hilboldt, Philip Bosco, Stephen McHattie, Stefan Gierasch, Uta Hagen, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,056 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD:** Charles Dickens' novel served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert

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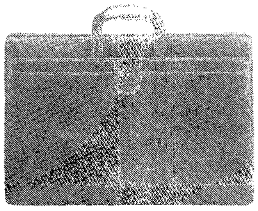

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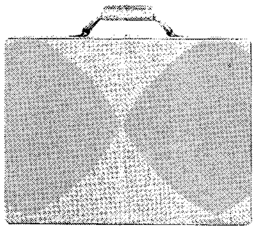

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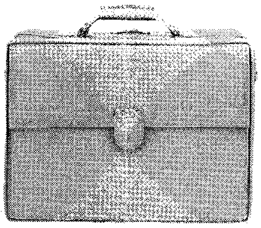

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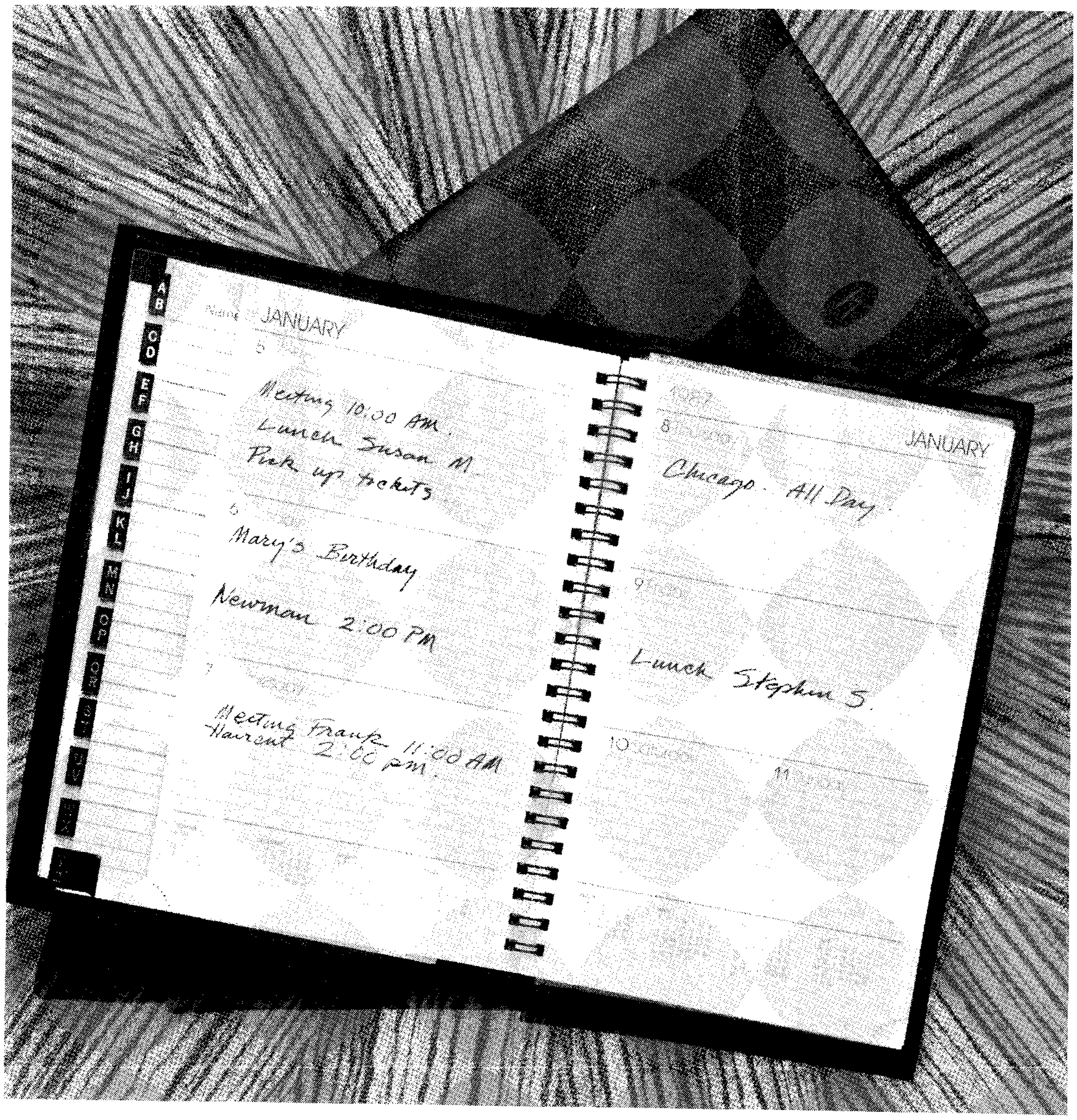
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Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 26, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—*BAM's annual celebration* of the avant-garde—Eiko & Koma presenting "New Moon Stories," a four-part dance work. (Lepercq Space. Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 19-22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2.) . . . ¶ Dancer David Gordon's Pick Up Company performing "Transparent Means for Travelling Light," "The Seasons," and "My Folks." (Opera House. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, at 8.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

Radio City Music Hall—The annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Thursday, Nov. 20, and Monday, Nov. 24, at 11 and 2:30; Friday, Nov. 21, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 2:30 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, at 12:30, 4, and 7:30; Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 2:30; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 10, 1:30, 5, and 8:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 8.)

Big Apple Circus—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 19, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 7:30; Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 11 and 7:30; Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, and Friday, Nov. 28, at 12:30 and 4; and Saturday, Nov. 29, at 12:30, 4, and 8. Through Sunday, Jan. 4. For information about tickets, call 391-0767.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Nov. 19: "Interplay," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 20: "Serenade," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Friday evening Nov. 21: "Concerto Barocco," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Agon." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 22: "Scotch Symphony," "Interplay," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 23: "Interplay," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 23: "Concerto Barocco," "Agon," and "Serenade." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 25: "La Source," "Glass Pieces," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 26: "Interplay," "Scotch Symphony," and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 28: "Concerto Barocco," "In G Major," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 29: "Interplay," "In G Major," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 29: "La Source," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 22.)

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Flamenco Puro—A troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Nov. 28, at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 30.)

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—"Blood," "Concerto Six Twenty-Two," and "A Brahms Symphony." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 19-21, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Moiseyev Dance Company—A hundred and fifty-five dancers and musicians from Moscow. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday, Nov. 25, and Thursday, Nov. 27, at 8, and Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 2 and 8.)

Peridance—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8: "Magnificat," "Songs," "Les Chemins de l'Amour," "Veil of Dawn," and "Ragtime." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2: "Autumn," "Tango," "Chameleon Dances," "Svsplkt," and "Bolero." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Sato Takako's Ryukyuan Dance Company—A company of dancers and musicians from Japan, in a program of new works and traditional Okinawan dance. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, at 8.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies—**HANNAH KAHN DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Nov. 20, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, at 8. . . . **ANNA SOKOLOW'S PLAYERS' PROJECT:** Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

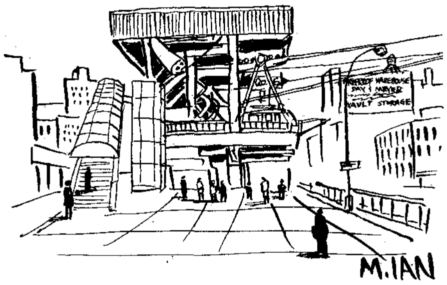
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). The ace rhythm team of drummer **BERNARD (PRETTY) PURDIE** and bassist **CHUCK RAINEY** heads up a band on Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22. Other groups can be heard every night except Thanksgiving. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Harold Arlen. She sings at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, are in the swell hands of guitarist **DOM MINASI,** bassist Denis Irwin, and drummer **JIMMY MADISON.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten. Closed Thanksgiving.



Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. At nine Tuesdays through Saturdays, Rita Gardner sings a slew of songs from the twenties, and at eleven Wednesdays through Saturdays Laurie Beechman, one of the cats in "Cats," sings contemporary pop and Broadway show tunes.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars *attendant upon the RCA Building*—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. Flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** quintet and singer Diane Schuur's trio are here Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20, and on Friday, Nov. 21, a big-band festival commences. The bands: through Sunday, Nov. 23, **LIONEL HAMPTON'S** young herd; Monday, Nov. 24, **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S NEW YORK JAZZ ORCHESTRA,** featuring saxophonist-flutist **LEW TABACKIN;** and Tuesday through Monday, Nov. 25-Dec. 1, the **COUNT BASIE ORCHESTRA,** under the direction of **FRANK FOSTER,** with (for the first three nights, Nov. 25-27) **JAKI BYARD & THE APOLLO STOMPERS.** Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk, comedy, and combinations thereof. On Wednesdays, the loose-limbed, wavy-haired lounge singer named **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (the persona adopted by pro*to punk-rocker* David Johansen) does songs that you aren't likely to hear at a Holiday Inn. His adept, tuxedoed **BANSHEES OF BLUE** back him up. The rest of the schedule: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, the Robert Cray band and John Hiatt; Tuesday, Nov. 25, at seven and ten-thirty, Max Weinberg's "Growing Up on E Street;" Friday, Nov. 28, David & David; and Saturday, Nov. 29, **NRBQ.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

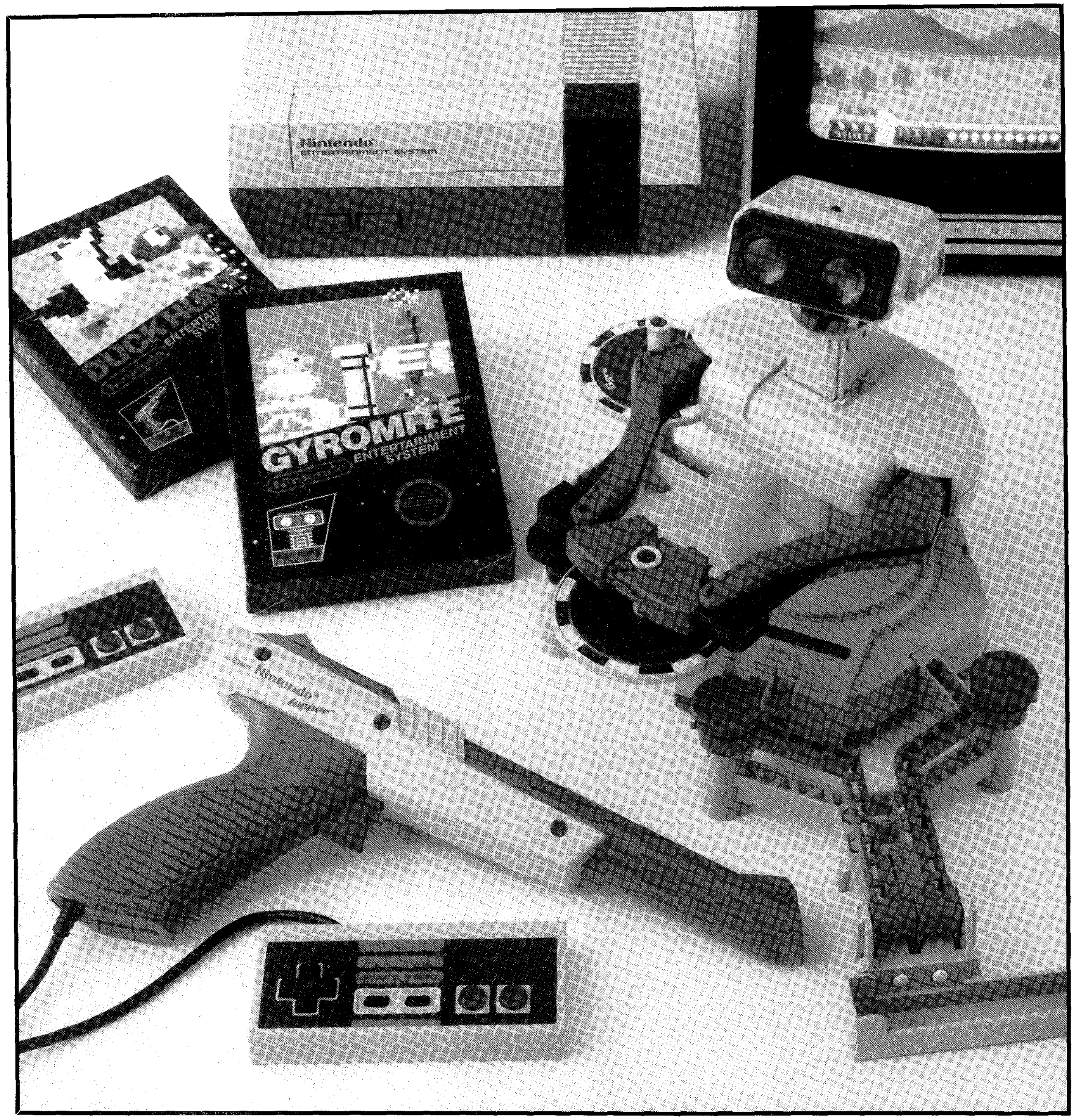
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists and bassists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: through Saturday, Nov. 22, **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER;** Sunday, Nov. 23, Simon Nabotov and a bassist; and starting Monday, Nov. 24, **CEDAR WALTON** and **DAVID WILLIAMS.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Violinist **BILLY BANG'S** sextet holds forth through Sunday, Nov. 23, and on Tuesday, Nov. 25, **DAVID MURRAY** (a gifted and prolific composer-arranger and a fervent tenor saxophonist who looks—and sometimes sounds—like Ben Webster, one of his heroes) brings in his trio. Music from nine nightly, except Mondays.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is at his old post in the Café Carlyle, singing and playing the piano and touching off mirth and jubilation in his audience. **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) are his trusty sidekicks. They can be heard at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Wednesday, Nov. 26, when **HELEN MERRILL** will sing with a trio. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (*mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply*; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll

WE'RE TUNED IN TO THE FUTURE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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte.* A fourteen-piece band directed by the imposing, thundering pianist **MC COY TYNER** performs here every night except Monday, when **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Music from eight Tuesdays through Sundays, and from nine on Mondays. Dining.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Through Saturday, Nov. 22, **MICKEY TUCKER;** Sunday, Nov. 23, **NINA SHELDON;** Monday, Nov. 24, Nils Van Doky; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, **CHRIS ANDERSON;** and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **BROSS TOWNSEND** (with bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM**). Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with her backing crew, pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau. On Sundays and Mondays, **BOB DOROUGH** sings and plays the piano with support from bassist **BILL TAKAS,** and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway. **BILL MAYS** is in charge of it and John Goldsby is on bass through Saturday, Nov. 22. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CALVIN HILL** settle in on Tuesday, Nov. 25, and Esther Blue flies all by herself on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20, Commander Cody; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, funky Louisiana swamp music by the venerable **DR. JOHN** and Texas-style country rock by **MARCIA BALL;** Sunday, Nov. 23, J. D. Souther; Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 26-27, **THE BAND,** or three-fifths of it (**LEVON HELM, GARTH HUDSON, RICK DANKO**); and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, **WILLY DE VILLE & THE UPTOWN HORNS.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan club, hard by a black steel-and-glass skyscraper. Singer, d.j., and popular-music encyclopedia Jonathan Schwartz is sharing the stage with singer **JO SULLIVAN,** both of whom are devoting themselves to the lyrics of Lorenz Hart. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place. Jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues are what the people come inside for. The roster: Wednesdays, Nov. 19 and 26, Big Dog, with **KENNY KIRKLAND,** Jim Campagnola, and others; Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, singer Gloria Lynne; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, hard-bop drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his youthful disciples, the **JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and rock-related phenomena from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Thursday, Nov. 20, Berlin and the Rainmakers; Friday, Nov. 21, Peter Murphy and the Bolshoi; Saturday, Nov. 22, Cockney-accented balladeer and angry young man **BILLY BRAGG;** Sunday and Monday, Nov. 23-24, megastar **ERIC CLAPTON;** Friday, Nov. 28, Fishbone and Hunters & Collectors; and Saturday, Nov. 29, frenzied funny person Sam Kinison. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Exotic, head-swirling music from Brazil and elsewhere in an exotic *carnaval* setting. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 19-20, percussionist **TITO PUENTE,** with both his big dance band and his midsize Latin-jazz group; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 25-26, flutist **HERBIE MANN,** with the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND;** Friday, Nov. 28, the Brooklyn-based Haitian band Tabou Combo; and Saturday, Nov. 29, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from eleven on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Thanksgiving.

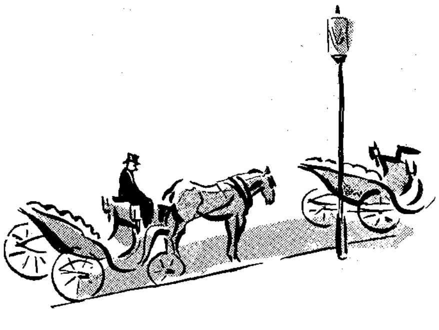
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial: Alto *saxophonist* **TIM BERNE** *leads his quintet* through Sunday, Nov. 23, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 25, the **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** (with its founder, **ROLAND HANNA,** on piano, and **FRANK WESS** on flute and tenor saxophone) will be on the bandstand. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its white-haired leader at the electric piano, delivers shimmering sound-pictures of pieces by Hancock, Mingus, Hendrix, and others. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Big Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, roadhouse neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Nov. 19, the Tapes, Cargo Cult, and Emmi; Thursday, Nov. 20, Woofing Cookies and Nightporters; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, Big Time Sarah; Sunday, Nov. 23, the Surreal McCoys; Tuesday, Nov. 25, tenor saxophonist **RICKY FORD** & the Last Waves and Oscar Sanders' Funk 'n' Roll; and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 28-30, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.** Music after nine-thirty. Closed Thanksgiving.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Monday, Nov. 24, the king and queen of salsa, **TITO PUENTE** and the Cuban-born singer **CELIA CRUZ,** will be in the big downstairs room, along with His Majesty's orchestra. Music from nine. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to **TEDDY CHARLES** and **HAROLD DANKO,** who play vibraphone-piano duets Tuesdays through Sundays from about ten. On Tuesdays, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio (guitarist Ed Berg and bassist Lyn Christie) are also present.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than a half century. **JOHN ABERCROMBIE'S** high-tech quartet (with Abercrombie on guitar-synthesizer, **BOB MINTZER** on saxophone, **MARC JOHNSON** on bass, and **PETER ERSKINE** on drums) ministers to the faithful through Sunday, Nov. 23, and on Tuesday, Nov. 25, tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** enters with his sixteen-piece outfit. Mondays are the property of the crisp, swinging **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA.** Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, the EnduroRacer, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Vibraphonist **JAY HOGGARD** and his quartet (pianist **BENNY GREEN,** bassist **ANTHONY COX,** and drummer **PHEEROAN AKLAFF**) are on hand through Sunday, Nov. 23; drummer **WALTER BOLDEN'S** band comes in on Wednesday, Nov. 26; and starting Thursday, Nov. 27, **LITTLE JIMMY SCOTT,** who sang with Lionel Hampton's big band in the early fifties, will be here with his combo. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.



WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The entryway to this downstairs club buzzes with black lights, the anteroom features a mural and a chaise longue on which to contemplate it, and the music-and-dining room has jazz. A bluesy quintet led by tenor saxophonist **DAVID (FATHEAD) NEWMAN** and organist **BROTHER JACK MC DUFF** performs through Sunday, Nov. 23, and on Tuesday, Nov. 25, flutist **JAMES NEWTON** arrives with his sextet. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Music from about nine-thirty. . . . ¶ The roomy upstairs bar and restaurant called Joanna (675-7900) has big mirrors, photomurals of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano. **TOMMY FLANAGAN** and **GEORGE MRAZ** work together here from nine-thirty every night except Monday, when **HUGH LAWSON** gets the call.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. **JAMES WILLIAMS** and **JAMIL NASSER** play piano-bass duets through Saturday, Nov. 22, and starting Sunday, Nov. 23, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** will play their own beautiful and swinging brand of chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed Thanksgiving.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK—With the Models. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 8.)

ATAHUALPA YUPANQUI—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS QUARTET—Jazz Center of New York, 380 Lafayette St. 505-5660. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21-22, at 9:30 and 11.

GIL SCOTT-HERON and **LINTON KWESI JOHNSON**—Symphony Space. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 and 11.

WYNTON MARSALIS—Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Thursday, Nov. 25-27, and Sunday, Nov. 30, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8 and 11:30.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN & DOUBLE TROUBLE—Radio City Music Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

HANNELORE BARON—Paper-and-fabric collages inspired by the writings of Isak Dinesen. Through Dec. 3. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JACOBO BORGES—An accomplished Venezuelan-born artist who pays homage to Rembrandt by painting himself in the same poses Rembrandt took for some of *his* self-portraits. Through Dec. 6. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. Open Mondays.)

ALFREDO CASTAÑEDA—The haunting, bearded face of this Mexican painter is the subject of most of these new works, which bring Magritte to mind. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Martin, in new quarters at 23 E. 73rd St.)

ROBERT CUMMING—Recent sculptures and works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

WALTER DE MARIA—Two sculptural installations, both consisting of polygonal rods of stainless

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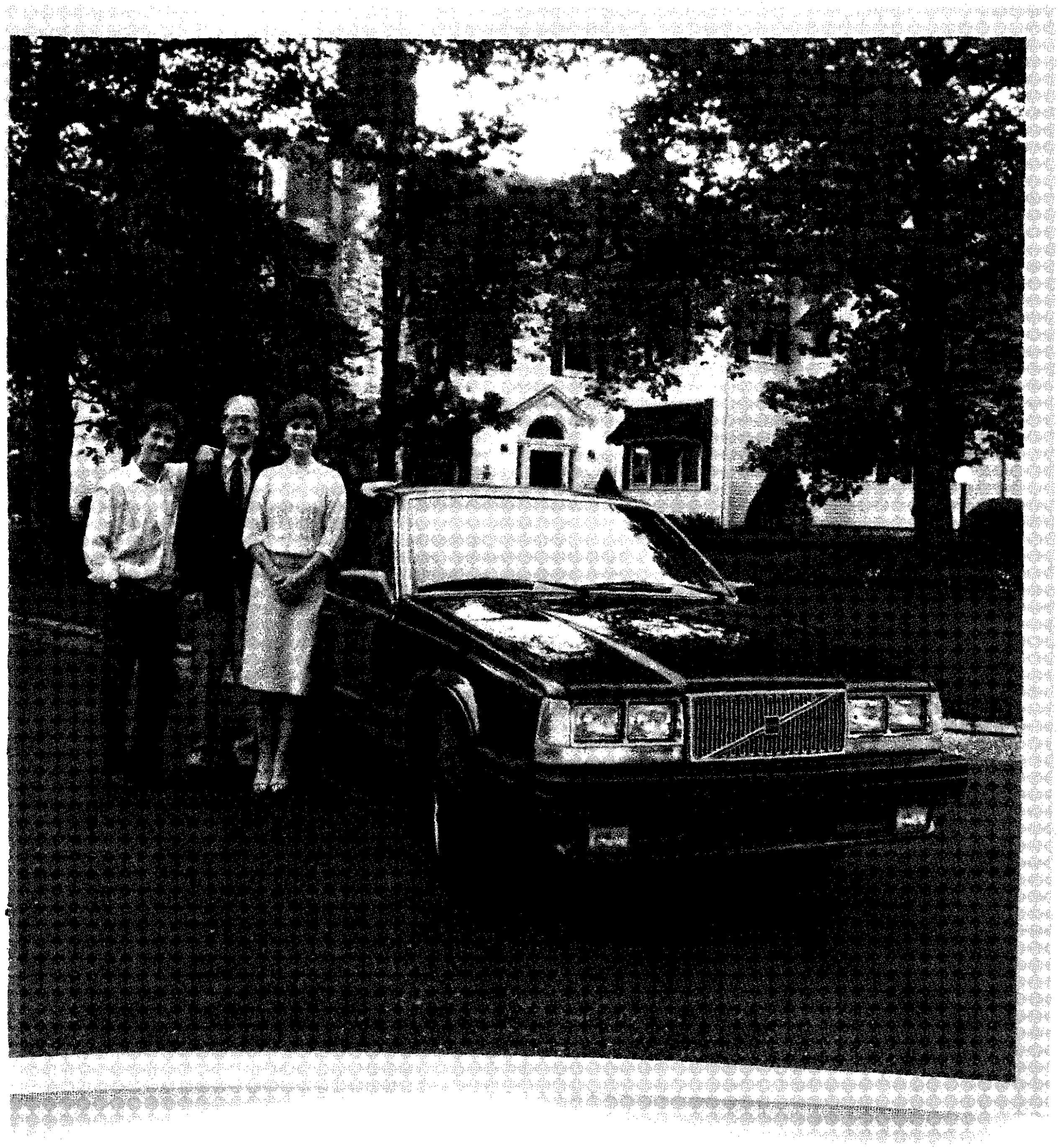

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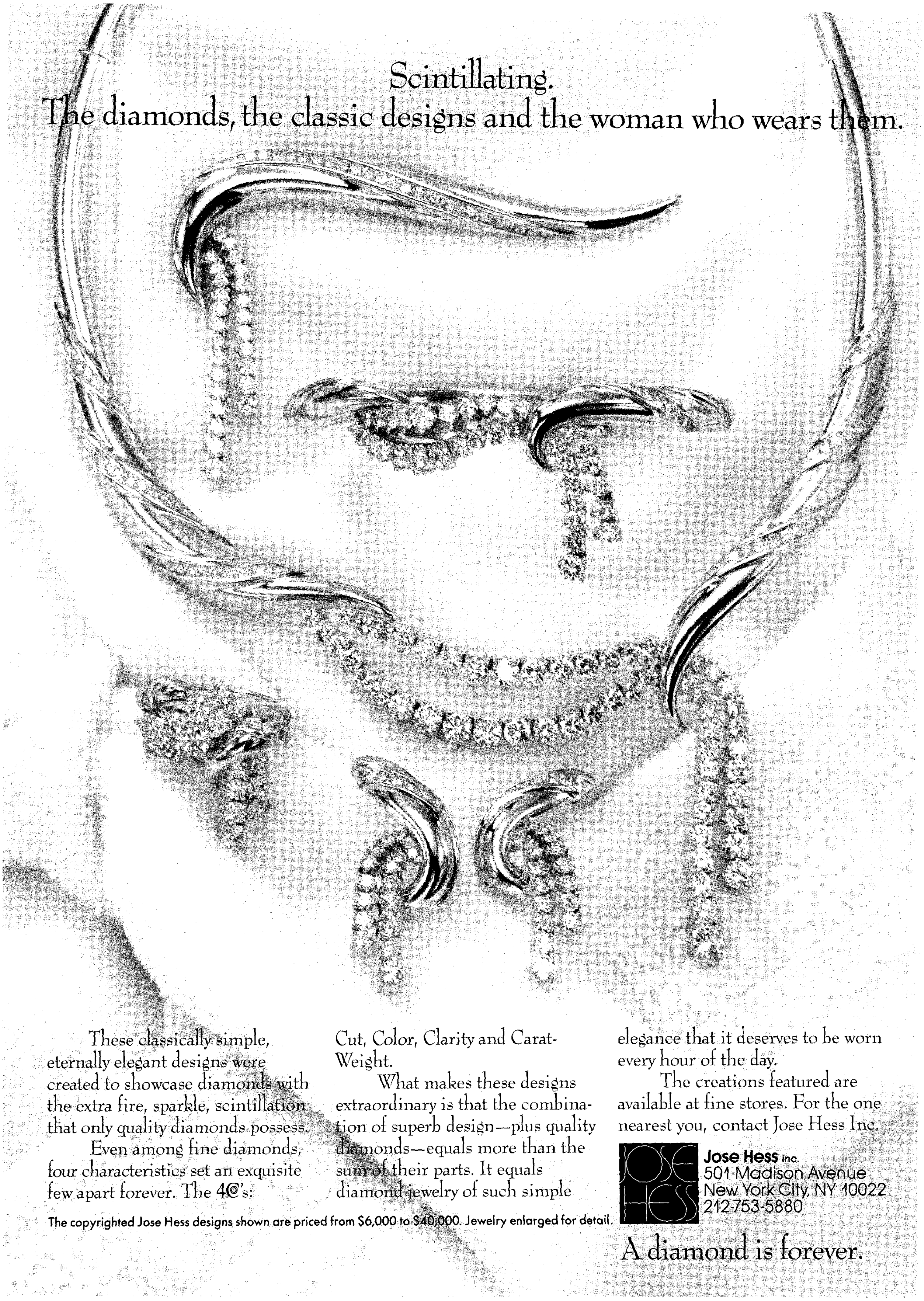

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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steel and both done recently. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Mary Faulconer—Miniature paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Schiller-Wapner, 1 E. 61st St.)

Arnold Friedman (1874-1946)—Paintings. Through Dec. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Balcomb Greene—New paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Sculptures and drawings. Through Dec. 6. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Jackson Pollock (1912-56)—Paintings and drawings from the early forties, when the artist was on the verge of his momentous drip innovations; the influences of Thomas Hart Benton and Picasso are still visible. Through Dec. 20. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Maurice Prendergast (1859-1924)—A benefit loan show of watercolors of Italian, French, and American vistas. Through Dec. 6. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Ken Price—Large clay bowls with scenes painted on them. Through Dec. 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Herman Rose and Vincent Canade—Paintings and drawings from the thirties and forties. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Opens at noon. Mr. Rose has a complementary show at Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Joop Sanders—Paintings and drawings by an artist of the New York School. Through Dec. 6. (Kren, 22 E. 65th St.)

Jonathan Santlofer—Abstract paintings on shaped canvases that fit together like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. Through Dec. 6. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Fritz Scholder—Paintings in which figures and interiors are reduced to their basic forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Augustus Vincent Tack (1870-1949)—Abstract paintings on loan from the Phillips Collection, Washington. Through Dec. 4. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Herk Van Tongeren—New bronzes. Through Dec. 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Max Weber (1881-1961)—Paintings, drawings, and prints from his Cubist periods. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Chris Wilmarth—Abstract wall sculptures (three extending to the floor) using bronze, steel, and glass. Through Dec. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Group Shows—At the GALDY, 19 E. 71st St.: "The Brueghel Family and the Golden Age of Flemish Painting," including works by Pieter the Younger and Jan the Younger. Through Dec. 16. (Open Mondays.) . . . LAFAYETTE PARKE, 58 E. 79th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by early-twentieth-century European Expressionists, including Beckmann, Schiele, Dix, and Kirchner. Through Dec. 20.

Sculpture—A 1959-60 steel-and-canvas piece by Lee Bontecou is complemented by works in various materials by six younger artists (Carol Hepper, Steve Wood) who use Bontecou's method of grafting one material onto another. Through Dec. 2. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Nicholas Africano—In addition to building up figures in deep relief with painted canvas on canvas, this artist now sculpts them in the round, using translucent cast glass, wood, cloth, marble, and so on. Through Dec. 6. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

William Bailey—Recent paintings and drawings of still-lifes and figures. Through Dec. 3. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Buck—Each work is in three parts—first a painting on unstretched canvas, then a painting on stretched canvas on top of that, and, last, a sentinel-like carved-wood figure standing guard in front. Through Dec. 6. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Duff / John Cage—Recent abstract painted-fibre-glass sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. / Drawings. Through Dec. 6. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Federico Fellini—Working drawings in felt-tip pen for "La Dolce Vita," "Amarcord," and other films. Through Dec. 13. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

Lucio Fontana (1899-1968)—Paintings and sculptures, mostly from the fifties. Through Dec. 24. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Mary Frank—A large color monoprint of six dancing figures, a bronze head, chimeras portrayed in papier-mâché or terra-cotta sculptures and on paper, and more. Through Dec. 13. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arthur Gibbons / Anne Truitt—Cutout painted-steel sculptures evoking birds and plants, for the most part, plus a single piece combining bronze, stainless steel, and rusted steel. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. / Painted-wood columns executed between 1971 and 1983. Through Dec. 6. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jill Giegerich—Wall constructions made of heavy-duty building materials—tar paper, copper, rubber carpeting, plywood. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Valerie Jaudon—Arcs, broken triangles, and bold geometric forms arranged with authority on a grid background. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Paul Jenkins—New paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wolf Kahn—Large-scale hand-colored monoprints. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St.)

William King—A new group of his elongated, high-pocketed sculptured figures, all of them freestanding and overbearingly nonchalant. Through Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Wolfgang Laib—One of the works by this ascetic artist consists of thirty-six metal bowls filled with rice and lined up behind a small boulder; another is a large rectangle of gold-colored hazelnut pollen he gathered in his native Germany. Through Dec. 6. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Jeannette LeRoy—Still-life pencil drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

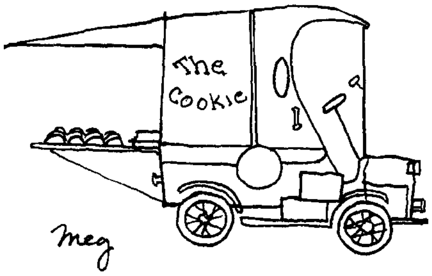
René Magritte (1898-1967)—A sizable group of characteristic paintings, such as a crystal goblet brimming over with cumulus clouds. Through Dec. 20. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Marin (1870-1953)—Small watercolors, suggesting, in short brushstrokes, city life, sailing, figures, etc. Through Dec. 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Rodrigo Moynihan / Raoul Ubac—Studio interiors, still-lifes, nudes, and self-portraits. / Vintage prints by a Belgian Surrealist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

George Nick / Herman Rose—New England landscapes and cityscapes. / Representational landscapes and flower still-lifes. Through Dec. 3. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. Mr. Rose has a complementary show at Radann, 790 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955) / **Timothy Kelley**—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes in oil and watercolor. / Recent abstract steel sculptures. Through Tuesday, Nov. 25. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)



John Opper / Steve Currie—Abstract paintings. / Abstract sculptures in wood, metal lath, wax, and plaster. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Linda Peer—Bright-colored heads, of wood and fired-clay, some topped with headdresses. Through Dec. 13. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Lincoln Perry—Large oil paintings of an allegorical cast, involving rather stylized figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Julian Schnabel—Landscapes and figures, or parts of figures, painted on Kabuki backdrops; this time the works are uninterrupted by crockery or antlers. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Karl Schrag—Landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits. Through Dec. 6. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Wallace H. Smith—Robust paintings by an eighty-five-year-old artist whose career has carried him to France, to Union Square, and back to his native St. Louis, with summer sojourns in Michigan. Through Dec. 3. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small oil paintings on panels and silverpoint drawings that reflect a Magic Realist influence. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Betty Woodman—Earthenware sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At LUHRING AUGUSTINE & HODES, 41 E. 57th St.: Contemporary German works—photographic installations by Bernd and Hilla Becher and Günther Förg, and architectural sculptures by Reinhard Mucha. Through Dec. 20. . . . WASHBURN, 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings from the thirties by artists who either worked for the W.P.A. or were members of the American Abstract Artists—Ilya Bolotowsky's seventeen-foot reconstruction of his mural for a Williamsburg housing project is one of the works on display. Through Saturday, Nov. 29.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Ahearn (with Rigoberto Torres)—New painted-fibre-glass sculptures by this South Bronx team, now working in the round instead of in bas-relief. Street people are the subjects, including two young rat-killers, in gladiatorial poses among their trophies. Through Dec. 3. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Terry Allen / Susan Leopold—Mixed-medium pieces commenting on the Vietnam War—one shows a pig standing beneath an axe, another a broken rifle stock. The series is called "Youth in Asia." / Tiny tableaux of interiors contained in illuminated boxes and viewed through wide-angle lenses. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Doug Anderson—Emblematic paintings. Through Dec. 6. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Robert Anderson—Deftly painted canvases in which familiar art subjects are brought into comic juxtaposition—one of Marisol's stubby families is introduced into Seurat's "La Grande Jatte," for instance, or characters by Matisse, Lindner, and Wesselmann are thrown together. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St.)

Howard Ben Tré—Decorative pillars as much as seven feet tall, made of translucent cast glass banded with copper. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Environmental sculptures, plus drawings, blackboards, and a steel-and-glass vitrine containing a hearthstone. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Bård Breivik—Black-granite and cast-iron sculptures. Through Dec. 6. (Germans van Eck, 420 West Broadway.)

Louis Comtois—Painted panels of cement, plaster, metal, wood, and canvas. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Thomas Cornell—A canvas mural for all seasons commissioned by the John Hancock insurance company and accompanied by numerous preparatory sketches. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Einstein, 591 Broadway.)

Virginia Cuppaidge—Abstract paintings.

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Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Jiří Georg Dokoupil—Paintings with logos inscribed across the canvas—Citibank, MOMA, PaineWebber, for instance—plus small bronzes of the logos. Through Dec. 20. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Don Eddy—New paintings, among them a landscape of Golden Gate Park over which the artist has superimposed images of bowls of candy and plastic fruits, vegetables, and toys. Through Dec. 17. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Natalie Edgar—Semi-abstract landscapes inspired by the Carrara quarries, in Italy. Through Dec. 6. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Jacques Flèchemuller—Colorful acrylic paintings, two of them of fishing lures. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Michael Gitlin—Abstract wall sculptures (irregularly shaped wood structures, with assorted mediums incorporated), plus drawings. Through Dec. 6. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Suellen Glashausser—Relief sculptures in a series called "Gardens." Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Denise Green—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Mark Innerst—Small landscapes of the Luminist school, varnished and glazed like Dutch Old Masters and meticulously framed by the artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Gary Kuehn—One of this sculptor's specialties is embedding one prong of a pickaxe in a block of wood and enlarging and converting the other prong into a ladder, say, or a chair, or a large swirl of wrought iron. Through Dec. 6. (Roeder, 545 Broadway. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Saturdays.)

JoAnne McFarland—Recent mixed-medium paintings on Plexiglas, plus earlier abstract works on paper. Through Dec. 20. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—Abstract Expressionist paintings done in strong colors and with considerable vigor. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Ellen Phelan—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Lois Polansky—Kimonos and other garments rendered in handmade paper, a specialty of the artist. Through Dec. 3. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sigmar Polke—Abstract paintings on canvas and felt. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Ramm-Ell-Zee—Abstract symbols and geometric forms painted on short-napped rugs, sometimes with spray cans. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Bryers, 111 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Paintings on canvas. Through Dec. 20. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Rauschenberg—Two shows. Battered sheet-metal signs, old automobile license plates, and industrial rubbish of various kinds transformed into sculptures by the touch of this artist. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ More than sixty drawings completed between 1958 and 1968. Through Dec. 6. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Nov. 30. (Morningstar, 164 Mercer St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 3 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Joel Shapiro—Bronze and wood sculptures, plus drawings—his latest work. Through Dec. 6. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Lee Tribe—Sculptural conceits done in scrap steel, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Lawrence Weiner—Writing on the wall. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **di laurenti**, 383 West Broadway: Twenty-five Italian artists showing paintings and sculptures completed since 1956. Through Dec. 20. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER,** 35 Wooster St.: Works on paper by twelve artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

OTHER GALLERIES

William Brice—Paintings and drawings dating from 1947 to the present by a California artist. Through Dec. 23. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Crash—Paintings (spray paint on canvas), drawings (pencil and vinyl), and a hand-painted coffee table. Through Nov. 30. (Jus de Pomme, 338 E. 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Carol Kreeger Davidson—Freestanding abstract sculptures in canvas and paper, bronze, and aluminum. Through Nov. 30. (Humphrey, 242 E. 5th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

David Diao—Geometric abstract paintings. Through Dec. 7. (Postmasters, 66 Avenue A, near 4th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rodney Alan Greenblat—Paintings and wood sculptures that have a certain folk-art aesthetic. Through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Charles Hewitt—Paintings in which figures and objects are interchangeable with landscapes. Through Nov. 30. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Kurt Ossenfort and Tim Snell—Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 22. (Bond, 30 Bond St. Opens at 1.)

Andy Warhol—Large-scale paintings from 1978. Through Dec. 24. (Gagosian, 521 W. 23rd St., near Eleventh Ave.)

James Welling—Black-and-white oil paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Cash-Newhouse, 170 Avenue B, near 11th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM,** 17 White St.: "Repulsion: Aesthetics of the Grotesque," a show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, photographs, and a video by contemporary artists, including Luis Cruz Azaceta, Joel-Peter Witkin, and others. Through Jan. 3. . . . **ARTISTS SPACE,** 223 West Broadway: Contemporary works that comment on traditional fairy tales. The artists include Louise Lawler, James Casebere, Ericka Beckman, and Vito Acconci. . . . ¶ At 11 and 2:30, a three-hour program of complementary videos ("Curlylocks and the Three Brothers," by Jacqueline Frazier; "So Where's My Prince Already," by Ardele Lister; and others) will be shown. Through Wednesday, Nov. 26.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Alfred Eisenstaedt / David Seymour (Chim) (1911-1956)—A retrospective. / Work from the thirties, including prints of the Spanish Civil War. Through Jan. 11. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Lee Friedlander / Len Jenshel—Framed individual prints from a book of photogravures of Japanese landscapes with flowering cherry trees. / Color landscapes of Texas photographed while the artist was working with David Byrne's production of "True Stories." Through Dec. 13. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

George Hoyningen-Huené (1900-68)—Portraits of Derain, Ravel, Gary Cooper, and others, done on assignment for various magazines; travel photographs of Egypt; and other works. Through Dec. 6. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Philip Lieberman / Carol Burch-Brown—Black-and-white prints of Swiss farmlands. / Graphite-and-ink drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Sheila Metzner—Photographs printed in the Fresson process; the subjects include portraits for *Vogue* and *House & Garden* and still-lifes of prototypes of lamps designed by Serge Mouillé. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Inge Morath—Telling photographic portraits of, among others, Anaïs Nin, Jean Cocteau, Marilyn Monroe, Saul Steinberg, and Janet Flanner, some of them in the first flush of success. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St. Open Mondays.)

Richard Prince—Photographs. Through Sunday, Nov. 23. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Show—Vintage prints by artists whose reputations were established by their work in other mediums—René Magritte and Henry Moore, for instance. Through Dec. 31. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

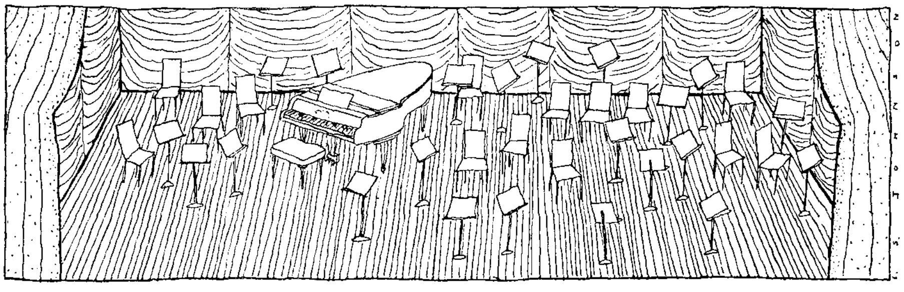
Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of scale models, photographs, and drawings by Swiss architect Mario Botta. Starts Thursday, Nov. 20. . . . ¶ An installation by Justen Ladda. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works on paper by Jean Dubuffet. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Prints by Odilon Redon. Through Feb. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings—except Thanksgiving, when it will close at 5—until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes) is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decora-



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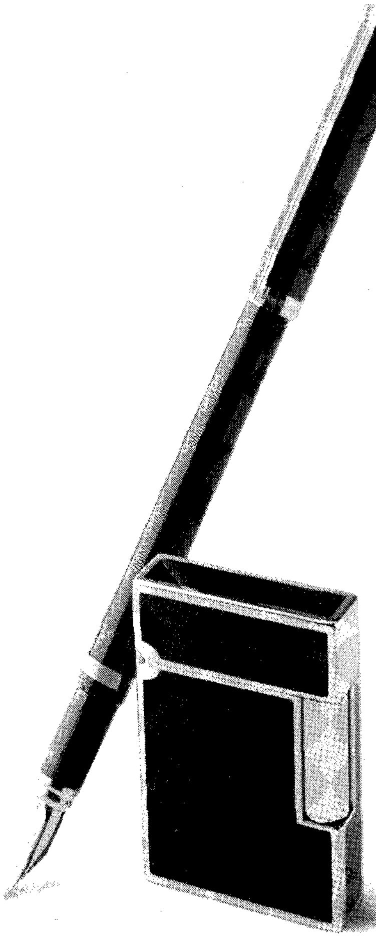

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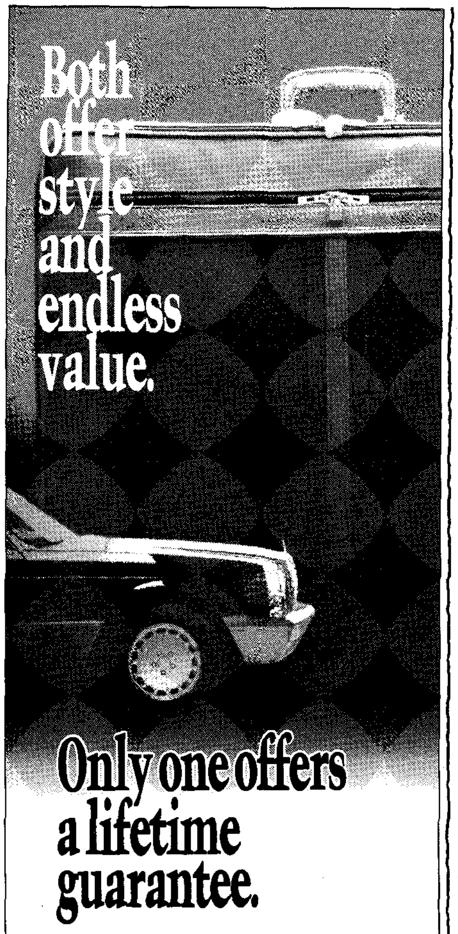
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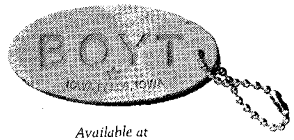

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tive objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Tuesdays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual show sponsored by the purchase funds left by Childe Hassam and Eugene Speicher, this year containing paintings, drawings, and prints by sixty contemporary Americans. A number of the works will be bought and donated to museums. Through Dec. 14. (Open daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 40 W. 53rd St.—Handmade fine- and applied-art objects in a blazing show that befits the opening of a new home for the museum. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—Dance notations recorded in manuscripts and first editions over the centuries—from a 1586 French book, "Orchésographie," by Thoinot Arbeau, to original manuscripts by Alwin Nikolais and Merce Cunningham. Through Saturday, Nov. 29. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of works that have entered the collections recently—drawings by Mantegna, Mondrian, and others; illuminated manuscripts; books; literary and music manuscripts; and a copy of the first printing of the Declaration of Independence. Starts Thursday, Nov. 20. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen European artists whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of minimalists and conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A display of antique toys—Teddy bears and dolls, including a Shirley Temple doll; trains, including a girl's freight-train set; cars, including a knockout six-foot replica of a Packard; games, including a Newport Yacht race game, circa 1891—from the Lawrence Scripps Wilkinson Collection. (Open daily except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—This magazine's first cover and more than a hundred other *New Yorker* covers and cartoons will go on view in their original form in the Second Floor Gallery on Friday, Nov. 21. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ From the Berg Collection: an exhibit of letters and literary works by English and American women writers from the eighteenth century to the present. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671—James Grigsby (performance), Thursday and Friday, Nov. 20-21, at 8:30, and (tentative) Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30.

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5973—Continuing performances of a revival of the Wooster Group's "Road to Immortality Part One (Route 1 & 9)." Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8. Through Dec. 6.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. at 9th St. 477-5288—Ishmael Houston-Jones and others (theatre-dance performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 21-23, at 9; Gayle Tufts (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 21-23, at 11.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 21, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and John Macurdy; the role of Juliette to be announced; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 1:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 24, at 8: "Tosca," with Maria Slatinaru, Franco Bonisolli, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and John Macurdy; the role of Juliette to be announced; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 27, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 28, at 8: "Tosca," Eva Marton, Franco Bonisolli, and Louis Quilico; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 2: "I Puritani," with Françoise Garner, Salvatore Fisichella, Sherrill Milnes, and Samuel Ramey; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Diana Soviero, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

OPERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Paul Dunkel conducting performances of the Gertrude Stein–Virgil Thomson opera "Four Saints in Three Acts," staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Nov. 30. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8; Friday, Nov. 21, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30: A Bach-Hindemith-Beethoven program, with Malcolm Frager, piano, and Paul Neubauer and Leonard Davis, viola. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 28-29, at 8: A Webern–Mahler–John Knowles Paine program, with Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano.

PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY—Charles Dutoit directing Berlioz' "The Damnation of Faust," with Katherine Ciesinski, mezzo-soprano; Jerry Hadley, tenor; David Orcutt, baritone; Dimitri Kavrakos, bass; and the Mendelssohn

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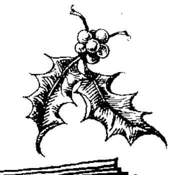

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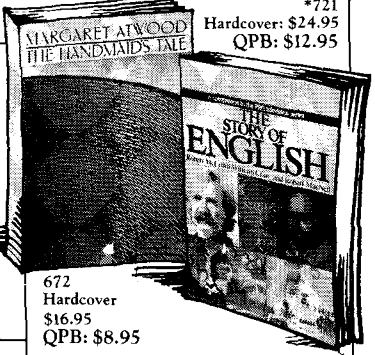

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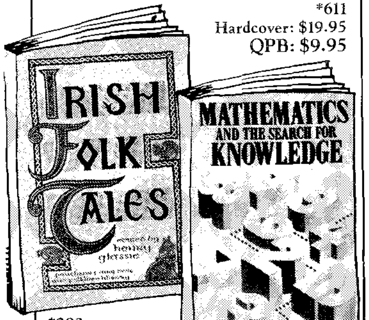

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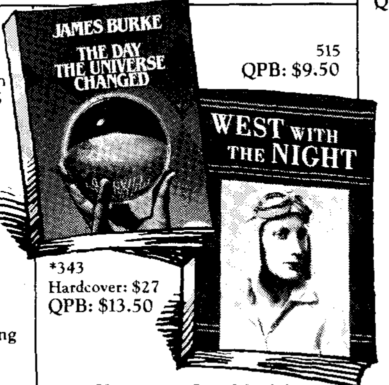

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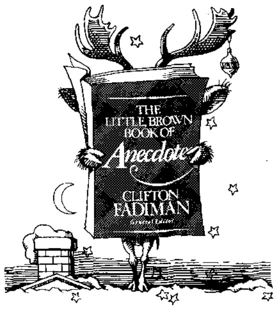

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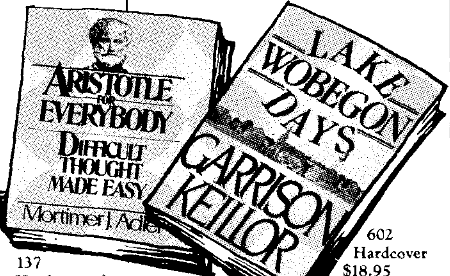

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Choir of Pittsburgh. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Y Chamber Symphony—At the 92nd Street Y, Gerard Schwarz directing—Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3: A Wagner-Mozart-Schubert program, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 29, at 8: Purcell's dramatic concert work "The Fairy Queen," with Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Jeffrey Gall, countertenor; David Britton, tenor; and the Y Chorale. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi—Richard Kapp conducting, with Marvis Martin, soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

Tokyo Women's Choir—Koh-ichi Hattori directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 2.)

Florilegium Chamber Choir and Orchestra—JoAnn Rice directing; with soloists. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Choral Symphony Society—David Labovitz directing a program of Bach cantatas. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins directing the Clarion Concerts Orchestra and the New Amsterdam Singers in the American première of Giovanni Simone Mayr's "Requiem in G Minor," with Kaaren Erickson, soprano; Lucille Beer, mezzo-soprano; Robert White, tenor; and Richard Crist, bass. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8.)

RECITALS

Mischa Maisky—Performing, over two concerts, Bach's complete suites for unaccompanied cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Nov. 20, and Sunday, Nov. 23, at 8.)

Fadé Camerata—Heidi Nitze, soprano; Martin Agee, violin; Christine Scafidi, cello; and John Van Buskirk, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8.)

Wren Ensemble—A program of eighteenth-century chamber music, performed on period instruments. (Friends Meeting House, 15th St. between Second and Third Aves. Friday, Nov. 21, at 7:30. Admission by contribution.)

Rafael Puyana—Harpsichord. (Veléz Blanco Patio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8.)

New York New Music Ensemble—Performing works by Karlheinz Stockhausen and Peter Maxwell Davies. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Nov. 21, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Music of Friedrich Kuhlau—Robert Stallman and four other flutists, with assisting artists, in a program honoring the bicentennial of the composer's birth. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music—With Stephen Burns, trumpet; Beverly Hoch, soprano; John Van Buskirk, piano; and the Mendelssohn String Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8.)

Lee Luvisi and the Ridge String Quartet—An all-Haydn program of piano sonatas and string quartets. (New School Auditorium, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

Pomerium Musices and the New York Consort of Viols—A program of music by Orlando Gibbons. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2. Admission by contribution.)

North/South Consonance Ensemble—Performing a program of new American music. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3.)

Coull String Quartet—The first appearance here by this group from England. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Alliance for American Song—An all-John Becker program, honoring the centennial of the composer's birth. Katherine Davidson and Judith Nicosia, sopranos; David Smith, tenor; Glenn Billingsley and Robert Kuehn, baritones; Walter Hilse, piano/organ; and Lucille Goeres, flute, will be among the more than thirty-five participating artists. (Gustavus Adolphus Lutheran Church, 155 E. 22nd St. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Daniel Barenboim—The fifth in a series, begun last season, of eight concerts in which Mr. Barenboim is performing the complete cycle of Beethoven piano sonatas. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 7:30.)

John-Philippe Collard—Piano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

Thomas Murray—Performing an all-Mendelssohn program of unpublished organ works discovered this year. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Abba Bogin—Mr. Bogin conducting and playing the piano, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano; Masako Yanagita, violin; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8.)

American Brass Quintet—With Thompson Hanks, Jr., tuba, and others. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Monday, Nov. 24, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Music Today—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble, with Carol Webber, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 8.)

Teresa Berganza—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 28, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Philip Glass and the Philip Glass Ensemble—Presenting the concert première of "Songs from Liquid Days," with Janice Pendarvis, the Roches, Bernard Fowler, Linda Ronstadt, and Paul Sperry; plus the New York première of "A Descent Into the Maelstrom." (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 21, at 7:30 and 10.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8:30; Houston Rockets, Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 7:30; and Cleveland Cavaliers, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 1.

Football—Giants vs. Denver Broncos. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 23, at 1.)

Hockey—At **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Thursday, Nov. 20, at 8:05; Hartford Whalers, Saturday, Nov. 22, at 7:05; Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Nov. 25, at 8:05; and Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Nov. 29, at 7:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Wednesday, Nov. 26, at 7:35.

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. Post time will be 11 A.M. on Thanksgiving Day. The Remsen, Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights, except Thanksgiving, at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

ET ALIA

Furniture and Decorative Arts Show—Entitled "Modernism: A Century of Style and Design, 1860 to 1960," the show will have about seventy dealers offering goods that came out of the studios of such designers as Frank Lloyd Wright, Alvar Aalto, Louis Comfort Tiffany, and many others. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 20-22, from noon to 10; Sunday, Nov. 23, from 11 to 6.)

Flower Show—The sixth annual show of Japanese chrysanthemums, including bonsai plants, in the Enid A. Haupt Conservatory at the New York Botanical Garden. (Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 4; through Sunday, Nov. 30.)

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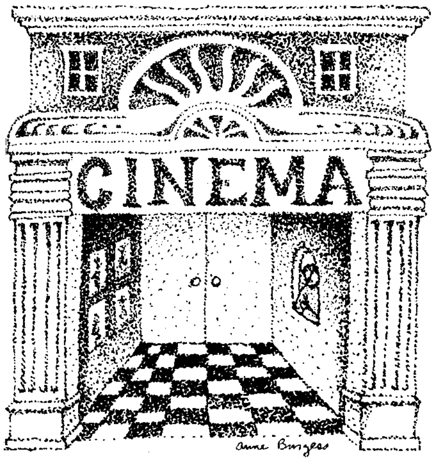

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 30.

EAST SIDE

PUBLIC THEATRE, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Nov. 20: “Mephisto” (1982; directed by István Szabó; in German), with Klaus Maria Brandauer; and “Tricheurs” (1983; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier.

Nov. 21-26: “Tricheurs;” and “Salvador” (†).

Nov. 27: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 28: “Sudden Fear” (1952; David Miller), with Joan Crawford, Jack Palance, and Gloria Grahame; and “Plenty” (†).

MOVIELAND 8TH STREET TRIPLEX, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: “Tai-Pan” (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown. From Nov. 21: “An American Tail” (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Theatre 2: “Something Wild” (†).

Theatre 3: “Half Moon Street” (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

NEW GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

“Streets of Gold” (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

“The Color of Money” (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 25: “Soul Man” (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong. From Nov. 26: “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home” (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

Theatre 2: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 3: “Peggy Sue Got Married” (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

“Something Wild” (†).

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Nov. 20: “Stand By Me” (†).

From Nov. 21: “Song of the South” (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Nov. 25: “True Stories” (†).

From Nov. 26: “The Mosquito Coast” (Peter Weir), with Harrison Ford.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Nov. 20: “Streets of Gold” (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

From Nov. 21: To be announced.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

“Round Midnight” (Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: “Tai-Pan” (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown. From Nov. 21: “Firewalker” (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “Tough Guys” (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. From Nov. 21: “The Wraith” (Mike Marvin).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: “Something Wild” (†).

Theatre 2: “The Color of Money” (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Nov. 20: “Blue Velvet” (†).

From Nov. 21: “The Boy Who Could Fly” (Nick Castle).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: “The Mission” (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.

Theatre 2: “Betty Blue” (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: “Peggy Sue Got Married” (†).

Theatre 2: “52 Pick-Up” (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

Through Nov. 25: “Every Time We Say Goodbye” (Moshe Mizrahi), with Tom Hanks.

From Nov. 26: “True Stories” (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: “Half Moon Street” (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “Nobody's Fool” (Evelyn Purcell), with Rosanna Arquette and Eric Roberts. From Nov. 21: “An American Tail” (Don Bluth), an animated film.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

“Rouge Baiser” (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

“Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

“52 Pick-Up” (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: “Neon Maniacs.” From Nov. 21: “The Wraith” (Mike Marvin).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “Tai-Pan” (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown. From Nov. 21: “Firewalker” (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: “Soul Man” (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 25: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan. From Nov. 26: “Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home” (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Nov. 20: “Streets of Gold” (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

From Nov. 21: “The Boy Who Could Fly” (Nick Castle).

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; *Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in* the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: “Eyes on the Prize: America's Civil Rights Years, 1954-65,” six one-hour documentaries, shown in two programs.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 27: “The Fly” (1958 †) and “The Hustler” (†). From Nov. 28: “Porky Pig in Hollywood,” a program of sixteen black-and-white Warner Brothers cartoons, directed by Tex Avery, Friz Freleng, Bob Clampett, Frank Tashlin, and Chuck Jones.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA I AND 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)

Theatre 1: “Summer” (directed by Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière.

Theatre 2: “My Beautiful Laundrette” (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: “Blue Velvet” (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “The Name of the Rose” (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham. From Nov. 21: “The Unheard Music” (W. T. Morgan).

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

“True Stories” (†).

R.K.O. ART GREENWICH TWIN, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 25: “Nobody's Fool” (Evelyn Purcell), with Rosanna Arquette and Eric Roberts. From Nov. 26: “Solarbabies” (Alan Johnson), with Richard Jordan.

Theatre 2: “Round Midnight” (Bertrand Tavernier), with Dexter Gordon.

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: “Down by Law” (†).

Theatre 2: “She's Gotta Have It” (†).

Theatre 3: “A Room with a View” (†).

Theatre 4: “52 Pick-Up” (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

23RD ST. WEST TRIPLEX, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)

Theatre 1: “The Color of Money” (†).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “Every Time We Say Goodbye” (Moshe Mizrahi), with Tom Hanks. From Nov. 21: “Song of the South” (†).

Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: “Stand By Me” (†). From Nov. 21 (tentative): “The Boy Who Could Fly” (Nick Castle).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

Through Nov. 20: “That's Life!” (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

From Nov. 21: “Song of the South” (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Nov. 25: Theatre closed.

From Nov. 26: “Nutcracker, The Motion Picture” (Carroll Ballard), with the Pacific Northwest Ballet.

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

“Sid and Nancy” (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

NEW CARNEGIE, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Through Nov. 21: “The Name of the Rose” (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

From Nov. 22: A thirteen-day program of thirteen Israeli films, in Hebrew, with English subtitles.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

“The Decline of the American Empire” (Denys Arcand; a Canadian film, in French), with Dominique Michel.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

“Marlene” (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

“Children of a Lesser God” (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: “The Sacrifice” (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: “Police” (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu. From Nov. 21: “Down by Law” (†).

Theatre 3: “Men . . .” (†).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: “Ménage” (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou. From Nov. 21: “Tangos: The Exile of Gardel” (Fernando E. Solanas; in French and Spanish).

Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20; “Down by Law” (†). From Nov. 21: “Ménage.”

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

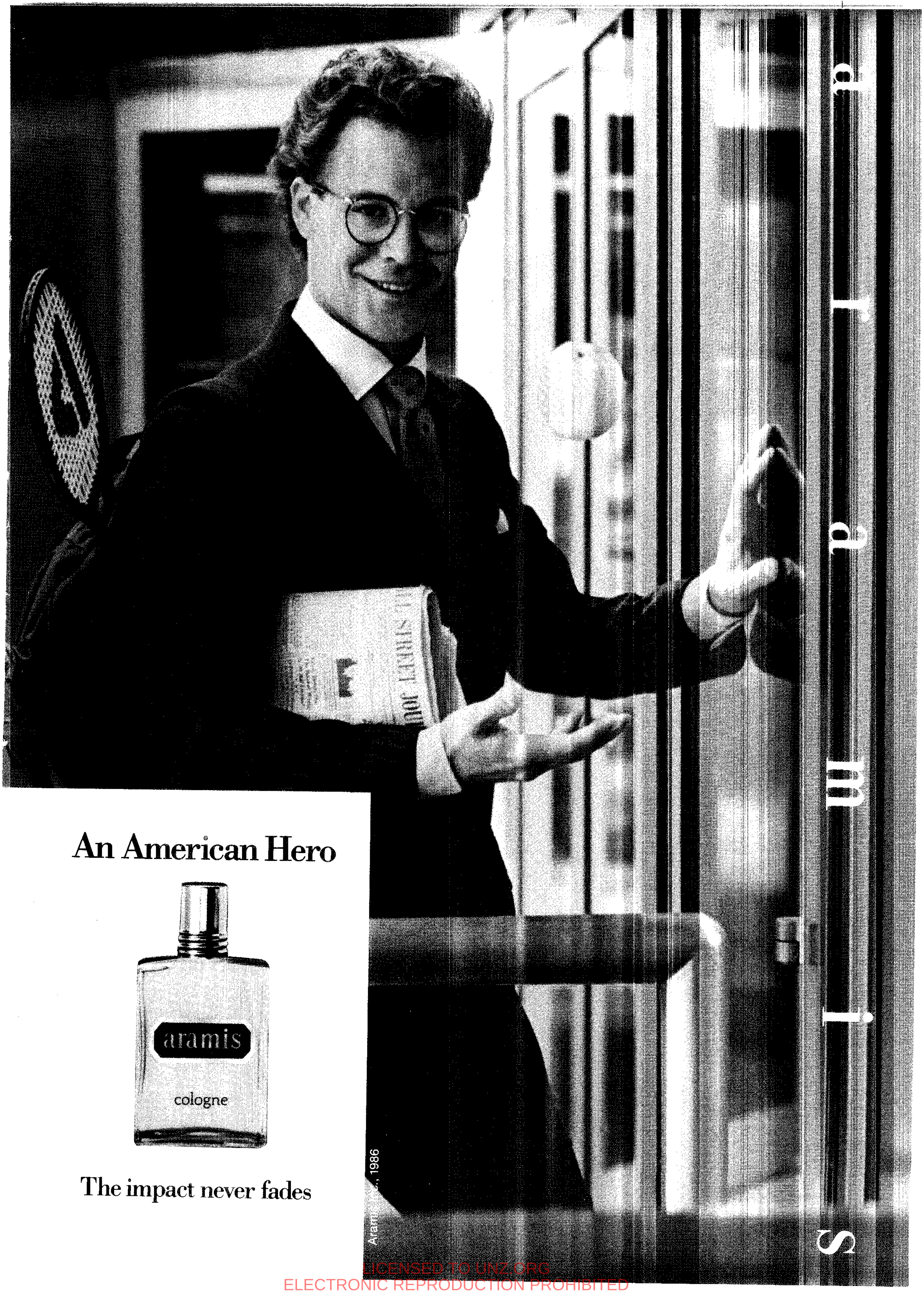
Theatre 1: “The Color of Money” (†).

Theatre 2: “A Room with a View” (†).

LOEWS 84TH STREET SIXPLEX, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: “Crocodile Dundee” (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Theatre 2: “Half Moon Street” (Bob Swaim),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An American Hero
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cologne
The impact never fades
Aram c., 1986

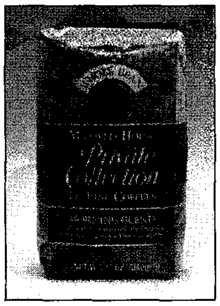
MAXWELL HOUSE P

PRIVATE COFFEES FOR AL

"It's wonderful to get away from civilization."
- MORNING BLEND
reflective

"I wonder if I can use my credit cards."
- CUSTOM BLEND DECAFFEINATED
civilized

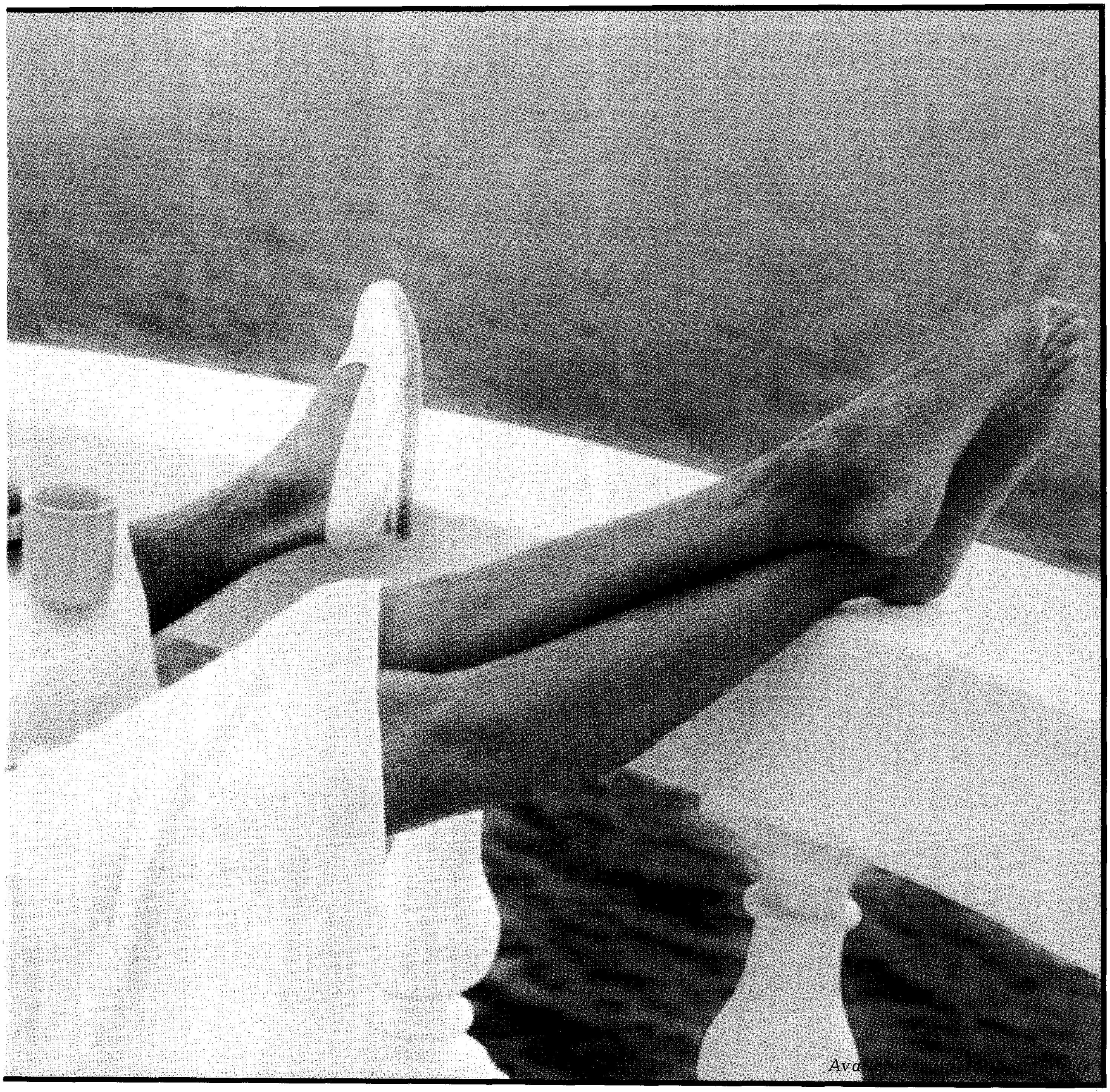
MORNING BLEND is a delicate mix of the more mellow, flavorful beans. Gently roasted into their prime. When brewed they yield a coffee with a smooth, satisfying taste and a thoughtful, almost haunting aroma. A very comfortable cup of coffee to just sit with and linger over.

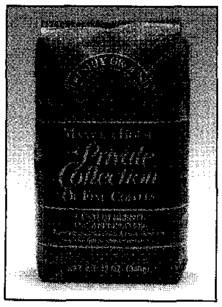


"REFLECTIVE"

CUSTOM BLEND DECAFFEINATED is a blend of better cultivated, more savory high-altitude beans. Each roasted to an elegant perfection. And naturally decaffeinated to make a coffee with a full rich flavor and sophisticated aroma. A refined cup of coffee that'll appeal to your senses like a finely prepared meal.

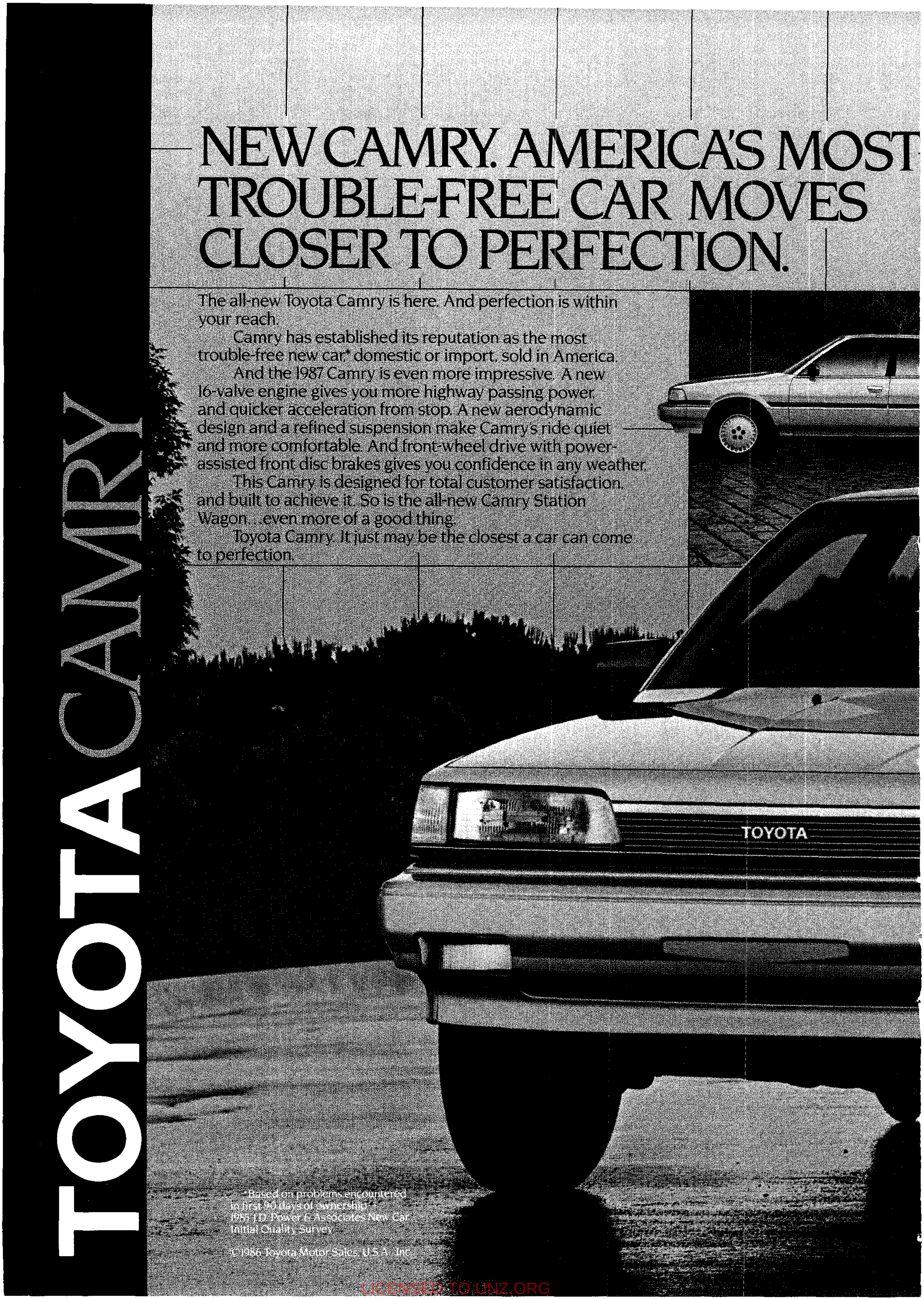
RIVATE COLLECTION
L YOUR PRIVATE MOODS





"CIVILIZED"

INTRODUCING EIGHT PRIVATE COFFEES. Our Maxwell House Private Collection. Eight coffees with different dispositions. But of equal quality. Each the result of taking select beans, roasting them until they have all reached their peak colors, peak flavors and peak aromas. Then artfully blending the beans to make coffees of unique character and charm. Each vacuum packed for absolute freshness. And sealed with a 'freshness security valve' to guarantee its taste and aroma. Six are available in Whole Bean. All are available in Freshly Ground. In all, eight ideally made private coffees for any and all your private moods.



NEW CAMRY. AMERICA'S MOST TROUBLE-FREE CAR MOVES CLOSER TO PERFECTION.

The all-new Toyota Camry is here. And perfection is within your reach.

Camry has established its reputation as the most trouble-free new car,* domestic or import, sold in America.

And the 1987 Camry is even more impressive. A new 16-valve engine gives you more highway passing power and quicker acceleration from stop. A new aerodynamic design and a refined suspension make Camry's ride quiet and more comfortable. And front-wheel drive with power-assisted front disc brakes gives you confidence in any weather.

This Camry is designed for total customer satisfaction, and built to achieve it. So is the all-new Camry Station Wagon...even more of a good thing.

Toyota Camry. It just may be the closest a car can come to perfection.

*Based on problems encountered in first 90 days of ownership—1985 J.D. Power & Associates New Car Initial Quality Survey.

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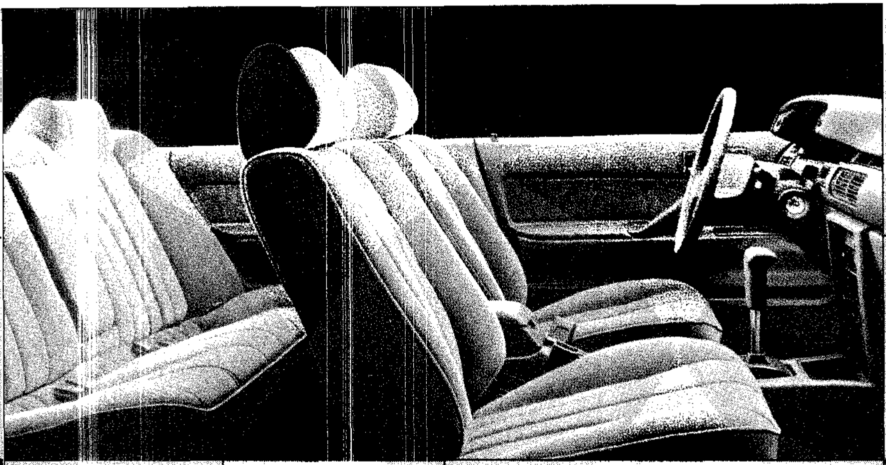

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Seats five adults in generous, deeply cushioned velour comfort. Bigger trunk than ever, with 15.4 cu. ft. of cargo space and a low liftover height that makes loading and unloading easy. And more, as Camry moves comfortably closer to perfection.

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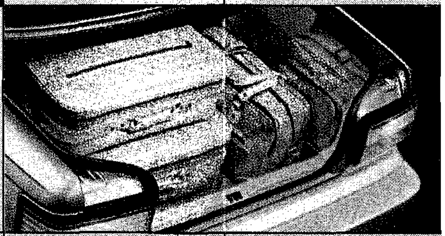

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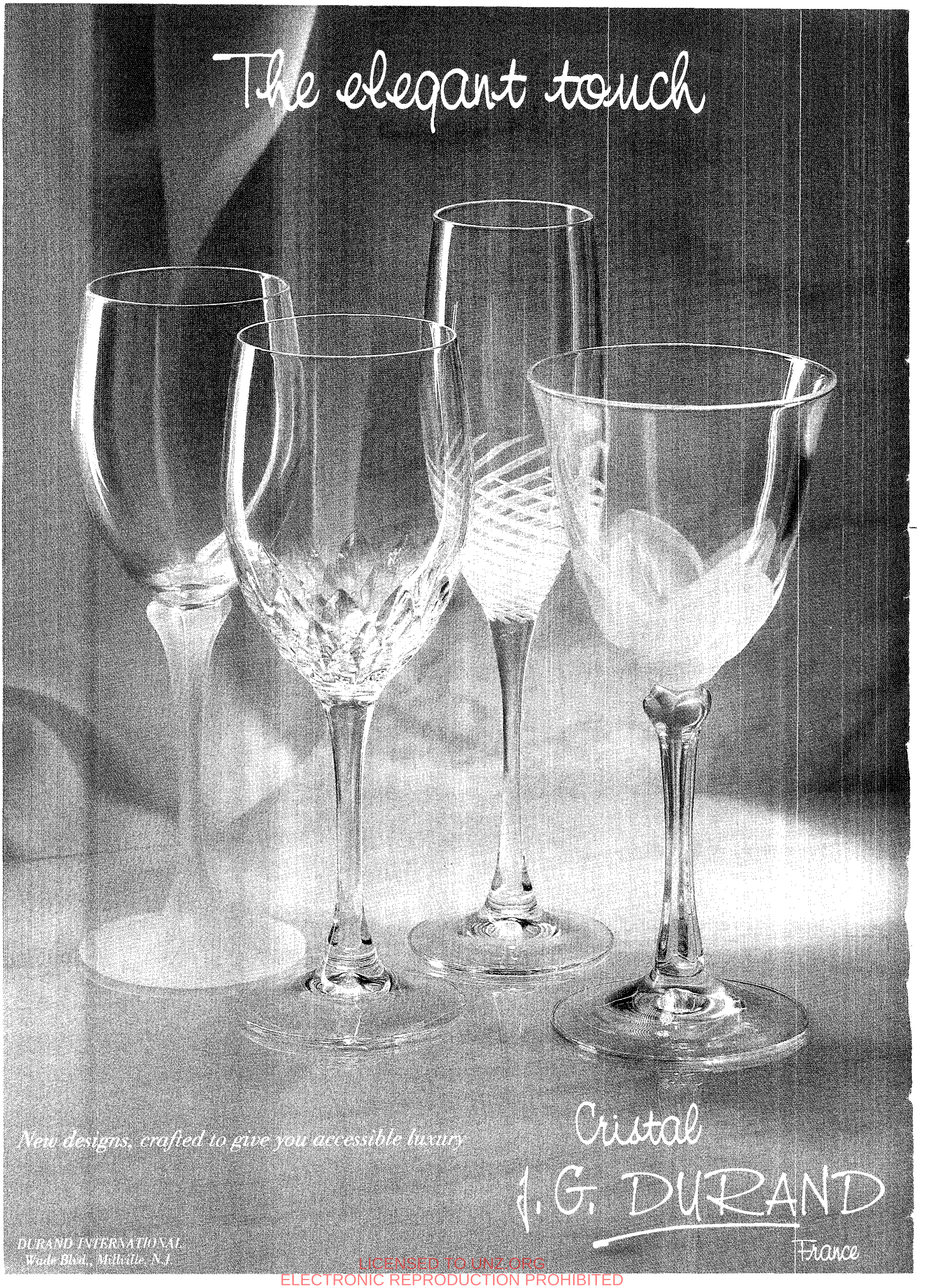

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 4: "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Nov. 25: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong. From Nov. 26: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 6: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "True Stories" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Nov. 21: "Song of the South" (†).
Theatre 3: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 20: "Neon Maniacs." From Nov. 21: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Aliens" (directed by James Cameron), with Sigourney Weaver; and "The Fly" (David Cronenberg), with Jeff Goldblum. From Nov. 21: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 20: "Blue Velvet" (†). From Nov. 21: "Something Wild" (†).
Theatre 4: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 5: "Streets of Gold" (Joe Roth), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 6: "Every Time We Say Goodbye" (Moshe Mizrahi), with Tom Hanks.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Top Gun" (Tony Scott), with Tom Cruise, Kelly McGillis, and Val Kilmer. From Nov. 21: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
Theatre 4: Through Nov. 25: "Stand By Me" (†). From Nov. 26: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Nov. 20: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
From Nov. 21: "An American Tail" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 25: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong. From Nov. 26: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home" (Leonard Nimoy), with William Shatner and Nimoy.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 25: "Quiet Cool" (Clay Borris), with James Remar. From Nov. 26: "Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home."

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
Through Nov. 20: "Ruthless People" (Jerry Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and David Zucker), with Danny DeVito, Judge Reinhold, Helen Slater, and Bette Midler.
From Nov. 21: "Song of the South" (†). No performances Tuesday, Nov. 25.

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†). From Nov. 21: "The Wraith" (Mike Marvin).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Chopping Mall" (Jim Wynorski). From Nov. 21: "The Boy Who Could Fly" (Nick Castle).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 20: "Neon Maniacs." From Nov. 21: "Firewalker" (J. Lee Thompson), with Chuck Norris and Lou Gossett.

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23	24	25	26	27	28	29

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 20: "Something Wild" (†). From Nov. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 2: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

REVIVAL HOUSES

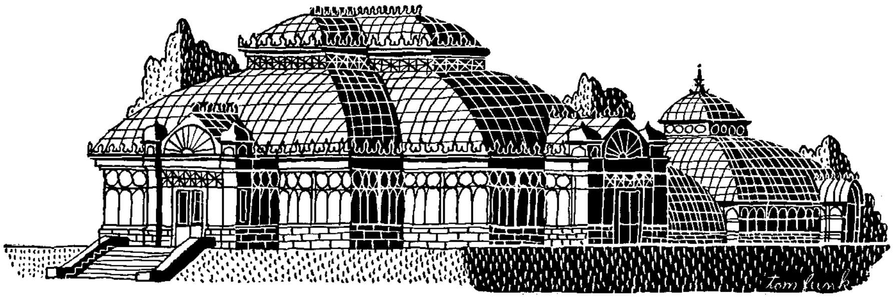
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Nov. 20: "The Trip to Bountiful" (1985; directed by Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page, John Heard, Carlin Glynn, and Rebecca DeMornay; and "To Kill a Mockingbird" (1962; Robert Mulligan), with Gregory Peck, Mary Badham, Phillip Alford, and John Megna.
Nov. 21-22: "Baby, It's You" (1983; John Sayles), with Rosanna Arquette and Vincent Spano; and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (1976; Paul Mazursky), with Shelley Winters, Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas.
Nov. 23-25: "The Trial" (1963; Orson Welles), with Anthony Perkins, Jeanne Moreau, Suzanne Flon, Elsa Martinelli, Romy Schneider, and Welles himself; and "Chimes at Midnight" ("Falstaff;" 1967; Orson Welles), with Welles, Jeanne Moreau, John Gielgud, Keith Baxter, and Margaret Rutherford.
Nov. 26-27: "A Soldier's Story" (†); and "Carmen Jones" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Dorothy Dandridge.
Nov. 28-29: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938; Howard Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door" (1937; Gregory La Cava), with Ginger Rogers, Katharine Hepburn, Adolphe Menjou, and Franklin Pangborn.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Nov. 19: "The Man Who Could Work Miracles" (1937; Lothar Mendes), with Roland Young, Ralph Richardson, Ernest Thesiger, and George Sanders; and "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson.
Nov. 20-22: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Four Feathers" (1939; Zoltán Korda), with Ralph Richardson, John Clements and C. Aubrey Smith.
Nov. 23-24: "21 Days Together" (1937; Basil Dean), with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Banks, and Laurence Olivier; and "That Hamilton Woman!" (†).
Nov. 25-26: "Clouds Over Europe" (†); and "Spy in Black" (1939; Michael Powell), with Conrad Veidt and Valerie Hobson.
Nov. 27-29: "The Scarlet Pimpernel" (†) and "The Ghost Goes West" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Nov. 19: "He Walked by Night" (1949; Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady; and "Killer Bait" ("Too Late for Tears;" 1949; Byron Haskin), with Lizabeth Scott, Don Defore, Arthur Kennedy, and Dan Duryea.
Nov. 20: "Carnal Knowledge" (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976; Elia Kazan), with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.
Nov. 21-22: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Nov. 23: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "The Wages of Fear" (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand.
Nov. 24: "As You Like It" (1936; Paul Czinner), with Elisabeth Bergner and Laurence Olivier; "I Stand Condemned" (1935; Anthony Asquith), with Harry Baur and Laurence Olivier; and "The Demi-Paradise" (1943; Anthony Asquith), with Laurence Olivier.
Nov. 25: "Rififi" (1955; Jules Dassin; in French), with Jean Servais; and "The Sleeping Car Murder" (†).
Nov. 26: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; "The Fallen Idol" (1948; Carol Reed), with Bobby Henrey, Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan; and "England Made Me" (1973; Peter Duffell), with Peter Finch, Michael York, Hildegard Neil, and Michael Hordern.
Nov. 27: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (†) and "Goin' South" (†).
Nov. 28-29: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (1985; Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia; and "Short Eyes" (†).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Nov. 19: "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" (1931; Edward Sedgwick), with Buster Keaton; and "The Three Ages" (1923; Buster Keaton; a silent film), with Keaton.
Nov. 20: "Alexander Nevsky" (1938; Sergei Eisenstein; in Russian), with Nikolai Cherkassov; and "The Overcoat" (1962; Alexei Batalov; in Russian).
Nov. 21-22: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Peter Riegert, Denis Lawson, Fulton MacKay, and Burt Lancaster; and "The Little Kidnappers" (1954; Philip Leacock).
Nov. 23: "Italiano Brava Gente" (1966; Giuseppe De Santis; a Russian-Italian-American co-production; in Italian), with Arthur Kennedy and Peter Falk; and "Eternal Melodies" (1940; Carmine Gallone; in Italian), with Gino Cervi and Vonchita Montenegro.
Nov. 24-26: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.
Nov. 27: "Kameradschaft" (†) and "The Stars Look Down" (†).
Nov. 28-29: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "Il Bidone" ("The Swindlers;" 1955; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Broderick Crawford, Giulietta Masina, Richard Basehart, and Franco Fabrizi.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Nov. 19: "Titanic" (1953; Jean Negulesco), with Clifton Webb and Barbara Stanwyck; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Henry Hull, and Walter Slezak.
Nov. 20: "The Magic Flute" (1975; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish); and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (1955; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand, Jarl Kulle, and Harriet Andersson.
Nov. 21-22: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947;



Edward Buzzell) and "Another Thin Man" (1939; W. S. Van Dyke), both films with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

Nov. 23: "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Nov. 24: "The Earrings of Madame de . . ." (1953; Max Ophuls; in French), with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, and Vittorio De Sica; and "Le Plaisir" (1952; Max Ophuls; in French), with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin.

Nov. 25: "Double Wedding" (1937; Richard Thorpe), with Myrna Loy and William Powell; and "I Love You Again" (†).

Nov. 26: "True Confession" (1937; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray; and "We're Not Dressing" (1934; Norman Taurog), with Bing Crosby, Ethel Merman, and Burns and Allen.

Nov. 27: "Little Women" (1933; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "Pride and Prejudice" (†).

Nov. 28-29: "Dark Passage" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Agnes Moorehead; and "To Have and Have Not" (1944; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Walter Brennan.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Nov. 20 at 2:30 and 6: "Captain Blood" (1935; directed by Michael Curtiz), with Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, and Basil Rathbone. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 2:30: "At the Villa Rose" (1920; Maurice Elvey; a British silent film), with Manora Thew. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6: "Trapped by the Mormons" (1922; H. B. Parkinson; a British silent film), with Evelyn Brent. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2: "They Drive by Night" (1938; Arthur Woods), with Emlyn Williams and Ernest Thesiger. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5: "The Arsenal Stadium Mystery" (1939; Thorold Dickinson), with Leslie Banks and Greta Gynt. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2: "The Nursemaid Who Disappeared" (1939; Arthur Woods), with Arthur Margetson and Peter Coke. . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5: "Poison Pen" (1939; Paul Stein), with Flora Robson, Robert Newton, and Ann Todd. . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 2:30: "Trapped by the Mormons." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6: "At the Villa Rose." . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 2:30: "Shooting Stars" (1928; A. V. Bramble and Anthony Asquith; a British silent film), with Annette Benson, Brian Aherne, and Donald Calthrop. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6: "The Informer" (1929; Arthur Robinson; a British silent film), with Lya de Putti and Lars Hansen. . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 2:30: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French, with no English subtitles) and "A Day in the Country" (1936; Jean Renoir; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 2:30: "The Informer." . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6:30: "My Life for Zarah Leander" (1986; Christian Blackwood; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2: "On the Night of the Fire" ("The Fugitive;" 1939; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Ralph Richardson and Diana Wynyard. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5: "Dangerous Moonlight" ("Suicide Squadron;" 1941; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Anton Walbrook, Sally Gray, and Derrick de Marney.

Theatre 2: Nov. 20 at 3 and 6:30: A program of recent award-winning films from the International Documentary Association. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 3: "With One Eye on the Money" (1983; Helga Reidemeister; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 21 at 6:30: "Film Before Film" (1985; Werner Nekes), a German documentary, with English narration. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 2:30: "Noisy Martha" (1985; Pia Frankenberg; in German, with English subtitles), with Frankenberg. . . . ¶ Nov. 22 at 5:30: "The Wolf Girl" (1985; Dagmar Beiersdorf; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 2:30: "Heal Hitler!" (1986; Herbert Achternbusch; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 23 at 5:30: "A Virus Respects No Morals" (1985; Rosa von Praunheim; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 3: "The Wolf Girl." . . . ¶ Nov. 24 at 6:30: "He Stands in the Desert Counting the Seconds of His Life" (1969-85; Jonas Mekas). Mr. Mekas will be present. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 3: "The Desert of Love" (1986; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Lambert. . . . ¶ Nov. 25 at 6:30: "Noisy Martha." . . . ¶ Nov. 27 at 3: "How the Myth Was Made" (1978; George C. Stoney and James Brown), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 3: "Sera Posible El Sur—Un Viage por Argentina de la Mano de Mercedes Sosa" (1985; Stefan Paul; in Spanish, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 28 at 6: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra (spoken by Joan Barry), Donald Calthrop, Cyril Ritchard, and Sara Allgood. Both the silent and sound versions will be shown. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 2:30: "My Life for Zarah Leander" (1986; Christian Blackwood; in German, with English subtitles), a documentary. . . . ¶ Nov. 29 at 5:30: "Sera Posible El Sur—Un Viage por Argentina de la Mano de Mercedes Sosa."

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Nov. 21: Two documentaries by Trinh T. Minh-ha—"Reassemblage" (1982), shown Wednesday through Friday at noon; and "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1985), shown Wednesday through Friday at 2:30. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 26: "Silver Lake with Dolmen Music," an installation by Meredith Monk, including "Dolmen Music" (1980). Continuous showings Wednesday through Saturday 11 to 5. Closed Mondays and Thanksgiving Day.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Blue Velvet—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/22/86.) (Waverly, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Criterion Center; through Nov. 20.)

Clouds Over Europe (1939; also known as "Q Planes")—A likable, nonsensical British spy thriller about secret rays, mysterious enemies, and dastardly plots against Britain's aircraft. It's charmingly light in tone. Laurence Olivier and Ralph Richardson play in just the right spirit. Olivier has an engaging romantic-comedian manner and Valerie Hobson shows her gift for looking beautiful in a distinguished way. (She's definitely not a broad or a chick.) Tim Whelan directed this Alexander Korda production, written by Ian Dalrymple, Brook Williams, Jack Whittingham, and Arthur Wimperis. (Regency; Nov. 25-26.)

The Color of Money—This Martin Scorsese film takes up Paul Newman as Fast Eddie Felson twenty-five years after the close of the 1961 Robert Rossen film "The Hustler" (see below), in which Eddie, the new poolroom champion, quit the game. Now he's a silver-haired Chicago liquor salesman, a likable cynical sharpie who himself stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings). When he sees the raw, cocky upstart Vincent (Tom Cruise), he makes a deal to train the kid. Newman brings off some beautiful smiling deviltry. The kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry, and, with the help of pungent low-life dialogue by Richard Price, who wrote the script, he carries the action along. But about midway the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. With Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio, Helen Shaver, Forest Whitaker, John Turturro, and Bill Cobbs. (11/3/86) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

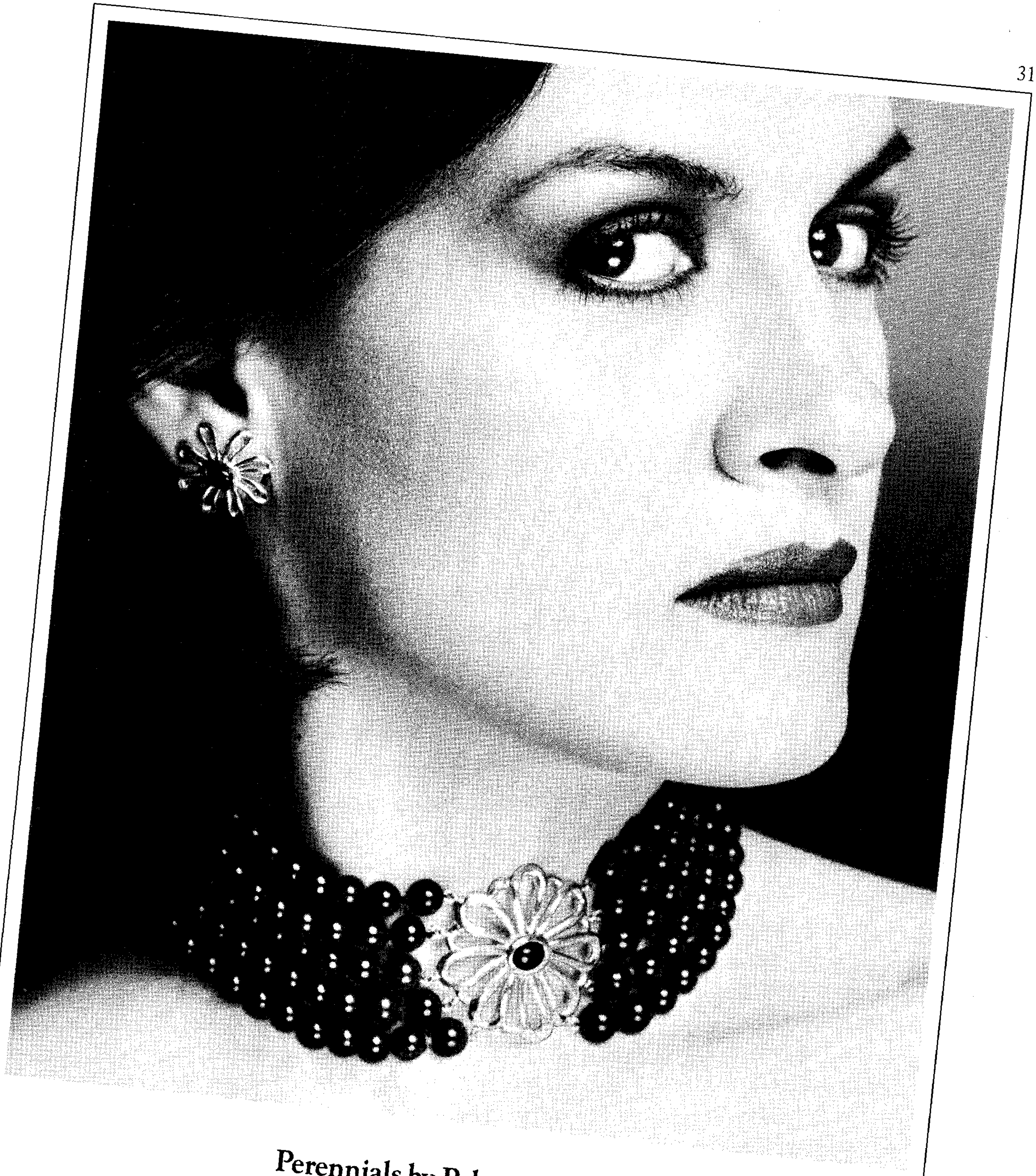
Down by Law—Jim Jarmusch's low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie, shot in black-and-white. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. With Ellen Barkin, Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. (10/20/86) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; starting Nov. 21.)

The Fly (1958)—James Clavell—not yet a popular novelist—wrote the script for this tacky low-budget picture about a scientist whose carelessness gets him into a tragic pickle. With Vincent Price, Herbert Marshall, Patricia Owens, Kathleen Freeman, and Al (later David) Hedison as the unlucky fellow. The draggy direction is by Kurt Neumann; based on a short story by George Langelaan. (There were two less popular sequels before the 1986 reworking of the original by David Cronenberg. (Film Forum; through Nov. 27.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys Glourie castle in Scotland, complete with its unhappy ghost, has it dismantled, shipped across the ocean, and reconstructed in Sunnymede, Florida, with modern plumbing. This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair. The movie is lucky in its star: Robert Donat brings elegance and his melancholy face and voice to the dual role of Donald Glourie and his phantom ancestor, Murdoch Glourie. Intermittently, he redeems the action. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. Americans loved the barbs thrust at them in this picture; it was very popular. (Regency; Nov. 27-29.)

Goin' South (1978)—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's fatuous leering performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing. With Veronica Cartwright, John Belushi (in his movie début), Christopher Lloyd, and Danny DeVito. (Thalia; Nov. 27.)

The Hustler (1961)—The test of what a man has inside him is set here in the world of pool sharks. Paul Newman is the young contender, Fast Eddie Felson, and Jackie Gleason is the old champ, Minnesota Fats. But the director, Robert Rossen, and his co-writer, Sidney Car-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

roll, surround the test with an extra forty minutes or so of flabby "poetry." The dialogue comes out of the thirties and borrows heavily from Clifford Odets. The picture is swollen with windy thoughts and murky notions of perversions, and as Eddie's manager the magnetic young George C. Scott seems to be a Satan figure, but it has strength and conviction, and Newman gives a fine, emotional performance. You can see all the picture's faults and still love it. It's the most vital and likable of Rossen's movies. With Piper Laurie, Murray Hamilton, and Myron McCormick. Based on the Walter Tevis novel. (Film Forum; through Nov. 27.)

I Love You Again (1940)—Bum title but surprisingly lively comedy. William Powell is the slick con man who awakes from a nine-year bout of amnesia to discover (with horror) that he has settled down to a job, married Myrna Loy, joined the Elks, and taken to wearing a straw hat. W. S. Van Dyke directed. With Frank McHugh and Edmund Lowe. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 25.)

Kameradschaft (1931)—Based on an actual incident in which German miners crossed the border to go to the assistance of French miners trapped by an explosion, G. W. Pabst's study of disaster and rescue is a powerful and imaginative re-creation of a high moment in human comradeship. The socialist-pacifist implications that Pabst sees in the episode had tremendous international impact in the days when people were more idealistic. In the early thirties it was still possible for large audiences to believe in the symbolic revolutionary meaning of smashing through artificial frontiers for the sake of natural brotherhood. This movie belongs to a genre that has disappeared. Technically a brilliant achievement, "Kameradschaft" is famous among film craftsmen for the experimental use of sound, and for magnificent creative editing. The subterranean scenes have a nightmarish authenticity. The cast of French and German players includes Alexander Granach and Elizabeth Wendt. In German. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 27.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their flashy dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand fitfully alive in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Thalia; Nov. 27.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated—knowing that he'll turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, and Kevin J. O'Connor. (10/20/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. National Twin; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 21.)

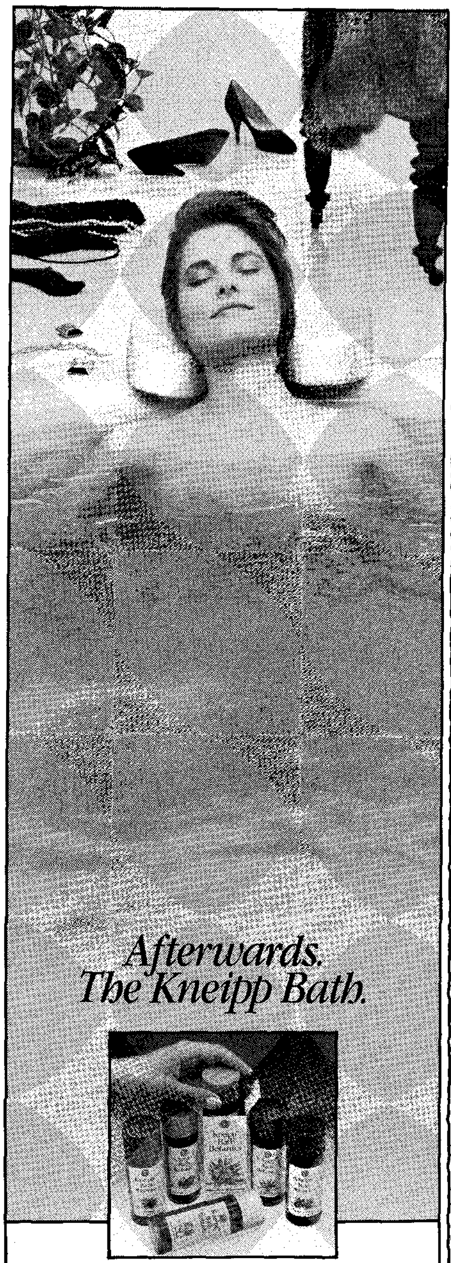
Plenty (1985)—After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. She keeps exercising her gift for cultured, sardonic invective, and her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. As Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. Fred Schepisi directed; David Hare adapted his sick-soul-of-England play. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Public Theatre; starting Nov. 28.)

Pride and Prejudice (1940)—This literate movie is a reasonably faithful transcription of Jane Austen's sparkling comedy of manners, but when Jane Austen's characters are brought to life at M-G-M, everything is changed—broadened. Animated and bouncing, the movie is more Dickens than Austen. It belongs to Laurence Olivier, who plays Darcy, and to that great old dragon Edna May Oliver, as Lady Catherine. In the role of Elizabeth Bennet, Greer Garson is not as intolerably noble as she became later. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 27.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.)

Salvador—The director, Oliver Stone, is probably aiming for a Buñuelian effect—a vision so intensely scummy that it clears the air. If the result, with its grime and guilt, comes closer to suggesting a hyperkinetic, gonzo version of Graham Greene, that's still nothing to be ashamed of. Written by Stone and the free-lance foreign correspondent Richard Boyle, the movie presents the civil war in El Salvador during the years 1980 and 1981 as some kind of ultimate bad trip. James Woods, perhaps the most hostile of all American actors, plays Boyle as a scroungy hustler who knows how to function in chaos: the squalid confusion wires him up, and he feels on top of things. What Stone has here is a right-wing macho fantasy joined to a left-leaning polemic. With Elpidia Carrillo, Jim Belushi, John Savage, Michael Murphy, Tony Plana, and Cynthia Gibb. (7/28/86) (Public Theatre; Nov. 21-26.)

The Scarlet Pimpernel (1935)—One of the most



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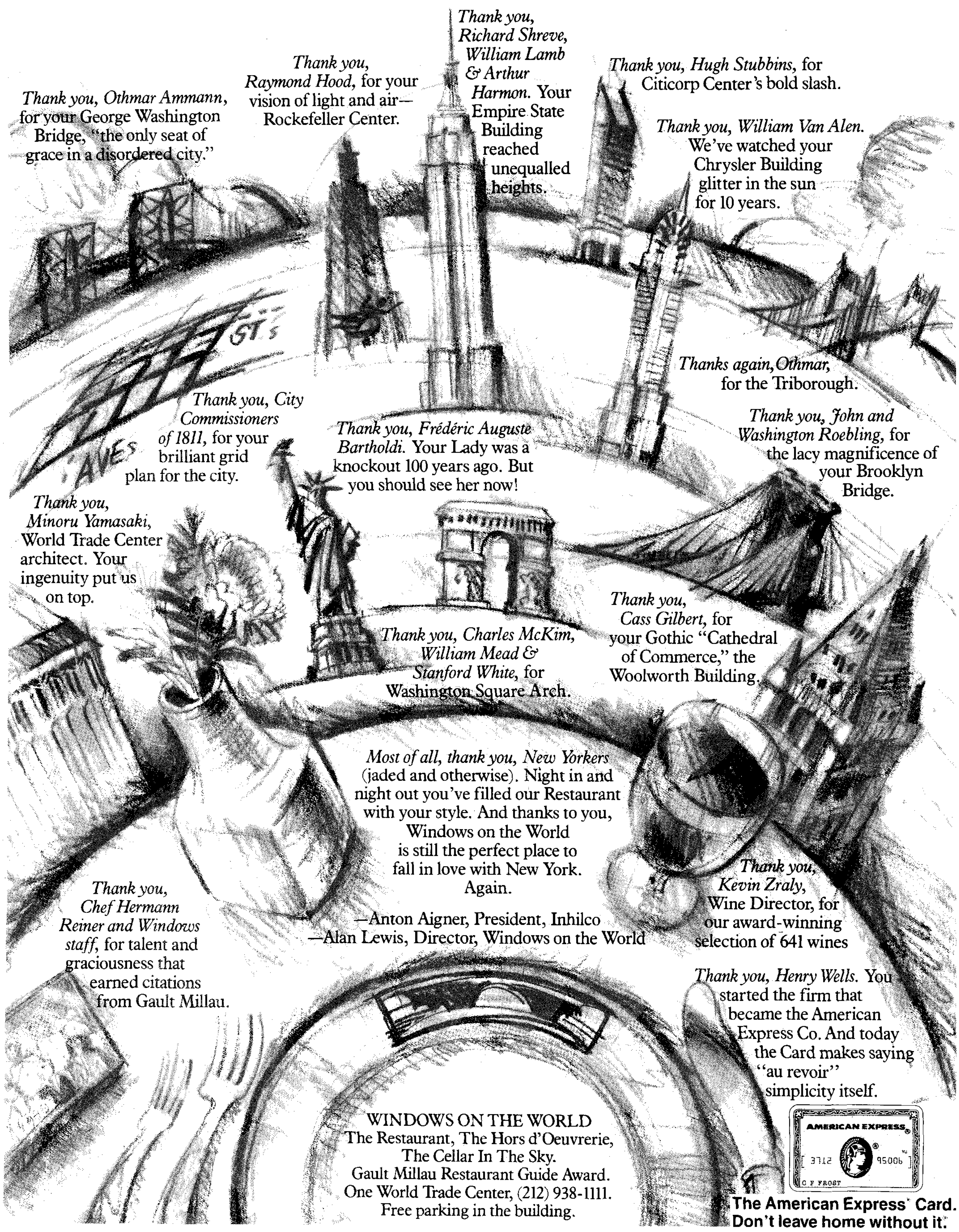

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

romantic and durable of all swashbucklers—maybe because Leslie Howard was such a wonderfully unlikely hero for this sort of derring-do about spies and aristocrats and the French Revolution. With Merle Oberon looking almost inhumanly beautiful, and Raymond Massey as the snarling villain. Also with Nigel Bruce, Bramwell Fletcher, Joan Gardner, Gertrude Musgrove, and Anthony Bushell. Script by S. N. Behrman, Robert Sherwood, and others, based on the novel by Baroness Orczy. Directed by Harold Young. (Regency; Nov. 27-29.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (Quad Cinema, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 20.)

Short Eyes (1977)—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). The play shows through the documentary surface, and the film's potency is in its words, yet the neo-Cagney cocky humor and the moments of pain, danger, and cruelty suggest that this may be the most emotionally accurate movie about American prisons ever made. Shot entirely in the Tombs; with Bruce Davison as the child-molester, Joe Carberry, and Piñero himself. (Thalia; Nov. 28-29.)

The Sleeping Car Murder (1966)—Somebody is bent on murdering all six occupants of a certain train compartment, but why? Simone Signoret is one of the murderees and Yves Montand is the detective. Directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (Thalia; Nov. 25.)

A Soldier's Story (1984)—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster, Sergeant Waters (played, in flashbacks, by Adolph Caesar), has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller (who did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play") uses the structure of a whodunit for an inquiry into the psychological dynamics of racism, and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is overexplicit, but the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night." With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, and David Alan Grier. (11/26/84) (Cinema Village; Nov. 26-27.)

Something Wild—Jonathan Demme's romantic screwball comedy isn't just about a carefree kook (Melanie Griffith) and a pompous man from Wall Street (Jeff Daniels). The script—a first by E. Max Frye—is like the working out of a young man's fantasy of the pleasures and punishments of shucking off middle-class behavior patterns. The movie is about crossing over—about getting high on anarchic, larcenous behavior and then being confronted with ruthless, sadistic criminality. This rough-edged comedy has a freedom that takes off from its genre framework; it's really screwball: it breaks conventions and turns into a scary slapstick thriller. Demme weaves the stylization of rock videos into the fabric of the movie. Starting with David Byrne and Celia Cruz singing Byrne's "Loco De Amor" during the opening credits, and ending with a reprise of Chip Taylor's "Wild Thing" by the reggae singer Sister Carol East, who appears on half of the screen while the final credits roll on the other half, there are almost fifty songs (or parts of songs), several of them performed onscreen by The Feelies. The score—it was put together by John Cale and Laurie Anderson—has a life of its own that gives the movie a buzzing vitality. This is a party movie with both a dark and a light side. With Ray Liotta as the dangerous, menacing Ray; Dana Preu as the kook's gloriously bland mother; Margaret Colin as bitchy Irene, and, tucked among the many performers, John Waters and John Sayles. (11/17/86) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 34th St. East, Baronet, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ U.A. Twin; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting Nov. 21.)

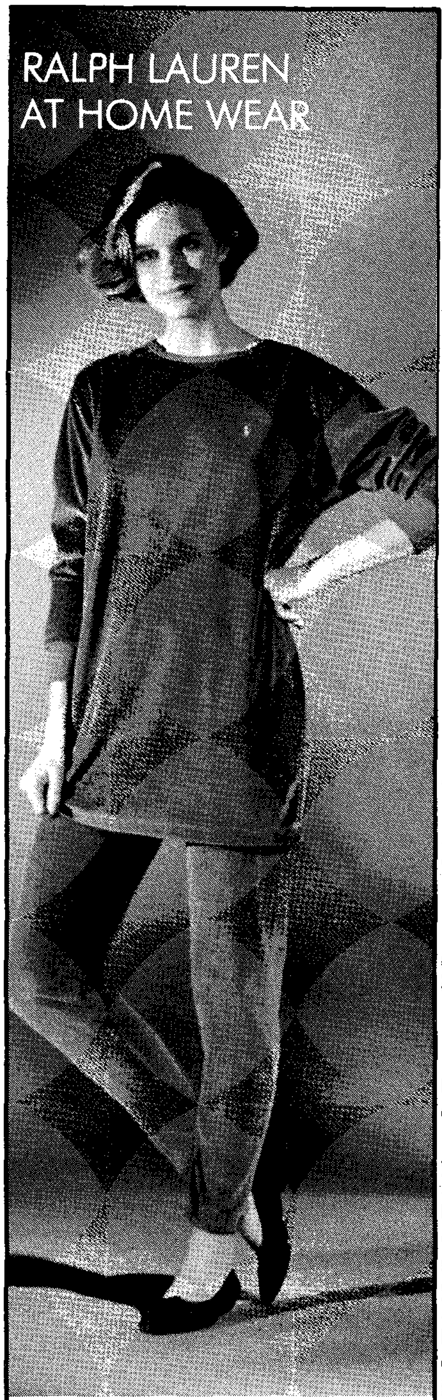
Song of the South (1946)—Musical version of Joel Chandler Harris's stories—sentimental, and offensive to some, but often effective. From the Disney studios, and employing both animation and live actors (James Baskette, Hattie McDaniel, Bobby Driscoll, Lucille Watson, Ruth Warrick, Luana Patten). (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, and Olympia Quad; starting Nov. 21. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Nov. 21. No performances Tuesday, Nov. 25.)

Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and 23rd St. West Triplex; through Nov. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Nov. 25.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Carol Reed was only thirty-three when he made this film and he had not yet acquired the technical virtuosity of his later style. But this straightforward film is, in some ways, his finest. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, the hero (Michael Redgrave) dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naïvely, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, Ivor Barnard, and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 27.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh, with Laurence Olivier as Lord Nelson, but the movie is rather soggy. Alexander Korda directed, in the lavish style considered appropriate to national heroes. (Regency; Nov. 23-24.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism. Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us. With John Goodman, Jo Harvey Allen, Tito Larriva, Roebuck (Pops) Staples, Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (8th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Sutton; through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Beekman; starting Nov. 26.)



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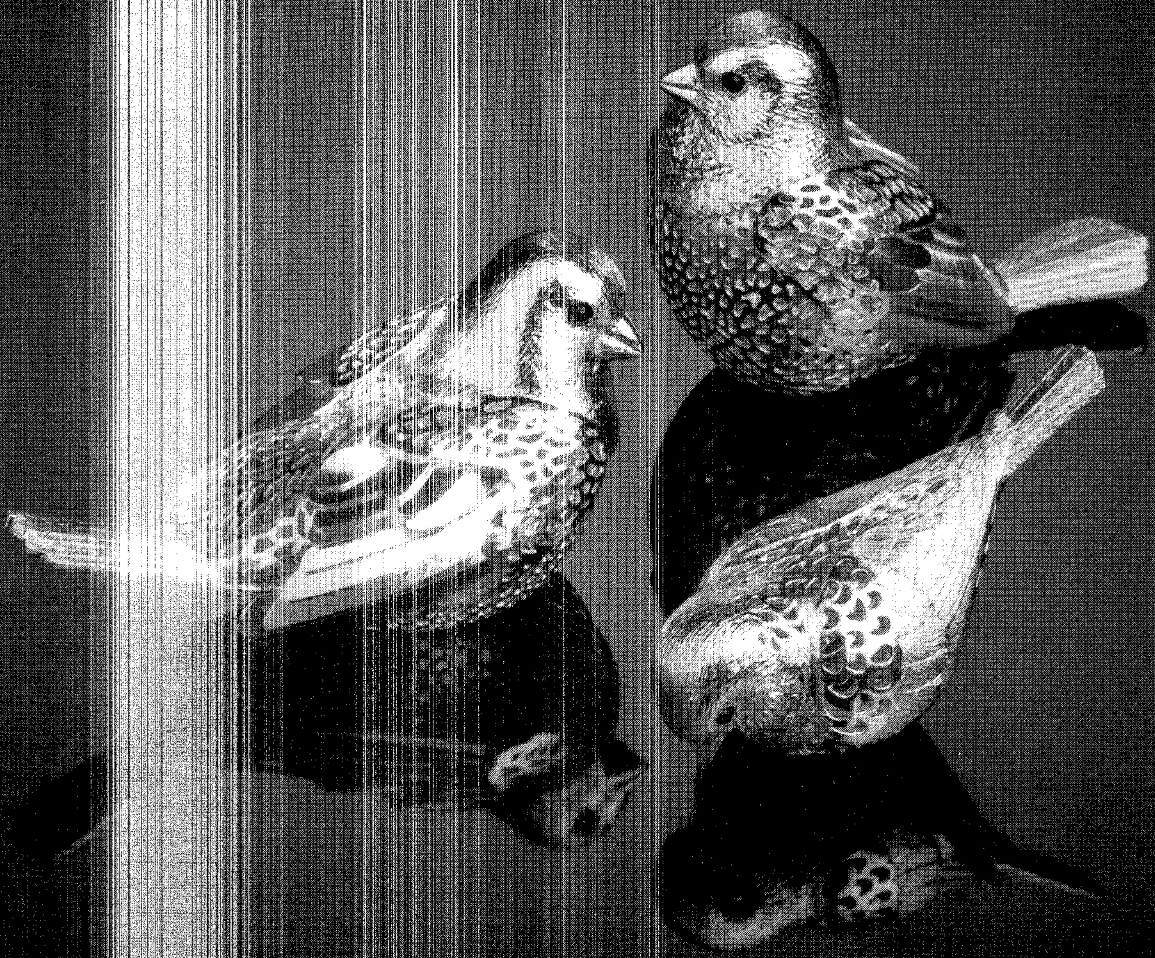

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

Father Lawrence Jenco, the American hostage who was released from his cell in Lebanon in July, apparently in return for a shipment of weapons, said last week at a Washington press conference that he "would have preferred to stay" in his miserable cell if indeed his freedom had been bought with guns, because "the trading of arms symbolizes violence."

What an odd thing to say—bizarre, almost. Practically everyone who has spoken about the Reagan Administration's arms deal with Iran has criticized it, of course, but not the way Father Jenco did. Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, who is expected to lead the new Democratic majority when Congress reconvenes in January, called the dealings "very amateurish" and "a serious mistake." George Shultz, the Secretary of State, essentially obeyed White House orders not to talk, though he said, "I don't particularly enjoy it. I like to say what I think about something," and added that "the policy of not negotiating for hostages is the right policy." Every editorialist, op-editorialist, columnist, and cartoonist has had two cents on up to a quarter to add to the debate, posing numerous questions. The questions—most of them pointed, smart, and left unanswered by an embarrassed Administration—include the following:

How wise was it to assume we could identify "moderates" within the Khomeini regime, and to assume, further, that these putative moderates were strong enough to help us in the long term?

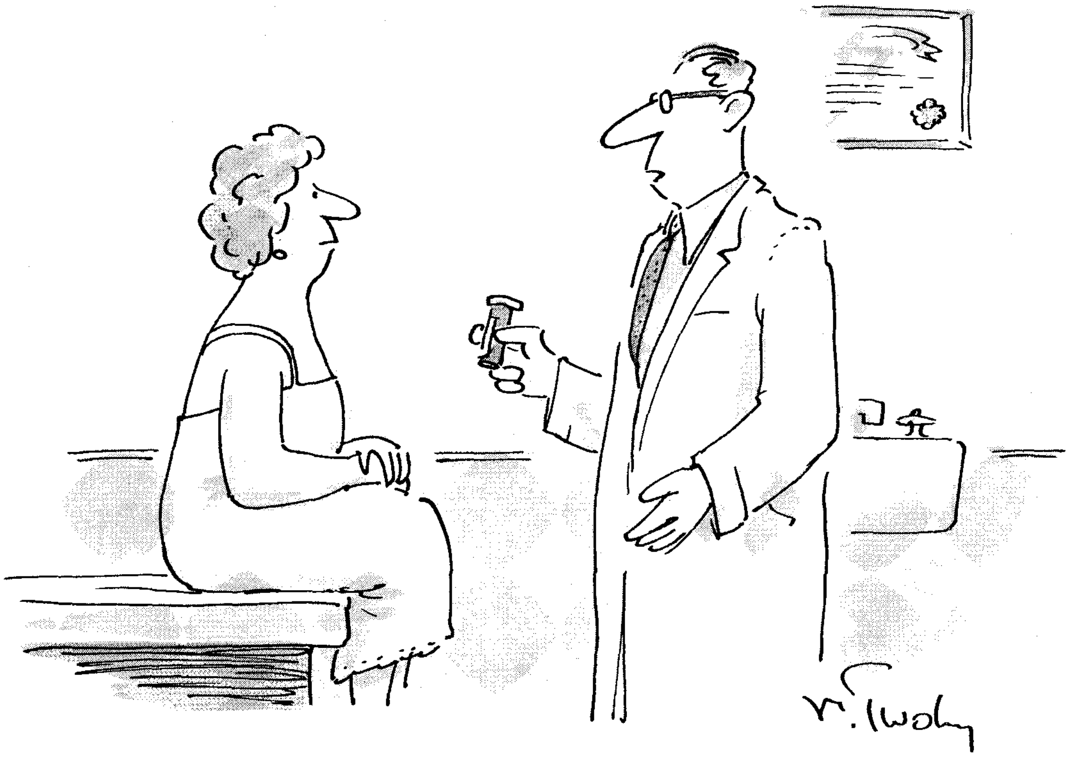
What does the deal say to Middle Eastern nations, many of them our friends, who are worried about Iran's fundamentalism? And to European nations who have felt our scorn for their supposed "softness" on terrorism?

Won't Iran and other nations, once they know the value of a hostage, want to maintain an inventory of captives?

These questions, and others much like them, constitute politics as it is practiced here. No one short of Jeane Dixon can actually answer most of them, for they depend on the outcome of future events. That is, if it turns out that the Europeans really come to despise us, the whole thing was a worse mistake than if they turn out to become merely contemptuous. (Another example of this sort concerns the American bombing raid on Libya last spring. Much debate ensued about whether this would put the fear of God and F-111s into cowardly terrorists or would goad them into further barbarity. For a few months, the world was relatively calm, and that gave some credence to the first view. But three days after the attack a woman carrying a suitcase packed with explosives came within seconds of boarding an El Al 747. If her luggage had exploded, killing three hundred and seventy-five people, would that have proved the opposite case?) Questions of this sort cannot be definitely answered, but answers can be guessed at, and those guesses suffice.

A second category of questions also cannot be answered, but for a different reason, and, as a result, they do not normally come up in public. Take the example at hand. We know only a few things about the war between Iraq and Iran: it continues unabated, despite its apparent total pointlessness; it spills tankerloads of blood (there was a picture in *Time* last week of a ghoulish Fountain of Blood in a Tehran cemetery); and it is limited on the Iranian side not by a lack of fervor but by a lack of weapons and spare parts, especially for the country's American-made aircraft, which are often grounded. So if the United States sends Iran more than sixty million dollars' worth of arms, what will it mean? It will mean that Iran can step up the pace of the war, or keep it going a while longer. And what will that mean? Dead Iranians and dead Iraqis.

A number of objections arise immediately to this line of reasoning. Don't the Iranians volunteer to do all this dying? But Iran clears minefields with waves of teen-age boys. And then there are the villages destroyed, the noncombatants hurt, the economic suffering. Yes, but aren't we involved in stuff like this all over the world? Certainly—which seems to make the general point more important. *And aren't the hostages Americans*? *Doesn't that count*? That last is a real question, an example of this second sort, which, for lack of a better word, we'll call "moral." And such a difficult one! What if six Iraqis had to be killed in order to free our six hostages? What if sixty? What if six hundred? Or six hundred Iranians? Human beings don't—and perhaps can't—know enough about good and evil, about innocence, and about death and life to answer with utter confidence. These questions unnerve us. In discussing the Vietnam War, we much preferred to think of a pragmatic reason for withdrawal ("It's a quagmire") rather than to actually decide about whether our goals were worth the napalming of villages. But simply because we don't explicitly ask these questions doesn't mean they aren't answered. The



"These won't cure your allergy, but they'll send it a message."

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National Security Council and President Reagan, without even addressing the issue, decided that saving these Americans' lives, and perhaps some shadowy foreign-policy considerations, outweighed the almost certain cost in Iranian and Iraqi dead.

Actually, every individual can answer these moral questions, and with very little information on Iran or expertise in the politics of the Middle East. Answers to them will lack "objectivity," in that they depend on individual faith and individual values. And they will be *hard* to come by. People have fled the new Vietnam in leaky boats. Those hostages in Lebanon surely suffer terribly. We can all imagine ourselves in such a fix. And Father Jenco has been there. He is no martyr—we can remember how happy he was to return home. Which is why his words—right or wrong—are so moving. "I would have preferred to stay," he said. "The trading of arms symbolizes violence."

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THE man of the hour, unquestionably, is Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North, of the National Security Council staff—decorated Vietnam veteran, former counter-insurgency instructor for the Marines (he reportedly once jumped up onto a desk and accidentally opened fire with blank rounds on his students), Administration behind-the-scenes coördinator of "private" aid to the Contras (telephone records reportedly show calls to him from the safe house in El Salvador used by Eugene Hasenfus, the American crewman downed over Nicaragua), and, most recently and most famously, one of the key organizers of the dealings in which the Administration traded more than sixty million dollars in military aid to Iran for its help in releasing three American hostages being held in Lebanon. Now that just about every news article and newscast on the hostage story is mentioning Lieutenant Colonel North, it seems hard to believe that no more than a few weeks ago almost no one had heard of him. But there were reasons for that. His activities, and his very existence, have been assiduously concealed by the Administration. Our government has long been stuffed with classified documents, but now, apparently for the first time, it has classified a man. (A possible earlier candidate is G. Gordon Liddy, the undercover operator for Richard Nixon, but Liddy's most notorious activities, including the break-in at the Democratic Party headquarters, were financed by Republican campaign dollars, not taxpayers' dollars.) The National Security Council will not disclose the nature of North's employment, and will not even release his age or the number of his children. (*Newsweek* gives the former as "about forty-three" and the latter as "several.") No official photograph of North has been made available. The press was forced to rely on blurry, distorted photographs culled from television shots of occasions in the past at which North happened to be present. When the story was first breaking, ABC News showed its viewers pictures of the back of a man's head that may or may not have been North's as the man got into an Embassy car in Cyprus on the occasion of the homeward flight of one of the hostages. To the old sport of Kremlin-watching has now been added that of White House-watching—trying to deduce from old photographs and other obscure hints who is doing what in the government.

The practice of framing and executing important policies without reference to the will of Congress, or in direct defiance of that will (the Administration is required to notify Congress of intelligence activities), has by now a long and sorry history, some of whose recent chapters are the assassination plots against Fidel Castro in the Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson years and the secret bombing of Cambodia in the Nixon years; but never before, it seems safe to say, had the established apparatus of the government been as thoroughly circumvented as it was in this case. In the past, observers had worried that the executive branch was circumventing Congress. Now the executive branch, taking things a step further, seems bent on circumventing itself. Even the C.I.A. (not to mention the State Department and the Defense Department) was found inadequate to the tasks entrusted to Colonel North. The White House has not been forthcoming with the details, but the new way of doing things has its champions. One is the *Wall Street Journal*, which found the policy of buying the freedom of hostages with arms shipments "pretty dumb" but, in spite of that, was enthusiastic about the procedure by which the policy was made and carried out. The reason that Congress and the authorized agencies of the executive branch needed to be excluded from policymaking, an editorial in the *Journal* explained, is something it called Greenspan's Law (after the economist Alan Greenspan), which declares that "by the time Congress gets around to figuring out what it wants to do" about something or other "history has made its solution irrelevant." The *Journal*, admitting, as it does, that the policy in question was "pretty dumb," apparently prefers to see something dumb done right away. "If the State Department's experts, the Secretary of Defense, and the staffs of Congress had to sign off on anything militarily risky, it would never get done," the *Journal* said. Leaving aside for the moment the fact that Congress is there not to get things done but to decide whether we as a people *want* them done, the new, abbreviated system seems to place a lot of responsibility on the shoulders of the mysterious Colonel North, who in this scheme seems to be called on to act as a secret surrogate for something like the entire United States government. Given the extent of his responsibilities, it would be nice at least to know his age.

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R/Greenberg

By Night: On a recent night, we walked down West Thirty-ninth Street, starting from Ninth Avenue, walking toward Eighth. We had been walking south on Ninth Avenue and had noticed that the block fronts on Ninth between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-ninth Streets were what we think of as aesthetically intact: that is, of red brick; the buildings four or five or six stories high; big cornices on all the buildings; a dirty gracefulness. On Thirty-ninth Street, we looked at signs. On the south side was an old-fashioned, unilluminated sign saying "Italian Ices." On the north side was a sign for a copy shop; the copy shop was lit up by a bright-green light. We turned and faced west, toward Ninth Avenue, and we could see hanging over the street a sign pointing to the Lincoln Tunnel. Then, as we walked on east, we saw on the south side of Thirty-ninth a large white building set in off the street, the way buildings never are in New York. It was unsettling, and impossible to ignore, we thought: an announcement of some kind; evidence of some private purpose or a new economic fact. But, of course, buildings are often set in from the block line now, we realized, but isn't that always predictable—so many yards in from the line the old buildings used to keep to, so many stories beyond what would usually be permitted? Some inner sense knows the formula behind these arrangements, and the knowledge robs us of the pleasure of surprise. But the way this building was placed on its land upset calculation; the effect was of luxury. The building was low: two stories, with a hint of a third at one corner. The plot seemed to run all the way to the next block; the building looked *blanched*—a disturbing look for New York City—and it carried certain Bauhaus mannerisms. Later, we found out that the building was owned by a firm that dealt in highly sophisticated special effects, mostly for television commercials—R/Greenberg Associates. We noticed on the night we first saw the building that there were two signs bearing the Greenberg name: one, also dead white, of lettering raised against the façade of the building; the other on a small brass plaque on an iron gate set into a ten-foot-high iron fence that ran next to the sidewalk at the property line.

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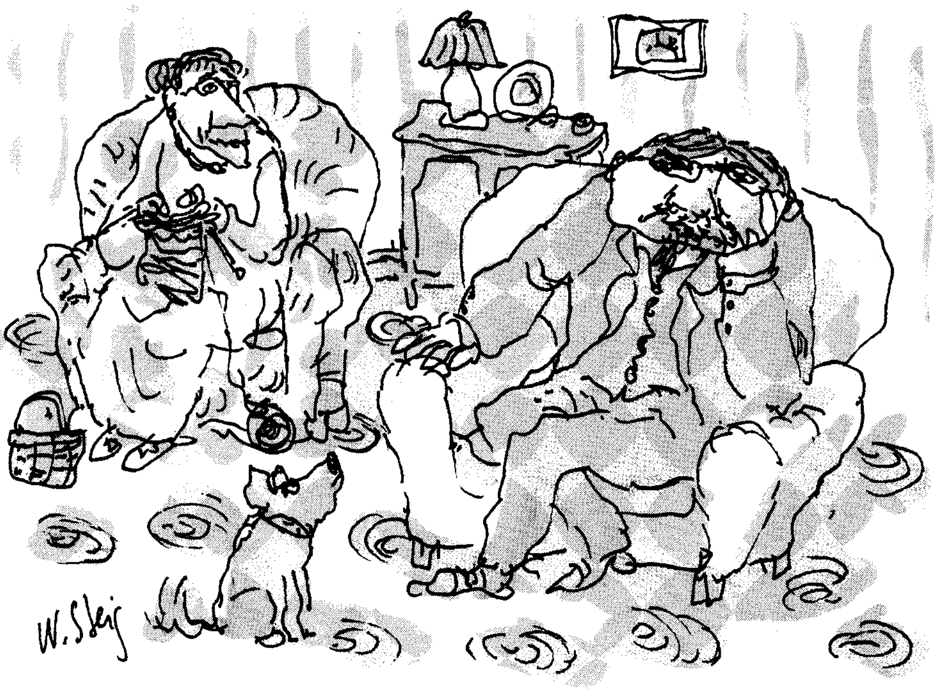
By Day: In a waiting room, the crowd is narrowed down to something smaller than a crowd on a street corner, but if it is a busy waiting room the sense of common purpose is not so narrow that every important person will be spotted or every unimportant person challenged. The waiting room at R/Greenberg is busy. At the time of our visit, it was presided over by a young black woman with closely cropped hair and an engaging smile. Her badge of office was a black phone with a squared-off mouthpiece. This telephone had a bullhorn capability, and from time to time the young woman blasted her voice, mechanically, throughout the large, unpadded building. "Lisa call the operator!" she blasted, and although we don't know if Lisa called her or not we feel it is probable that she did. Emphasis matters at R/Greenberg, and attention is paid to emphasis; if no attention is paid to emphasis, there is something wrong with the emphasis and it is changed.

Mr. Robert Greenberg found us in the waiting room. He is a man in early middle age, rather tall, but he seems to be bowing his head most of the time, and that is in keeping with a courtly quality of his which is a little Oriental, perhaps (Robert Greenberg's dress, loose, black, with a vest, shows an Eastern influence), but has a kernel of old-fashioned Middle Western courtesy, too. Robert Greenberg and his brother Richard are from Rogers Park, Illinois, a part of Chicago. Richard was trained in the graphic arts; Robert manages the business.

Robert Greenberg found us and put us in a screening room. He put a videocassette into a videocassette recorder and said, "This is what we call our video brochure. It tells you in fourteen minutes what it would take



Always Thinking

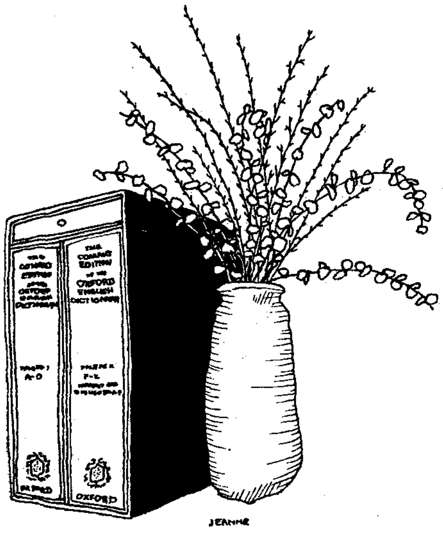
me a day to say," and then he left. And here is something to notice: at R/Greenberg, something is assumed that did not use to be assumed, which is that every person with whom the firm is likely to have business has made for himself a place in what might be called the image culture. And at R/Greenberg it seems to be a culture; which is to say that there are easy, unself-conscious manners around the business of putting a cassette in a machine, for instance.

From where we sat in front of the video monitor, we could see a wall covered with framed awards behind the monitor, and we could read a few of them. Plaques and other physical evidence of honors awarded to advertising (we believe that nearly all the awards on the wall were for television commercials) are unusual in that they have a simple, earthbound existence that the evanescent imagery they commemorate will in nearly all instances lack. In this they are like tombstones. And the award-winners are called by names they didn't have in the course of their ordinary life; they are Death Peers, perhaps. Plaques we saw read "1984 Finalist: R/Greenberg for 'Baseball,'" "1983 Finalist: R/Greenberg for 'Building,'" "1984 Finalist: R/Greenberg for 'Invisible Copier.'"

The fact that R/Greenberg's building is spread out along horizontal lines rather than shot up vertically permits an easy horizontal flow that makes R/Greenberg's work easier; the reason R/Greenberg chose the building in the first place was so that the people there could keep the several processes involved in their work under one roof. With the exception of the engineering department, which is engaged in the pleasant, almost boyish business of making models and other physical objects to be photographed, and perhaps some simple office work, nearly all of what R/Greenberg does involves very complex machinery, if this old-fashioned word can be used to describe the Elicon Motion Control System (a robot camera: "It can film anything, from people to props, with extremely precise moves and exact repeatability," the Greenberg video brochure said); the mechanical Concept Stand for animation; the computerized Oxberry Stand, also for animation ("one of a few equipped with interlocked aerial image projection"); and computers. When Robert Greenberg makes reference to the Bauhaus, as he does in the video brochure we watched, he is referring either to the architectural design of the building, which does look like a Bauhaus-designed factory, or to the arrangement by which various craftsmen work in close proximity in a single building; what is distinctive at R/Greenberg is the style of the work and the style in which the work is conducted. The purpose of the work is the straightforward selling of products made by other people. (Some of these products are films: R/Greenberg has carved a niche for itself in the business of making TV commercials for movies, and movie trailers.) Here is a list of some of the television commercials executed by R/Greenberg:

Newsweek
Blowout
Purolator
Magnavox
Alien
Black & Decker
Sassooning
Pontiac
American Airlines: "Button Phone," "Button Safe," "Decision Time," "It's Amazing"
Superman
Clairol
An American Werewolf in London
Xanadu
Magnum
Altered States
All That Jazz
General Motors
Mobil: "Face"
Mobil: "Puppy"

The juxtaposition of Mobil and "Puppy" brings up another point. The work of R/Greenberg as it is reflected in, for instance, the video brochure makes use of images of everyday human life as one element of the firm's image constructions. This is in contrast to the Bauhaus philosophies, which, however much they varied from year to year—from an emphasis on craft to an emphasis on rational industrial design—always maintained that the correct use of mechanical means would transform everyday life in a hopeful direction. Such a point of view is not possible now, perhaps; and images of everyday life are used as an element—as a palliative at best, or a tool of manipulation—to make the unfamiliar acceptable. "I think it's important to start it with something that everybody knows—the human face," Richard Greenberg says at one point in the video brochure. In the brochure sequence devoted to "live action," he is shown directing a child on a small bicycle, and he says, "I want the father to look as though he is guiding the boy's bicycle. Live action is about those found moments, those things *that happen*. What I hope to bring to it in the direction is a warm human aspect, even though there are all those technical considerations."



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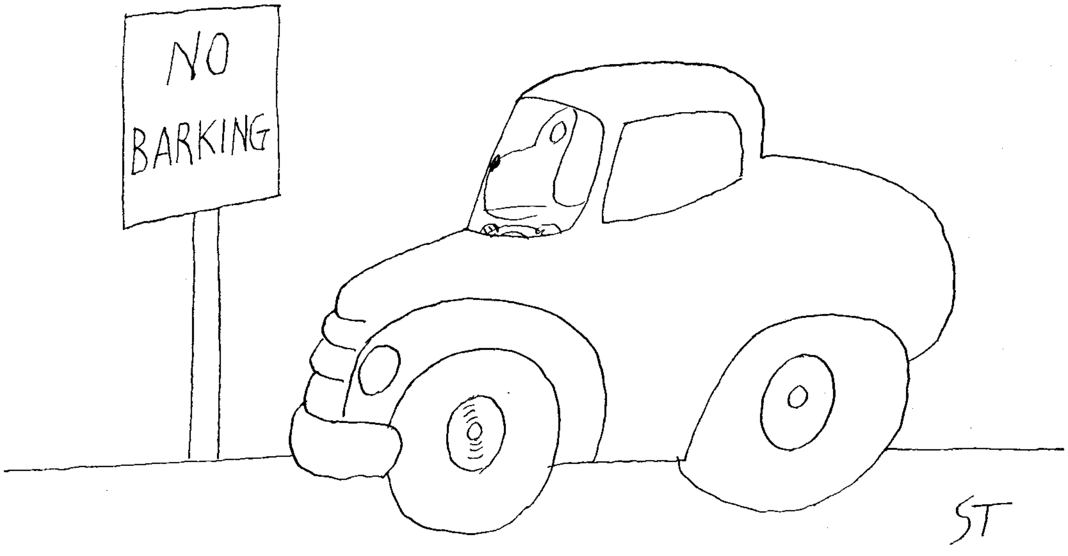
THE Greenbergs' building was not built from scratch by them. The basic structure was built by a freight-forwarding company, which put up a shell in 1976 and added to it in 1981. After the video brochure had run its course, Robert Greenberg took us to his office to look at a photograph of this earlier structure. The photograph showed a simple, utilitarian building, almost ugly. A sign on it said, "BOR-AIR GETS IT THERE EVERYWHERE BY AIR."

"They were a freight-forwarding company that decided to get into the air-freight business," Robert Greenberg said. "Then air freight became prohibitive, because of the oil crisis. They went back into the traditional freight business as an ordinary trucking company, but that didn't do well, either, because it is hard to get trucks in and out of Manhattan. They closed the building and moved to New Jersey. It was vacant. (I was living nearby.) It didn't sell. People could not visualize the fact that it could be a wonderful building. My brother and I founded our company in 1977. Our first place was two rooms in a brownstone in Murray Hill. Then we had offices on Madison Avenue. We needed more space. We were growing. I knew exactly what this building would look like. I could see the 'For Sale' sign on the building from the terrace of my apartment. I



knew exactly what I wanted to do." The Greenbergs bought the building and spent three million dollars on renovating it. The architect for the renovation was David W. Roth. "I knew what this building would look like before we started. I needed someone to execute that," Mr. Greenberg said. He looked down from the window of his office to the landscaped ground in front of the building. "We took away the loading docks used by the trucking company. Now we are distanced from the front—there is no noise. Those are magnolias." He pointed. "There are locusts next to the building, beech across the west. We are going to be planting day lilies."

Mr. Greenberg took us on a tour. He took us to see the special-effects stage, which occupies four thousand square feet and houses the Elicon Motion Control System. The Elicon was set up to shoot a little white cutout of a man inside a white grid. "This is to determine the size of the model we're going to make up," Mr. Greenberg told us. He showed us the model of the inside of the hull of a boat. "We started with a computer-generated image of a boat. That is used to create the model, which is of cut aluminum. The model will be photographed by a robotic camera system whose instructions are created by a computer many rooms away."

"So that the small man-made object, the model of the hull, is in the middle of a system that begins and ends with two computers," we said.

"Exactly," Mr. Greenberg said.

We saw two other setups for photographing, both using very small objects. One object was a coffeemaker made by Krups; the other was a stand-in for a more finished model of the Pillsbury Dough Boy. We saw sophisticated animating equipment, and computers that create images synthetically. The Greenberg computers are tied in with a supercomputer in Minnesota. "We are going on to the world's fastest computer, the CRAY-2. The usual client for that computer would be a very large one—like the Department of Defense," Mr. Greenberg told us.

Mr. Greenberg stood behind an employee who was creating an image synthetically. "It's getting weirder all the time," Mr. Greenberg said.

"Should I take that as a compliment?" the employee asked.

"Of course," Mr. Greenberg said, and he told us, "Eventually, that will be an image of several chrome balls in perspective."

Then Mr. Greenberg showed us a computer-generated image of a key that turned into a doorway. "This piece of equipment was designed to be a flight simulator," he told us. "This is how they do flight simulation."

And then he took us back to his office. There he showed us a synthetically created image of a piece of marble. "Marble is strange stuff," he said. "The computer generates a program that maps the texture onto a surface."

"Why not use a piece of marble," we asked, "instead of simulating it?"

"The reason is you can zoom right through a synthetic image. You don't have to worry about the camera lens hitting it. It doesn't have any physical properties."

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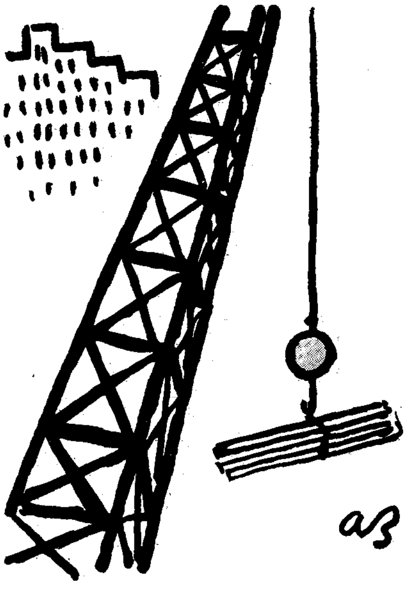
EVENING: We called on Robert Greenberg on a recent evening. We walked with him through the ground floor of the Greenberg building to the street, and walked with him to the place where he lives. He took us to his apartment, and out onto the terrace at one side of it. Standing at its western edge, we could see the river, and also the blocks along Ninth Avenue from Thirty-seventh Street to Thirty-ninth Street, which present an unbroken façade of nineteenth-century brickwork. Leaning out a little and turning our head north, we could see the Thirty-eighth Street side of the Greenberg building. "That's where the 'For Sale' sign was," Mr. Greenberg told us.

Robert Greenberg and his brother Richard have a large collection of antique birdcages. Some parts of this collection are on display in the Greenberg building; there is a long shelf filled with birdcages in the waiting room, for instance. In addition, Robert Greenberg has a large collection of what are called lay figures: carved representations of the human form, with movable parts, which artists use as models to draw from. Mr. Greenberg had one of these figures in his office on the day we toured the Greenberg building with him; he had a great many in his apartment. He showed us a small lay figure that had been made in Italy in the eighteenth century. "You see how old it is, and how refined it is," he said. "You see that the toes have been carved on the feet. It is very well articulated generally. It was made by a crafts artist. Now, this was my first." He showed us another figure. "The first one that I got. You see, it is totally faceless. Still, this has more articulated parts than what they are selling now. It is about thirty years old." Holding out a third figure, he added, "This is from the turn of the century. This would be in between the eighteenth-century figure and the modern one. These figures have paddle feet and paddle hands. They are from the late nineteenth century: featureless but well carved."

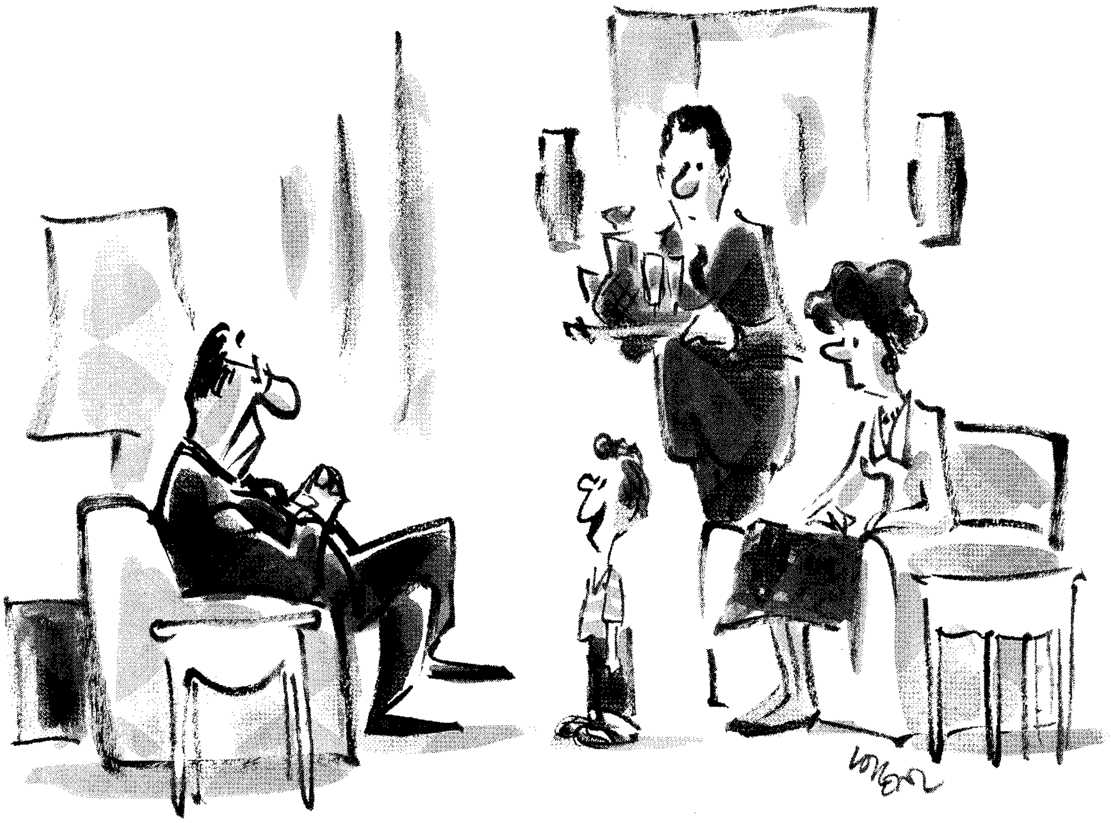
THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

AT first he was just losing weight, he felt only a little ill, Max said to Ellen, and he didn't call for an appointment with his doctor, according to Greg, because he was managing to keep on working at more or less the same rhythm, but he did stop smoking, Tanya pointed out, which suggests he was frightened, but also that he wanted, even more than he knew, to be healthy, or healthier, or maybe just to gain back a few pounds, said Orson, for he told her, Tanya went on, that he expected to be climbing the walls (isn't that what people say?) and found, to his surprise, that he didn't miss cigarettes at all and revelled in the sensation of his lungs' being ache-free for the first time in years. But did he have a good doctor, Stephen wanted to know, since it would have been crazy not to go for a checkup after the pressure was off and he was back from the conference in Helsinki, even if by then he was feeling better. And he said, to Frank, that he would go, even though he was indeed frightened, as he admitted to Jan, but who wouldn't be frightened now, though, odd as that might seem, he hadn't been worrying until recently, he avowed to Quentin, it was only in the last six months that he had the metallic taste of panic in his mouth, because becoming seriously ill was something that happened to other people, a normal delusion, he observed to Paolo, if one was thirty-eight and had never had a serious illness; he wasn't, as Jan confirmed, a hypochondriac. Of course, it was hard not to worry, everyone was worried, but it wouldn't do to panic, because, as Max pointed out to Quentin, there wasn't anything one could do except wait and hope, wait and start being careful, be *careful, and* hope. *And even if one* did prove to be ill, one shouldn't give up, they had new treatments that promised an arrest of the disease's inexorable course, research was progressing. It seemed that everyone was in touch with everyone else several times a week, checking in, I've never spent so many hours at a time on the phone, Stephen said to Kate, and when I'm exhausted after the two or three calls made to me, giving me the latest, instead of switching off the phone to give myself a respite I tap out the number of another friend or acquaintance, to pass on the news. I'm not sure I can afford to think so much about it, Ellen said, and I suspect my own motives, there's something morbid I'm *getting used to, getting* excited by, this must be like what people felt in London during the Blitz. As far as I know, I'm not at risk, but you never know, said Aileen. This thing is totally unprecedented, said Frank. But don't you think he ought to see a doctor, Stephen insisted. Listen, said Orson, you can't force people to take care of themselves, and what makes you think the worst, he could be just run down, people still do get ordinary illnesses, awful ones, why are you assuming it has to be *that*. But all I want to be sure, said Stephen, is that he understands the options, because most people don't, that's why they won't see a doctor or have the test, they think there's nothing one can do. But is there anything one can do, he said to Tanya (according to Greg), I mean what do I gain if I go to the doctor; if I'm really ill, he's reported to have said, I'll find out soon enough.

AND when he was in the hospital, his spirits seemed to lighten, according to Donny. He seemed more cheerful than he had been in the last months, Ursula said, and the bad news seemed to come almost as a relief, according to Ira, as a truly unexpected blow, according to Quentin, but you'd hardly expect him to have said the same thing to all his friends, because his relation to Ira was so different from his relation to Quentin (this according to Quentin, who was proud of their friendship), and perhaps he *thought* Quentin wouldn't be undone by seeing him weep, but Ira insisted that couldn't be the reason he behaved so differently with each, and that maybe he was feeling less shocked, mobilizing his strength to fight for his life, at the moment he saw Ira but overcome by feelings of hopelessness when Quentin arrived with flowers, because anyway the flowers threw him into a bad mood, as Quentin told Kate, since the hospital room was choked with flowers, you couldn't have crammed another flower into that room, but surely you're exaggerating, Kate said, smiling, everybody likes flowers. Well, who wouldn't exaggerate at a time like this, Quentin said sharply. Don't you think *this* is an exaggeration. Of course I do, said Kate gently, I was only teasing, I mean I didn't mean to tease. I know that, Quentin said, with tears in his eyes, and Kate hugged him and said well, when I go this evening I guess I won't bring flowers, what does he want, and Quentin said, according to Max, what he likes best is chocolate. Is there anything else, asked Kate, I mean like chocolate but not chocolate. Licorice, said Quentin, blowing his nose. And besides that. Aren't *you* exaggerating now, Quentin said, smiling. Right, said Kate, so if I want to bring him a whole raft of stuff, besides chocolate and licorice, what else. Jelly beans, Quentin said.



HE didn't want to be alone, according to Paolo, and lots of people came in the first week, and the Jamaican nurse said there were other patients on the floor who would be glad to have the surplus flowers, and people weren't afraid to visit, it wasn't like the old days, as Kate pointed out to Aileen, they're not even segregated in the hospital anymore, as Hilda observed, there's nothing on the door of his room warning visitors of the possibility of contagion, as there was a few years ago; in fact, he's in a double room and, as he told Orson, the old guy on the far side of the curtain (who's clearly on the way out, said Stephen) doesn't even have the disease, so, as Kate went on, you really should go and see him, he'd be happy to see you, he likes having people visit, you aren't not going because you're afraid, are you. Of course not, Aileen said, but I don't know what to say, I think I'll feel awkward, which he's bound to notice, and that will make him feel worse, so I won't be doing him any good, will I. But he won't notice anything, Kate said, patting Aileen's hand, it's not like that, it's not the way you imagine, he's not judging people or wondering about their motives, he's just happy to see his friends. But I never was really a friend of his, Aileen said, you're a friend, he's always liked you, you told me he talks about Nora with you, I know he likes me, he's even attracted to me, but he respects you. But, according to Wesley, the reason Aileen was so stingy with her visits was that she could never have him to herself, there were always others there already and by the time they left still others had arrived, she'd been in love with him for years, and I can understand, said Donny, that Aileen should feel bitter that if there could have been a woman friend he did more than occasionally bed, a woman he really loved, and my God, Victor said, who had known him in those years, he was crazy about Nora, what a heartrending couple they were, two surly angels, then it couldn't have been she.



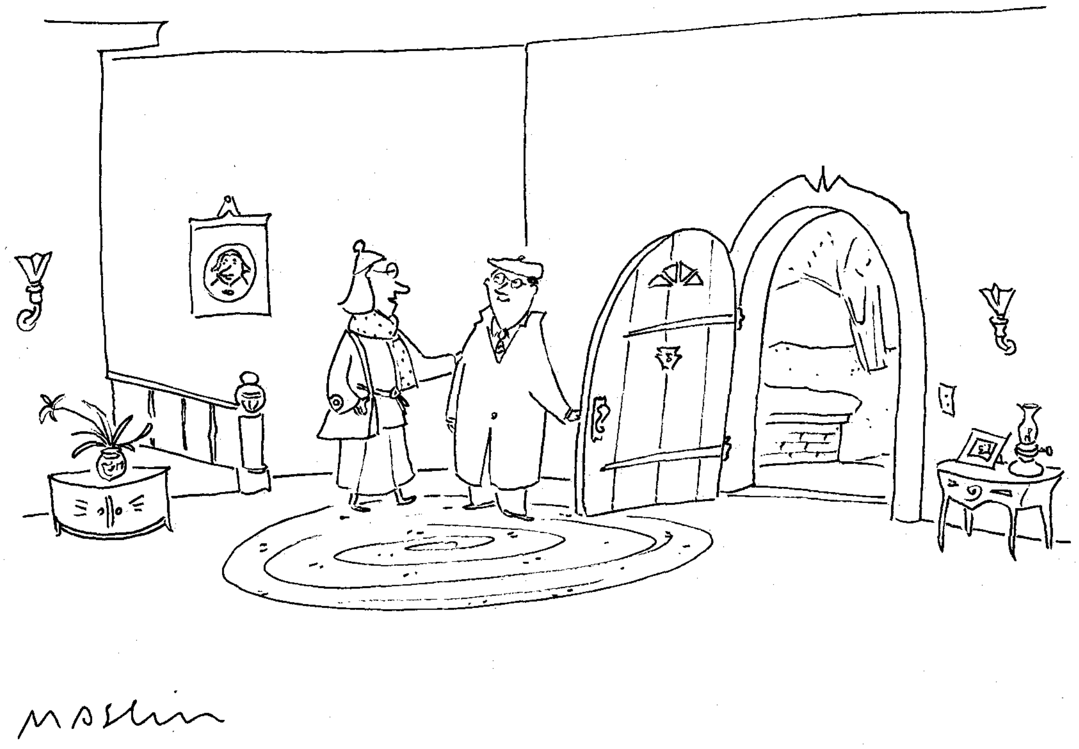
"When I grow up, I want to be a computer-generated image like Max Headroom."

AND when some of the friends, the ones who came every day, waylaid the doctor in the corridor, Stephen was the one who asked the most informed questions, who'd been keeping up not just with the stories that appeared several times a week in the *Times* (which Greg confessed to have stopped reading, unable to stand it anymore) but with articles in the medical journals published here and in England and France, and who knew socially one of the principal doctors in Paris who was doing some much-publicized research on the disease, but his doctor said little more than that the pneumonia was not life-threatening, the fever was subsiding, of course he was still weak but he was responding well to the antibiotics, that he'd have to complete his stay in the hospital, which entailed a minimum of twenty-one days on the I.V., before she could start him on the new drug, for she was optimistic about the possibility of getting him into the protocol; and when Victor said that if he had so much trouble eating (he'd say to everyone, when they coaxed him to eat some of the hospital meals, that food didn't taste right, that he had a funny metallic taste in his mouth) it couldn't be good that friends were bringing him all that chocolate, the doctor just smiled and said that in these cases the patient's morale was also an important factor, and if chocolate made him feel better she saw no harm in it, which worried Stephen, as Stephen said later to Donny, because they wanted to believe in the promises and taboos of today's high-tech medicine but here this reassuringly curt and silver-haired specialist in the disease, someone quoted frequently in the papers, was talking like some oldfangled country G.P. who tells the family that tea with honey or chicken soup may do as much for the patient as penicillin, which might mean, as Max said, that they were just going through the motions of treating him, that they were not sure about what to do, or rather, as Xavier interjected, that they didn't know what the hell they were doing, that the truth, the real truth, as Hilda said, upping the ante, was that they didn't, the doctors, really have any hope.

OH, no, said Lewis, I can't stand it, wait a minute, I can't believe it, are you sure, I mean are they sure, have they done all the tests, it's getting so when the phone rings I'm scared to answer because I think it will be someone telling me someone else is ill; but did Lewis really not know until yesterday, Robert said testily, I find that hard to believe, everybody is talking about it, it seems impossible that someone wouldn't have called Lewis; and perhaps Lewis did know, was for some reason pretending not to know already, because, Jan recalled, didn't Lewis say something months ago to Greg, and not only to Greg, about his not looking well, losing weight, and being worried about him and wishing he'd see a doctor, so it couldn't come as a total surprise. Well, everybody is worried about everybody now, said Betsy, that seems to be the way we live, the way we live now. And, after all, they were once very close, doesn't

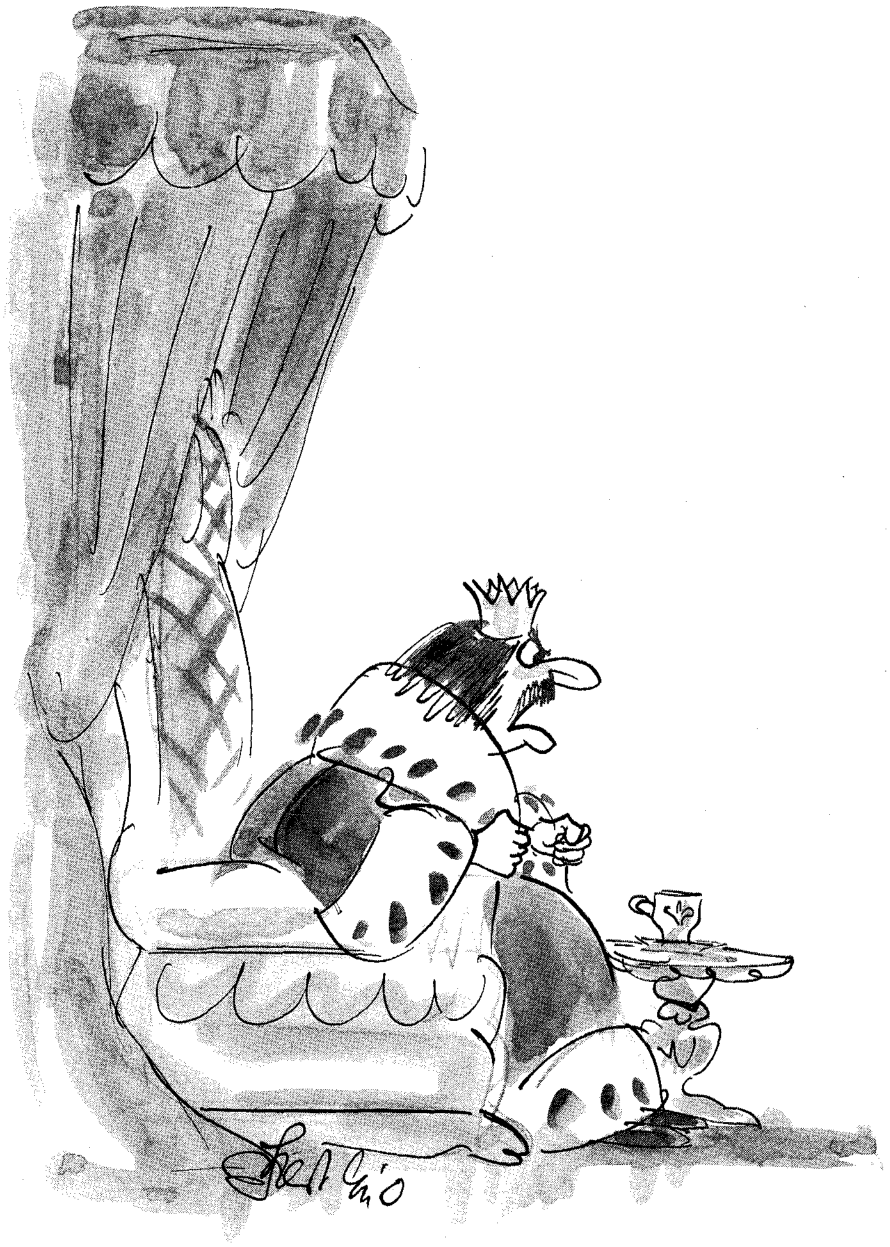
Lewis still have the keys to his apartment, you know the way you let someone keep the keys after you've broken up, only a little because you hope the person might just saunter in, drunk or high, late some evening, but mainly because it's wise to have a few sets of keys strewn around town, if you live alone, at the top of a former commercial building that, pretentious as it is, will never acquire a doorman or even a resident superintendent, someone whom you can call on for the keys late one night if you find you've lost yours or have locked yourself out. Who else has keys, Tanya inquired, I was thinking somebody might drop by tomorrow before coming to the hospital and bring some treasures, because the other day, Ira said, he was complaining about how dreary the hospital room was, and how it was like being locked up in a motel room, which got everybody started telling funny stories about motel rooms they'd known, and at Ursula's story, about the Luxury Budget Inn in Schenectady, there was an uproar of laughter around his bed, while he watched them in silence, eyes bright with fever, all the while, as Victor recalled, gobbling that damned chocolate. But, according to Jan, whom Lewis's keys enabled to tour the swank of his bachelor lair with an eye to bringing over some art consolation to brighten up the hospital room, the Byzantine icon wasn't on the wall over his bed, and that was a puzzle until Orson remembered that he'd recounted without seeming upset (this disputed by Greg) that the boy he'd recently gotten rid of had stolen it, along with four of the *maki-e* lacquer boxes, as if these were objects as easy to sell on the street as a TV or a stereo. But he's always been very generous, Kate said quietly, and though he loves beautiful things isn't really attached to them, to things, as Orson said, which is unusual in a collector, as Frank commented, and when Kate shuddered and tears sprang to her eyes and Orson inquired anxiously if he, Orson, had said something wrong, she pointed out that they'd begun talking about him in a retrospective mode, summing up what he was like, what made them fond of him, as if he were finished, completed, already a part of the past.

PERHAPS he was getting tired of having so many visitors, said Robert, who was, as Ellen couldn't help mentioning, someone who had come only twice and was probably looking for a reason not to be in regular attendance, but there could be no doubt, according to Ursula, that his spirits had dipped, not that there was any discouraging news from the doctors, and he seemed now to prefer being alone a few hours of the day; and he told Donny that he'd begun keeping a diary for the first time in his life, because he wanted to record the course of his mental reactions to this astonishing turn of events, to do something parallel to what the doctors were doing, who came every morning and conferred at his bedside about his body, and that perhaps it wasn't so important what he wrote in it, which amounted, as he said wryly to Quentin, to little more than the usual banalities about terror and amazement that this was happening to him, to him also, plus the usual remorseful assessments of his past life, his pardonable superficialities, capped by resolves to live better, more deeply, more in touch with his work and his friends, and not to care so passionately about what people thought of him, interspersed with admonitions to himself that in this situation his will to live counted more than anything else and that if he really wanted to live, and trusted life, and liked himself well enough (down, ol' debbil Thanatos!), he *would* live, he would be an exception; but perhaps all this, as Quentin ruminated, talking on the phone to Kate, wasn't the point, the point was that by the very keeping of the diary he was accumulating something to reread one day, slyly staking out his claim to a future time, in which the diary would be an object, a relic, in which he might not actually reread it, because he would want to have put this ordeal behind him, but the diary would be there in the drawer of his stupendous Majorelle desk, and he could already, he did actually say to Quentin one late sunny afternoon, propped up in the hospital bed, with the stain of chocolate framing one corner of a heartbreaking smile, see himself in the penthouse, the October sun streaming through those clear windows instead of this streaked one, and the diary, the pathetic diary, safe inside the drawer.



"You're wearing my favorite expression."

IT doesn't matter about the treatment's side effects, Stephen said (when talking to Max), I don't know why you're so worried about that, every strong treatment has some dangerous side effects, it's inevitable, you mean otherwise the treatment wouldn't be effective, Hilda interjected, and anyway, Stephen went on doggedly, just because there *are* side effects it doesn't mean he has to get them, or all of them, each one, or even some of them. That's just a list of all the possible things that could go wrong, because the doctors have to cover themselves, so they make up a worst-case scenario, but isn't what's happening to him, and to so many other people, Tanya interrupted, a worst-case scenario, a catastrophe no one could have imagined, it's too cruel, and isn't everything a side effect, quipped Ira, even *we* are all side effects, but we're not bad side effects, Frank said, he likes having his friends around, and we're helping each other, too; because his illness sticks us all in the same glue, mused Xavier, and, whatever the jealousies and grievances from the past that have made us wary and cranky with each other, when something like this happens (the sky is falling, the sky is falling!) you understand what's really important. I agree, Chicken Little, he is reported to have said. But don't you think, Quentin observed to Max, that being as close to him as we are, making time to drop by the hospital every day, is a way of our trying to define ourselves more firmly and irrevocably as the well, those who aren't ill, who aren't going to fall ill, as if what's happened to him couldn't happen to us, when in fact the chances are that before long one of us will end up where he is, which is probably what he felt when he was one of the cohort visiting Zack in the spring (you never knew Zack, did you?), and, according to Clarice, Zack's widow, he didn't come very often, he said he hated hospitals, and didn't feel he was doing Zack any good, that Zack would see on his face how uncomfortable he was. Oh, he was one of those, Aileen said. A coward. Like me.



"Where's my second cup of coffee?"

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AND after he was sent home from the hospital, and Quentin had volunteered to move in and was cooking meals and taking telephone messages and keeping the mother in Mississippi informed, well, mainly keeping her from flying to New York and heaping her grief on her son and confusing the household routine with her oppressive ministrations, he was able to work an hour or two in his study, on days he didn't insist on going out, for a meal or a movie, which tired him. He seemed optimistic, Kate thought, his appetite was good, and what he said, Orson reported, was that he agreed when Stephen advised him that the main thing was to keep in shape, he was a fighter, right, he wouldn't be who he was if he weren't, and was he ready for the big fight, Stephen asked rhetorically (as Max told it to Donny), and he said you bet, and Stephen added it could be a lot worse, you could have gotten the disease two years ago, but now so many scientists are working on it, the American team and the French team, everyone bucking for that Nobel Prize a few years down the road, that all you have to do is stay healthy for another year or two and then there will be good treatment, real treatment. Yes, he said, Stephen said, my timing is good. And Betsy, who had been climbing on and rolling off macrobiotic diets for a decade, came up with a Japanese specialist she wanted him to see but thank God, Donny reported, he'd had the sense to refuse, but he did agree to see Victor's visualization therapist, although what could one possibly visualize, said Hilda, when the point of visualizing disease was to see it as an entity with contours, borders, here rather than there, something limited, something you were the host of, in the sense that you could disinvite the disease, while this was so total; or would be, Max said. But the main thing, said Greg, was to see that he didn't go the macrobiotic route, which might be harmless for plump Betsy but could only be devastating for him, lean as he'd always been, with all the cigarettes and other appetite-suppressing chemicals he'd been welcoming into his body for years; and now was hardly the time, as Stephen pointed out, to be worried about cleaning up his act, and eliminating the chemical additives and other pollutants that we're all blithely or not so blithely feasting on, blithely since we're healthy, healthy as we can be; so far, Ira said. Meat and potatoes is what I'd be happy to see him eating, Ursula said wistfully. And spaghetti and clam sauce, Greg added. And thick cholesterol-rich omelettes with smoked mozzarella, suggested Yvonne, who had flown from London for the weekend to see him. Chocolate cake, said Frank. Maybe not chocolate cake, Ursula said, he's already eating so much chocolate.

FOUR DEER

Four deer lift up their lovely heads to me
In the dusk of the golf course I plod across
Toward home. They're browsing the wet grass
The snow has left and, statued, stare at me
In deep silence and I see whatever light there is
Gather to glossy pools in their eight mild,
Barely curious but wary eyes. When one at a time
They bend again to feed, I can hear the crisp
Moist crunch of the surviving grass between
Their teeth, imagine the slow lick of a tongue
Over whickering lips. They've come from the unlit
Winter corners of their fright to find
A fresh season, this early gift, and stand
Almost easy at the edge of white snow islands
And lap the gray-green sweet depleted grass. About them
Hangs an air of such domestic sense, the comfortable
Hush of folk at home with one another, a familiar
Something I sense in spite of the great gulf of strangeness
We must look over at each other. Tails flicker
White in thickening dusk and I feel their relief
At the touch of cold snow underfoot while their faces
Nuzzle grass, as if, like birds, they had crossed
Unspeakable vacant wastes with nothing but hunger
Shaping their brains and driving them from leaf to
Dry leaf, sour strips of bark—under a thunder of guns
And into the cold comfort of early dark. I've seen
Their straight despairing lines cloven in snowfields
After storm, an Indian file of famished natives, poor
Unprayed-for wanderers through blinding chill, seasoned
Castaways in search of home ports, which they've found
At last here on the winter's edge between our houses and
Their trees. All of a sudden, I've come too close. Like
Birds they move as one mind, springing in silent waves
Over the grass, then cracking snow with sharp hard
Snaps, lightfooting it into the sanctuary of a pine grove
Where they stand looking back at me, a deer-shaped family
Of shadows against the darker arch of trees and this
Rusting dusk. When silence settles over us again and
They bow down to browse, the sound of grass being lipped,
Bitten, meets me across the space between us. Close
Enough for comfort, they see we keep, instinctively, our
Distance, sharing this air where a few last shards of day-
Light glitter in little meltpools or spread a skin of
Brightness on the ice, the ice stiffening toward midnight
Under the clean magnesium burn of a first star.

—Eamon Grennan

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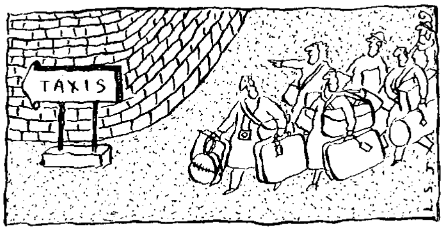
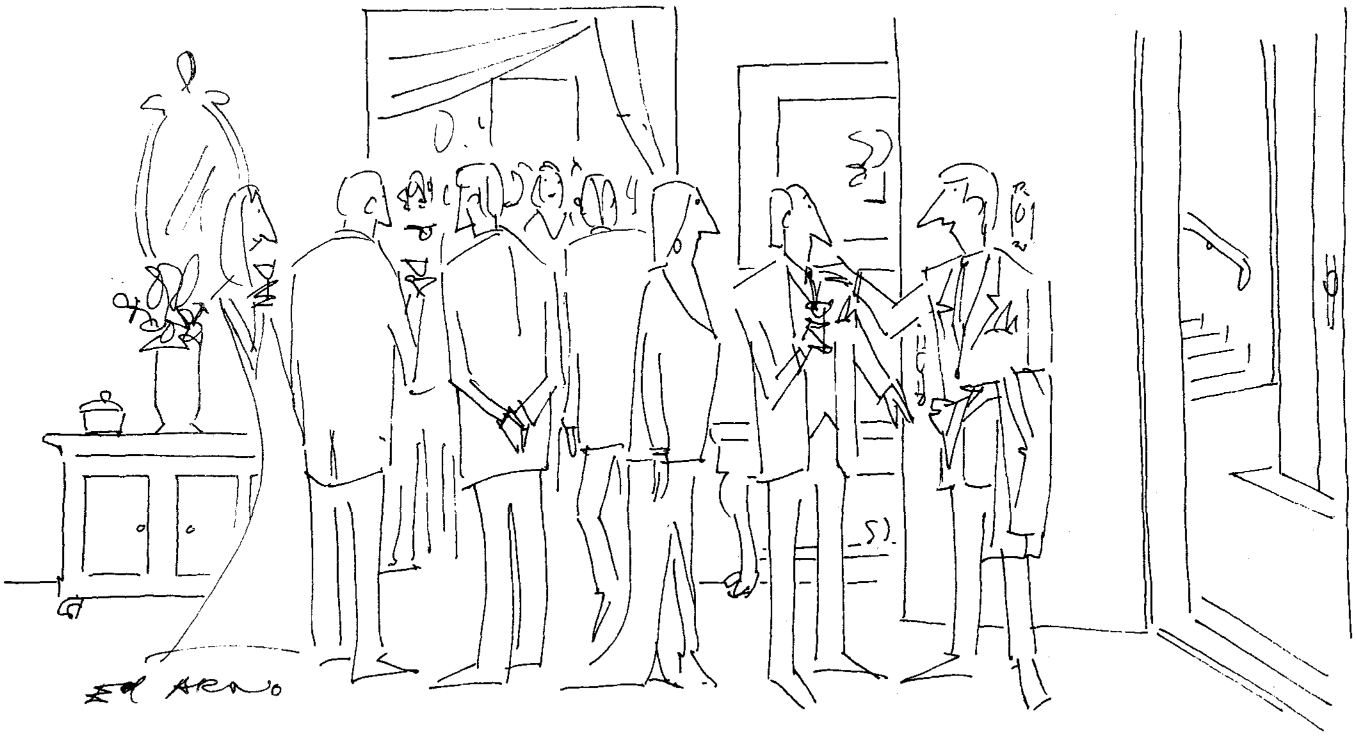
And when, not right away but still only three weeks later, he was accepted into the protocol for the new drug, which took considerable behind-the-scenes lobbying with the doctors, he talked less about being ill, according to Donny, which seemed like a good sign, Kate felt, a sign that he was not feeling like a victim, feeling not that he *had* a disease but, rather, was living *with* a disease (that was the right cliché, wasn't it?), a more hospitable arrangement, said Jan, a kind of cohabitation which implied that it was something temporary, that it could be terminated, but terminated how, said Hilda, and when you say hospitable, Jan, I hear hospital. And it was encouraging, Stephen insisted, that from the start, at least from the time he was finally persuaded to make the telephone call to his doctor, he was willing to say the name of the disease, pronounce it often and easily, as if it were just another word, like boy or gallery or cigarette or money or deal, as in no big deal, Paolo interjected, because, as Stephen continued, to utter the name is a sign of health, a sign that one has accepted being who one is, mortal, vulnerable, not exempt, not an exception after all, it's a sign that one is willing, truly willing, to fight for one's life. And we must say the name, too, and often, Tanya added, we mustn't lag behind him in honesty, or let him feel that, the effort of honesty having been made, it's something done with and he can go on to other things. One is so much better prepared to help him, Wesley replied. In a way he's fortunate, said Yvonne, who had taken care of a problem at the New York store and was flying back to London this evening, sure, fortunate, said Wesley, no one is shunning him, Yvonne went on, no one's afraid to hug him or kiss him lightly on the mouth, in London we are, as usual, a few years behind you, people I know, people who would seem to be not even remotely at risk, are just terrified, but I'm impressed by how cool and rational you all are; you find us cool, asked





"Hello. I'm Ed Tatum. I only show up at these affairs in order to make an appearance. Now that I've made an appearance, I'll say goodbye."

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Quentin. But I have to say, he's reported to have said, I'm terrified, I find it very hard to read (and you know how he loves to read, said Greg; yes, reading is his television, said Paolo) or to think, but I don't feel hysterical. I feel quite hysterical, Lewis said to Yvonne. But you're able to *do* something for him, that's wonderful, how I wish I could stay longer, Yvonne answered, it's rather beautiful, I can't help thinking, this utopia of friendship you've assembled around him (this pathetic utopia, said Kate), so that the disease, Yvonne concluded, is not, anymore, out there. Yes, don't you think we're more at home here, with him, with the disease, said Tanya, because the imagined disease is so much worse than the reality of him, whom we all love, each in our fashion, having it. I know for me his getting it has quite demystified the disease, said Jan, I don't feel afraid, spooked, as I did before he became ill, when it was only news about remote acquaintances, whom I never saw again after they became ill. But you know you're not going to come down with the disease, Quentin said, to which Ellen replied, on her behalf, that's not the point, and possibly untrue, my gynecologist says that everyone is at risk, everyone who has a sexual life, because sexuality is a chain that links each of us to many others, unknown others, and now the great chain of being has become a chain of death as well. It's not the same for you, Quentin insisted, it's not the same for you as it is for me or Lewis or Frank or Paolo or Max, I'm more and more frightened, and I have every reason to be. I don't think about whether I'm at risk or not, said Hilda, I know that I was afraid to know someone with the disease, afraid of what I'd see, what I'd feel, and after the first day I came to the hospital I felt so relieved. I'll never feel that way, that fear, again; he doesn't seem different from me. He's not, Quentin said.

ACCORDING to Lewis, he talked more often about those who visited more often, which is natural, said Betsy, I think he's even keeping a tally. And among those who came or checked in by phone every day, the inner circle as it were, those who were getting more points, there was still a further competition, which was what was getting on Betsy's nerves, she confessed to Jan; there's always that vulgar jockeying for position around the bedside of the gravely ill, and though we all feel suffused with virtue at our loyalty to him (speak for yourself, said Jan), to the extent that we're carving time out of every day, or almost every day, though some of us are dropping out, as Xavier pointed out, aren't we getting at least as much out of this as he is. Are we, said Jan. We're rivals for a sign from him of special pleasure over a visit, each stretching for the brass ring of his favor, wanting to feel the most wanted, the true nearest and dearest, which is inevitable with someone who doesn't have a spouse and children or an official in-house lover, hierarchies that no one would dare contest, Betsy went on, so we are the family he's founded, without meaning to, without official titles and ranks (we, we, snarled Quentin); and is it so clear, though some of us, Lewis and Quentin and Tanya and Paolo, among others, are ex-lovers and all of us more or less than friends, which one of us he prefers, Victor said (now it's us, raged Quentin), because sometimes I think he looks forward more to seeing Aileen, who has visited only three times, twice at the hospital and once since he's been home, than he does you or me; but, according to Tanya, after being very disappointed that Aileen hadn't come, now he was angry, while, according to Xavier, he was not really hurt but touchingly passive, accepting Aileen's absence as something he somehow deserved. But he's happy to have people around, said Lewis; he says when he doesn't have company he gets very sleepy, he sleeps (according to Quentin), and then perks up when someone arrives, it's important that he not feel ever alone. But, said Victor, there's one person he hasn't heard from, whom he'd probably like to hear from more than most of us; but she didn't just vanish, even right after she broke away from him, and he knows exactly where she lives now, said Kate, he told me he put in a call to her last Christmas Eve, and she said it's nice to hear from you and Merry Christmas, and he was shattered, according to Orson, and furious and disdainful, according to Ellen (what do you expect of her, said Wesley, she was burned out), but Kate wondered if maybe he hadn't phoned Nora in the middle of a sleepless night, what's the time difference, and Quentin said no, I don't think so, I think he wouldn't want her to know.

AND when he was feeling even better and had regained the pounds he'd shed right away in the hospital, though the refrigerator started to fill up with organic wheat germ and grapefruit and skimmed milk (he's worried about his cholesterol count, Stephen lamented), and told Quentin he could manage by himself now, and did, he started asking everyone who visited how he looked, and everyone said he looked great, so much better than a few weeks ago, which didn't jibe with what anyone had told him at that time; but then it was getting harder and harder to know how he looked, to answer such a question honestly when among themselves they wanted to be honest, both for honesty's sake and (as Donny thought) to prepare for the worst, because he'd been looking like *this* for so long, at least it seemed so long, that it was as if he'd always been like this, how did he look before, but it was only a few months, and those words, pale and wan-looking and fragile, hadn't they always applied? And one Thursday Ellen, meeting Lewis at the door of the building, said, as they rode up together in the elevator, how is he *really*? But you see how he is, Lewis said tartly, he's fine, he's perfectly healthy, and Ellen understood that of course Lewis didn't think he was perfectly healthy but that he wasn't worse, and that was true, but wasn't it, well, almost heartless to talk like that. Seems inoffensive to me, Quentin said, but I know what you mean, I remember once talking to Frank, somebody, after all, who has volunteered to do five hours a week of office work at the Crisis Center (I know, said Ellen), and Frank was going on about this guy, diagnosed almost a year ago, and so much further along, who'd been complaining to Frank on the phone about the indifference of some doctor, and had gotten quite abusive about the doctor, and Frank was saying there was no reason to be so upset, the implication being that *he*, Frank, wouldn't behave so irrationally, and I said, barely able to control my scorn, but Frank, Frank, he has every reason to be upset, he's dying, and Frank said, said according to Quentin, oh, I don't like to think about it that way.

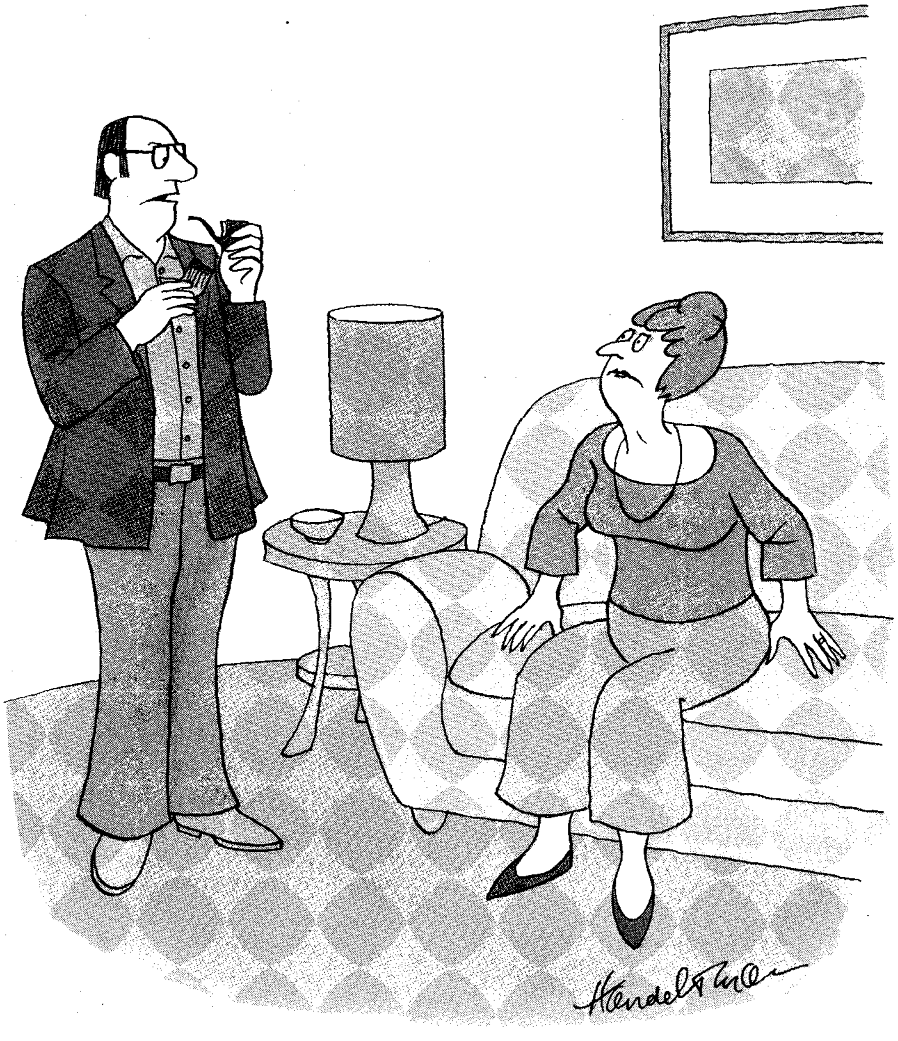
AND it was while he was still home, recuperating, getting his weekly treatment, still not able to do much work, he complained, but, according to Quentin, up and about most of the time and turning up at the office several days a week, that bad news came about two remote acquaintances, one in Houston and one in Paris, news that was intercepted by Quentin on the ground that it could only depress him, but Stephen contended that it was wrong to lie to him, it was so important for him to live in the truth; that had been one of his first victories, that he was candid, that he was even willing to crack jokes about the disease, but Ellen said *it wasn't good to give* him this end-of-the-world feeling, too many people were getting ill, it was becoming such a common destiny that maybe some of the will to fight for his life would

"Now, try to think of yourself in a silver frame on a piano in the twenty-first century."

ALL BAKING DONE ON THE PREMISES

be drained out of him if it seemed to be as natural as, well, death. Oh, Hilda said, who didn't know personally either the one in Houston or the one in Paris, but knew *of* the one in Paris, a pianist who specialized in twentieth-century Czech and Polish music, I have his records, he's such a valuable person, and, when Kate glared at her, continued defensively, I know every life is equally sacred, but that *is* a thought, another thought, I mean, all these valuable people who aren't going to have their normal fourscore as it is now, these people aren't going to be replaced, and it's such a loss to the culture. But this isn't going to go on forever, Wesley said, it can't, they're bound to come up with something (they, they, muttered Stephen), but did you ever think, Greg said, that if some people don't die, I mean even if they can keep them alive (they, they, muttered Kate), they continue to be carriers, and that means, if you have a conscience, that you can never make love, make love fully, as you'd been wont—wantonly, Ira said—to do. But it's better than dying, said Frank. And in all his talk about the future, when he allowed himself to be hopeful, according to Quentin, he never mentioned the prospect that even if he didn't die, if he were so fortunate as to be among the first generation of the disease's survivors, never mentioned, Kate confirmed, that whatever happened it was over, the way he had lived until now, but, according to Ira, he did think about it, the end of bravado, the end of folly, the end of trusting life, the end of taking life for granted, and of treating life as something that, samurai-like, he thought himself ready to throw away lightly, impudently; and Kate recalled, sighing, a brief exchange she'd insisted on having as long as two years ago, huddling on a banquette covered with steel-gray industrial carpet on an upper level of The Prophet and toking up for their next foray onto the dance floor: she'd said hesitantly, for it felt foolish asking a prince of debauchery to, well, take it easy, and she wasn't keen on playing big sister, a role, as Hilda confirmed, he inspired in many women, are you being careful, honey, you know what I mean. And he replied, Kate went on, no, I'm not, listen, I can't, I just can't, sex is too important to me, always has been (he started talking like that, according to Victor, after Nora left him), and if I get it, well, I get it. But he wouldn't talk like that now, would he, said Greg; he must feel awfully foolish now, said Betsy, like someone who went on smoking, saying I can't give up cigarettes, but when the bad X-ray is taken even the most besotted nicotine addict can stop on a dime. But sex isn't like cigarettes, is it, said Frank, and, besides, what good does it do to remember that he was reckless, said Lewis angrily, the appalling thing is that you just have to be unlucky once, and wouldn't he feel even worse if he'd stopped three years ago and had come down with it anyway, since one of the most terrifying features of the disease is that you don't know when you contracted it, it could have been ten years ago, because surely this disease has existed for years and years, long before it was recognized; that is, named. Who knows how long (I think a lot about that, said Max) and who knows (I know what you're going to say, Stephen interrupted) how many are going to get it.

I'M feeling fine, he's reported to have said whenever someone asked him how he was, which was almost always the first question anyone asked. Or: I'm feeling better, how are you? But he said other things, too. I'm playing leapfrog with myself, he is reported to have said, according to Victor. And: There must be a way to get something positive out of this situation, he's reported to have said to Kate. How American of him, said Paolo. Well, said Betsy, you know the old American adage: When you've got a lemon, make lemonade. The one thing I'm sure I couldn't take, Jan said he said to her, is becoming disfigured, but Stephen hastened to point out the disease doesn't take that form very often anymore, its profile is mutating, and, in conversation with Ellen, wheeled up words like blood-brain barrier; I never thought there was a barrier *there*, said Jan. But he mustn't know about Max, Ellen said, that would really depress him, please don't tell him, he'll have to know, Quentin said grimly, and he'll be furious not to have been told. But there's time for that, when they take Max off the respirator, said Ellen; but isn't it incredible, Frank said, Max was fine, not feeling ill at all, and then to wake up with a fever of a hundred and five, unable to breathe, but that's the way it often starts, with absolutely no warning, Stephen said, the disease has so many forms. And when, after another week had gone by, he asked Quentin where Max was, he didn't question Quentin's account of a spree in the Bahamas, but then the number of people who visited regularly was thinning out, partly because the old feuds that had been put aside through the first hospitalization and the return home had resurfaced, and the flickering enmity between Lewis and Frank exploded, even though Kate did her best to mediate between them, and also because he *himself* had *done* something to loosen the bonds of love that united the friends around him, by seeming to take them all for granted, as if it were perfectly normal for so many people to carve out so much time and attention for him, visit him every few days, talk about him incessantly on the phone with each other; but, according to Paolo, it wasn't that he was less grateful, it was just something he was getting used to, the visits. It had become, with time, a more ordinary kind of situation, a kind of ongoing party, first at the hospital and now since he was home, barely on his feet again, it being clear, said Robert, that I'm on the B list; but Kate said, that's absurd, there's no list; and Victor said, but there is, only it's not he, it's Quentin who's drawing it up. He wants to see us, we're helping him, we have to do it the way he wants, he fell down yesterday on the way to the bathroom, he mustn't be told about Max (but he already knew, according to Donny), it's getting worse.



"Mary, will you stop this insecure nonsense? I didn't say Gladys was superior to you in any way. I only said I was in love with her, for God's sake."

WHEN I was home, he is reported to have said, I was afraid to sleep, as I was dropping off each night it felt like just that, as if I were falling down a black hole, to sleep felt like giving in to death, I slept every night with the light on; but here, in the hospital, I'm less afraid. And to Quentin he said, one morning, the fear rips through me, it tears me open; and, to Ira, it presses me together, squeezes me toward myself. Fear gives everything its hue, its high. I feel so, I don't know how to say it, exalted, he said to Quentin. Calamity is an amazing high, too. Sometimes I feel *so* well, so powerful, it's as if I could jump out of my skin. Am I going crazy, or what? Is it all this attention and coddling I'm getting from everybody, like a child's dream of being loved? Is it the drugs? I know it sounds crazy but sometimes I think this is a *fantastic* experience, he said shyly; but there was also the bad taste in the mouth, the pressure in the head and at the back of the neck, the red, bleeding gums, the painful, if pink-lobed, breathing, and his ivory pallor, color of white chocolate. Among those who wept when told over the phone that he was back in the hospital were Kate and Stephen (who'd been called by Quentin), and Ellen, Victor, Aileen, and Lewis (who were called by Kate), and Xavier and Ursula (who were called by Stephen). Among those who didn't weep were Hilda, who said that she'd just learned that her seventy-five-year-old aunt was dying of the disease, which she'd contracted from a transfusion given during her successful double bypass of five years ago, and Frank and Donny and Betsy, but this didn't mean, according to Tanya, that they weren't moved and appalled, and Quentin thought they might not be coming soon to the hospital but would send presents; the room, he was in a private room this time, was filling up with flowers, and plants, and books, and tapes. The high tide of barely suppressed acrimony of the last weeks at home subsided into the routines of hospital visiting, though more than a few resented Quentin's having charge of the visiting book (but it was Quentin who had the idea, Lewis pointed out); now, to insure a steady stream of visitors, preferably no more than two at a time (this, the rule in all hospitals, wasn't enforced here, at least on his floor; whether out of kindness or inef-

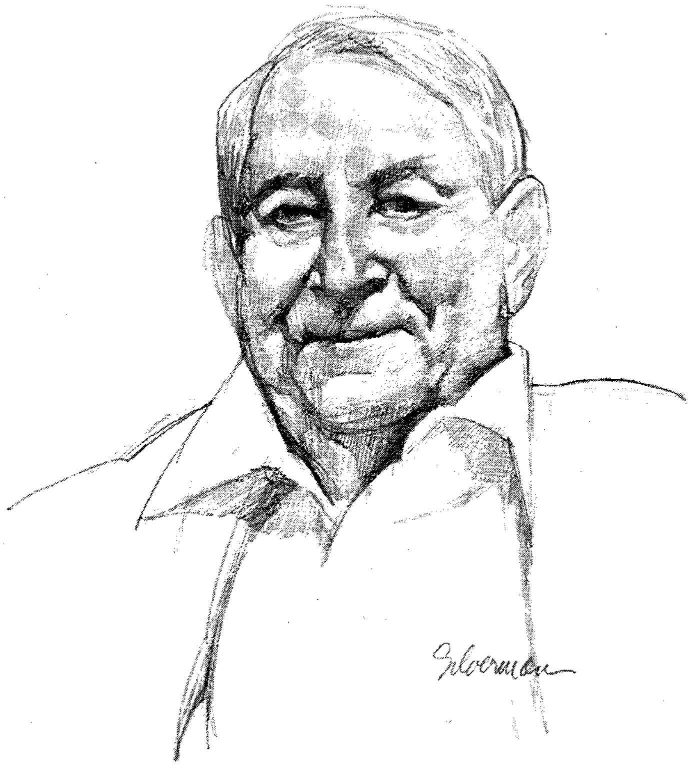
ficiency, no one could decide), Quentin had to be called first, to get one's time slot, there was no more casual dropping by. And his mother could no longer be prevented from taking a plane and installing herself in a hotel near the hospital; but he seemed to mind her daily presence less than expected, Quentin said; said Ellen it's we who mind, do you suppose she'll stay long. It was easier to be generous with each other visiting him here in the hospital, as Donny pointed out, than at home, where one minded never being alone with him; coming here, in our twos and twos, there's no doubt about what our role is, how we should be, collective, funny, distracting, undemanding, light, it's important to be light, for in all this dread there is gaiety, too, as the poet said, said Kate. (His eyes, his glittering eyes, said Lewis.) His eyes looked dull, extinguished, Wesley said to Xavier, but Betsy said his face, not just his eyes, looked soulful, warm; whatever is there, said Kate, I've never been so aware of his eyes; and Stephen said, I'm afraid of what my eyes show, the way I watch him, with too much intensity, or a phony kind of casualness, said Victor. And, unlike at home, he was clean-shaven each morning, at whatever hour they visited him; his curly hair was always combed; but he complained that the nurses had changed since he was here the last time, and that he didn't like the change, he wanted everyone to be the same. The room was furnished now with some of his personal effects (odd word for one's things, said Ellen), and Tanya brought drawings and a letter from her nine-year-old dyslexic son, who was writing now, since she'd purchased a computer; and Donny brought champagne and some helium balloons, which were anchored to the foot of his bed; tell me about something that's going on, he said, waking up from a nap to find Donny and Kate at the side of his bed, beaming at him; tell me a story, he said wistfully, said Donny, who couldn't think of anything to say; *you're* the story, Kate said. And Xavier brought an eighteenth-century Guatemalan wooden statue of St. Sebastian with upcast eyes and open mouth, and when Tanya said what's that, a tribute to eros past, Xavier said where I come from Sebastian is venerated as a protector against pestilence. Pestilence symbolized by arrows? Symbolized by arrows. All people remember is the body of a beautiful youth bound to a tree, pierced by arrows (of which he always seems oblivious, Tanya interjected), people forget that the story continues, Xavier continued, that when the Christian women came to bury the martyr they found him still alive and nursed him back to health. And he said, according to Stephen, I didn't know St. Sebastian didn't die. It's undeniable, isn't it, said Kate on the phone to Stephen, the fascination of the dying. It makes me ashamed. We're learning how to die, said Hilda, I'm not ready to learn, said Aileen; and Lewis, who was coming straight from the other hospital, the hospital where Max was still being kept in I.C.U., met Tanya getting out of the elevator on the tenth floor, and as they walked together down the shiny corridor past the open doors, averting their eyes from the other patients sunk in their beds, with tubes in their noses, irradiated by the bluish light from the television sets, the thing I can't bear to think about, Tanya said to Lewis, is someone dying with the TV on.

HE has that strange, unnerving detachment now, said Ellen, that's what upsets me, even though it makes it easier to be with him. Sometimes he was querulous. I can't stand them coming in here taking my blood every morning, what are they doing with all that blood, he is reported to have said; but where was his anger, Jan wondered. Mostly he was lovely to be with, always saying how are *you*, how are you feeling. He's so sweet now, said Aileen. He's so nice, said Tanya. (Nice, nice, groaned Paolo.) At first he was very ill, but he was rallying, according to Stephen's best information, there was no fear of his not recovering this time, and the doctor spoke of his being discharged from the hospital in another ten days if all went well, and the mother was persuaded to fly back to Mississippi, and Quentin was readying the penthouse for his return. And he was still writing his diary, not showing it to anyone, though Tanya, first to arrive one late-winter morning, and finding him dozing, peeked, and was horrified, according to Greg, not by anything she read but by a progressive change in his handwriting: in the recent pages, it was becoming spidery, less legible, and some lines of script wandered and tilted about the page. I was thinking, Ursula said to Quentin, that the difference between a story and a painting or photograph is that in a story you can write, He's still alive. But in a painting or a photo you can't show "still." You can just show him being alive. He's still alive, Stephen said.

—SUSAN SONTAG

PROFILES

BOY WONDER—II



“Do you realize,” Nicolas Slonimsky said to me one day as we sat in his study, in a bungalow in West Los Angeles, “that if Mozart had lived to be as old as I am he could have been Chopin’s buddy and the mentor of the young Wagner?” It was a remarkable claim: not many people capable of making such an assertion are still capable of framing it. But Slonimsky, who is ninety-two years old and continues an active career as one of the world’s foremost musical lexicographers, generates formulations like that one all the time.

He’s a man of countless daffy stunts and almost as many authentic achievements. He likes to tergiversate. What he *really* likes to do is tell you that he’s going to tergiversate, unless you have any serious objections, and then wait and see if you have any or if, for that matter, you have any idea what he’s talking about. Taking your silence for a dare, he will walk over to the piano, an upright in one corner of his living room, move the bench, open the lid to the keys, turn his back on the keyboard, reach his hands behind his back, fumble around for middle C, and then suddenly launch into a spirited, flawless piano rendition of “Ach Du Lieber Augustin,” all the while parsing the word’s etymology in triumph: “That’s *tergum*, Latin for ‘back,’ and *versare*, of course, ‘to turn’ or ‘to twirl’—hence to equivocate or to change sides, to apostatize, or, most literally, to turn one’s back.” It’s quite a spectacle: he’s a short man (his fingers easily reach the keyboard without his having to stoop) and a slight one—narrow shoulders, thin legs—but, as he puts it, “Where others have an abdominal cavity I have this abominable convexity.” His belly balloons expansively, and as he stands there playing (still not missing a note), you can hardly imagine how a figure of that shape can remain standing at all.

Slonimsky is a man of almost perpetually antic good humor. With enormous cheerfulness, he’ll insist that he’s an utter failure. And, strangely, he’ll mean it. All the achievements—the ongoing editorship, for example of both Baker’s Biographical Dictionary of Musicians and “Music Since 1900,” two mammoth tomes that are the standard works in their fields—pale in the face of his harsh retrospective judgment. The comparison with Mozart is particularly apt here, and particularly haunting, for Slonimsky has titled his forthcoming autobiography “Failed Wunderkind.” (A British edition will be published by Oxford University Press next fall.) Scion of a prodigiously talented Eastern European Jewish family, he was celebrated as a boy wonder, a pianistic genius. The hothouse pressures of his upbringing in the St. Petersburg intelligentsia—the overprecious celebration of his insisted-upon precocity—perhaps stunted him for life. At any rate, he failed to transform his early promise into a virtuoso performing career. Instead, in his mid-twenties he witnessed the Russian Revolution (indeed, he was a draftee in the very regiment whose mutiny precipitated the downfall of the czar) and then survived a harrowing exodus through the nightmarish Russian civil war. Surfacing in Paris in 1921, he was much sought after as a piano accompanist and served a stint as secretary and “rehearsal pianist” to the eminent conductor Serge Koussevitzky. In 1923, Slonimsky ventured to America, where he quickly mastered the languages of English and conducting. When Koussevitzky was named head of the Boston Symphony, in 1924, Slonimsky joined him there. He presently met Dorothy Adlow, an arts graduate of Radcliffe, who became the love of his life and (in 1931) his wife. In the late twenties, he left his job with Koussevitzky, partly to have more time to devote to the Chamber Orchestra of Boston, which he had founded, and of which he was conductor.

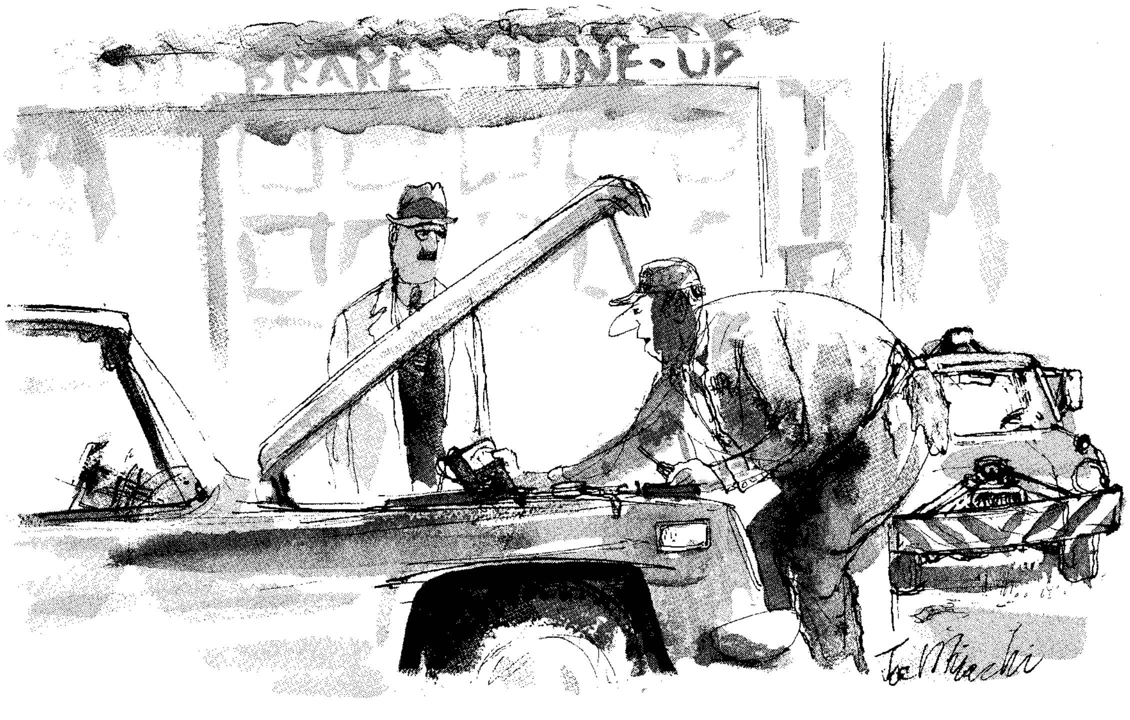
If Slonimsky had lived to be only as old as Mozart, he would have been dead by that time. Instead, in many ways his *late* thirties proved to be the pinnacle of his career. Entranced with all things modern, and intoxicated by the sheer modernity of his newly adopted homeland, Slonimsky threw himself into a celebration of the most avant-garde trends in American music. He did some composing himself. He became an associate editor of *New Music*, the avant-garde movement’s seminal journal. He championed the compositions of Henry Cowell, Wallingford Riegger, and Carl Ruggles at a time when hardly anyone else would program their music. And he became the earliest consistent conductor of the music of Charles Ives, whose “Three Places in New England” he premièred, in New York’s Town Hall, in January, 1931. Nor was his championing of the avant-garde limited to Americans. He conducted the Paris première of Béla Bartók’s First Piano Concerto, with Bartók himself at the keyboard. In 1933, he presided at the world première of Edgard Varèse’s immensely complicated and hugely influential suite for percussion instruments titled “Ionisation.” In 1931 and again in 1932, he travelled to Europe and conducted programs of modern music in Paris and in Berlin—where he assumed the podium of the Berlin Philharmonic itself—to consistently rapturous reviews. The programs themselves were controversial, but the critics were nearly unanimous in their praise of the brilliant, charismatic new conductor. Arnold Schoenberg at one point compiled a list of good guys and bad guys among then active conductors, and there were only two good guys—Eugene Goossens and Nicolas Slonimsky.

But then everything burst. Slonimsky was engaged to conduct the entire summer, 1933, season of the Los Angeles Philharmonic at the Hollywood Bowl. However, relentlessly modernist fare, which might have worked for a single concert in the midst of an extended tour, proved altogether inappropriate—far too inflammatory—for a projected six-week run at a site as staid as the Bowl. The players, the audiences, and the trustees all rebelled, Slonimsky stood his ground, refusing to give in, and within a few weeks he was given "the bum's rush," as he puts it, out of Los Angeles. He began to be tagged, it seems, as a "difficult" conductor, for he was a purist in a decidedly impure environment—the provincial American symphonic scene of the thirties. Meanwhile, he was cut off from Europe, the site of his greatest triumphs, by the ascendancy of antimodernist Fascism. Then, too, perhaps his background as a son of the St. Petersburg intelligentsia—a cloud-lost class that frowned upon practical exertion of any sort—precluded any chance he might have had for success in a venture as practical as managing a conducting career.

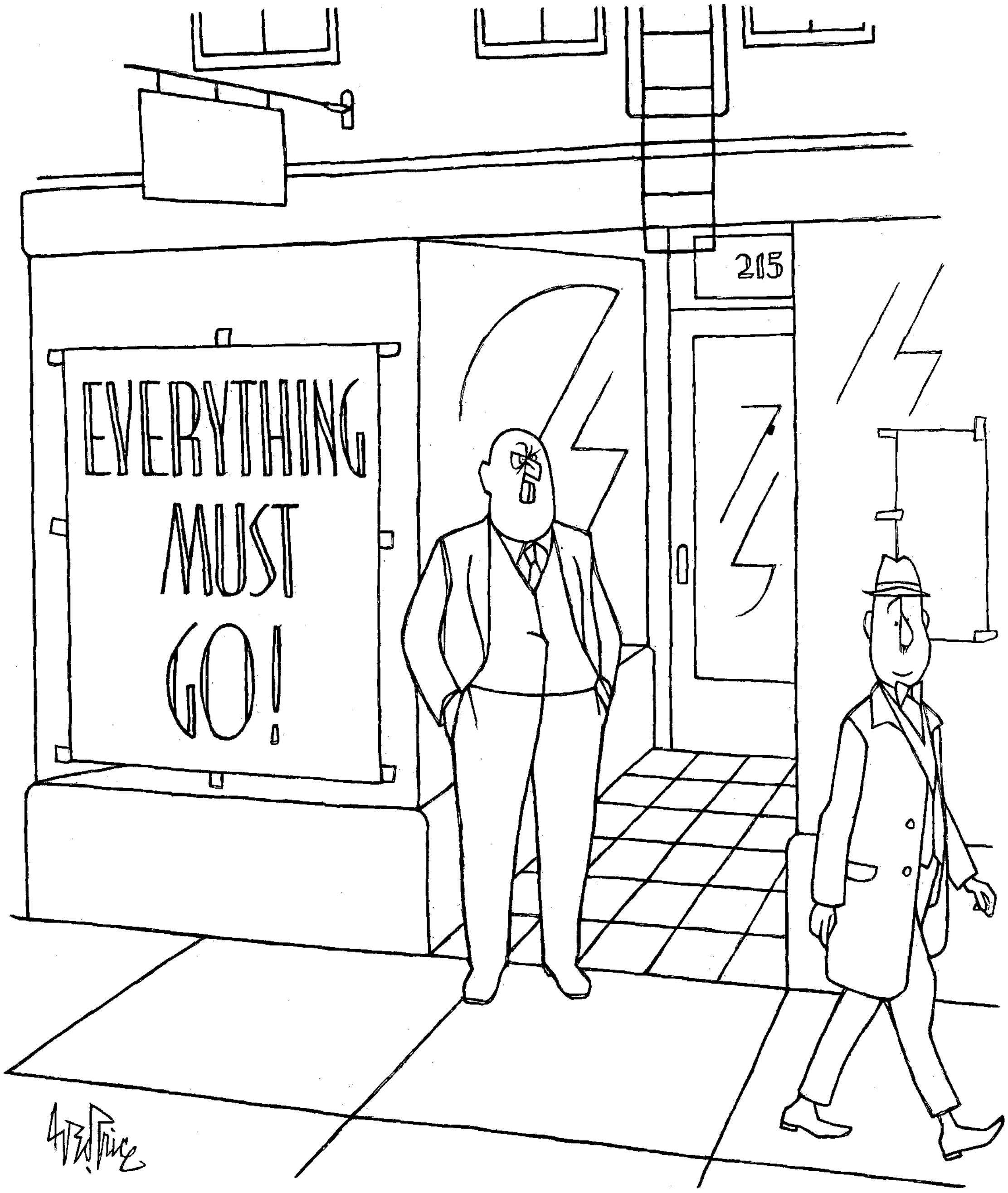
"LIKE the gaseous remnants of a shattered comet lost in an erratic orbit"—or so Nicolas describes the situation in his autobiographical manuscript—"occasional conducting assignments came my way." But by the mid-thirties such assignments had virtually ceased. He would now have to cobble together a livelihood in some other manner—a requirement rendered all the more urgent by the birth of his daughter, Electra, within weeks of the Hollywood Bowl debacle. He managed to get various odd jobs. For a while, he had a radio program in Boston. He taught Russian sporadically at Harvard. He offered private lessons in piano and composition. "I charged two dollars a lesson, but I invariably failed to look at my watch—much to the distress, I imagine, of my captive students," Slonimsky recalls. "Some of them, though, I must say, nearly drove *me* over the precipice. I had one sixteen-year-old kid, for example, who protested vehemently at my assigning him the slow movement of a Mozart sonata, because he felt he wasn't getting his money's worth per number of notes played. And then there was a society matron who came to consult with me one day about a symphonic poem she claimed to have conceived. When I asked to see the score, she said no, I didn't understand—that was precisely where she required my help: to arrange what she heard *in her imagination*. She proceeded to describe a flat desert, horses galloping in the distance, a rising storm (violins, drums, whatever), the wind subsiding, a full moon rising (perhaps, she suggested, to be represented by a lilting flute). . . ."

Increasingly, Slonimsky, now past forty, was turning to research and writing in his adopted language. As early as the mid-twenties, when he'd been consulting reference works in order to prepare for introductory talks prior to Boston Symphony concerts, he had begun to evince a certain compilation compulsion. "I was astonished by the tremendous discrepancies I encountered in dates for composition, publication, premières, births, deaths," he recalls. "There were wholesale contradictions not only between but even within the various established sources. So I became something of a detective, burrowing for primary sources—contemporary reviews, correspondences, and so forth—writing letters to the principals involved whenever that was possible, trying to ferret out the truth and impose some order on the chaos."

Slonimsky started compiling his files—files on top of files—and was soon deploying his discoveries in ever more imaginative matrices. His continuing devotion to and fascination with modern music inspired the first of these efforts, the redoubtable "Music Since 1900," which was initially published in 1937. In the years since, this book has gone through four editions, with updates in 1949, 1965, 1971 (that edition swelled to fifteen hundred and ninety-five pages), and this past year Slonimsky released a new three-hundred-and-ninety-page supplement. If the purpose of the work was disarmingly simple—to make a day-by-day chronological listing of every significant happening in the field of music since 1900—the execution was exhaustively thorough. In the preface to the 1971 edition, Slonimsky endeavored to explain his straightforward principle of inclusion: "I have estab-



"Ah, not too bad. Nothing here that money can't cure."



"What's the matter, Jack, can't you read?"

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lished a simple criterion: when in doubt, do not delete. Better to have a hundred bits of musical flotsam and jetsam in circulation than to omit a single potentially important event. The fear of leaving out an interesting work has even invaded my dreams. One particularly vivid nightmare was that I had overlooked a really sensational item—the 'Red Army Symphony' by Brahms, written in 1938, and dedicated to Marshal Voroshilov." And, indeed, virtually everything makes it in. A British music critic once dismissed an unfortunate composer's sequence of new compositions by wryly observing that they would probably just "disappear into that impeccably kept graveyard of our century—'Music Since 1900.'" Endurance records for "pianofortitude" and for harp playing underwater, the schedule for the inaugural run of the Chopin Express between Vienna and Warsaw, Scriabin's horoscope, and the arrest of a Rumanian diva for spying during the First World War are all recorded. Under January 4, 1915, we learn of the American copyrighting of "'I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier,' sentimentally pacifistic tune by Al Piantadosi . . . challenging in quickstep time anyone to place a musket on his shoulder or make him shoot some other mother's darling boy . . . (650,000 copies were sold in the first three months of 1915)." In a note on that entry, we are invited to follow the changing course of American attitudes toward the war by way of the successive copyright dates for various sequels to Piantadosi's song, including: "I Didn't Raise My Dog to Be a Sausage" (April 21, 1915); "I Did Not Rear My Boy to Be a Coward" (October 18, 1915); "I Did Not Raise My Girl to Be a Soldier's Bride" (June 24, 1916); "America, Here's My Boy" (February 16, 1917); and "I'm Glad I Raised My Boy to Be a Soldier" (April 14, 1917). But Slonimsky's chronology is extraordinarily rich in serious revelation as well. Even a random browse through the year 1912, for example, elicits within just a few pages: May 29th, the première of Debussy's "Prelude à L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" by Diaghilev in Paris; June 26th, the première of Mahler's Ninth Symphony ("a year, a month, and eight days" after the composer's death), with Bruno Walter at the podium, in Vienna; September 3rd, the première of Schoenberg's "Fünf Orchesterstücke," Opus 16, in London; September 5th, the birth of John Cage, in Los Angeles; October 16th, "after forty rehearsals," the première of Schoenberg's "Pierrot Lunaire," in Berlin; and then, on November 17th, "Suffering from an excruciating toothache, exactly five months after his thirtieth birthday, Igor Stravinsky completes, in Clarens, Switzerland, *Le Sacre du Printemps*."

With each new edition of "Music Since 1900," Slonimsky has wrestled with the question of an appropriate, worthy cutoff date. The 1971 edition achieved a transcendent culmination

Happy Housewarming Neighbors! The Russos
Marguerite— To keep you warm when I'm not there!! "Marcello"
Hon, Next year I'll spring for the fur XoXo Brad
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Season's Greetings The Brodys
AMARETTO di SARONNO ORIGINALE
Allie— Race you to the mistletoe... Santa
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Dear Lynne & Bob, Sure beats fruitcake!! Greg & Martha
For being such a bad boy this year! Love, Kathryn
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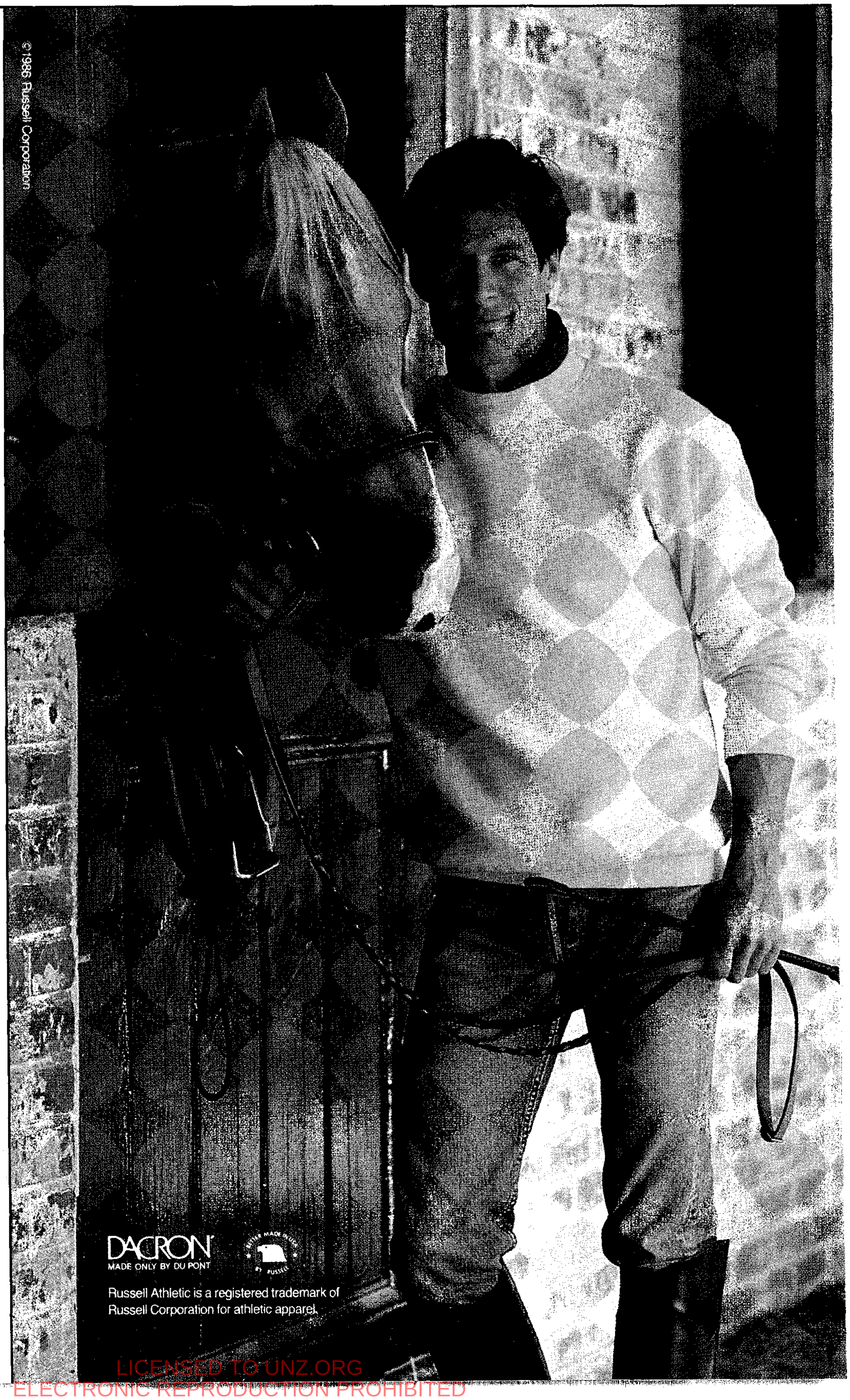

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with its entry for July 20, 1969: "The Harmony of the Spheres of the Pythagorean doctrine that interprets the position and movement of celestial bodies in terms of musical concordance is mystically manifested as first men step on the silent surface of the moon." The 1986 supplement ended just slightly more prosaically with July 13, 1985: " 'Live Aid,' the first global rock concert"—the telethon for African famine relief undertaken simultaneously in both London and Philadelphia—is "watched by something like 1,500,000,000 people . . . with the Philadelphia portion utilizing about 90,000 nails driven into the 23,744-square-foot plywood stage and 75 miles of cable connecting 16 tons of lighting equipment with 2 million watts of power, and involving 37 acts and 30 equipment changes, with hundreds of spectacular celebrities gracing the stage with their uninhibited crooning and howling presence, and hundreds of humble roadies donating their essential labor."

Slonimsky frequently appends notes (in a slighter typeface) to his chronological listings in "Music Since 1900," in which he provides samplings from the contemporary critical response to premièred works. While his fascination with the acceptance or, more usually, nonacceptance of the unfamiliar, of course, grew out of his own experiences as the première conductor for many avant-garde works, his curiosity about the subject presently became more general, extending back to the critical reception of now classical compositions. He began compiling files on the subject, and in 1953 he distilled those files into one of his most celebrated sourcebooks, the "Lexicon of Musical Invective," a compendium, as its subtitle explains, of "Critical Assaults on Composers Since Beethoven's Time." The bulk of that volume consists of a remarkable cavalcade of righteous indignation arranged alphabetically by victim (Bartók, Beethoven, Berg through Varèse, Wagner, Webern), but what is perhaps Slonimsky's finest inspiration comes at the end, with a thirty-page "Invecticon," a cross-referenced alphabetical listing of individual terms of derision. A random trill from the Invecticon, for example, runs: "Frightful (Berlioz); Frog Legs, thrown into violent convulsions (Wagner); Froglike Sexuality (Krenek); Frying Pans (Wagner); Fungi, hateful (Liszt); Futile (Berg, Debussy, Gershwin, and Schoenberg)."

One afternoon, while discoursing on the nonacceptance of the unfamiliar, Slonimsky recited for me, by heart, two anti-modernist poems he'd included in his "Lexicon." The first one he'd managed to unearth in an American newspaper of the eighteen-eighties. Entitled "Directions for Composing a Wagner Overture" and signed "A Sufferer," it concluded:

For harmonies, let wild
discords pass;
Let key be blent with key in
hideous hash;
Then (for last happy
thought!) bring in your
Brass!
And clang, clash, clatter,
clatter, clang and clash.

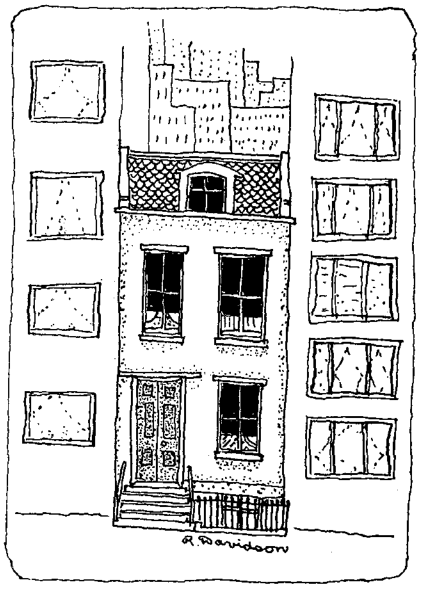
Slonimsky delivered the last line with zest and syncopation, and immediately launched into the second poem —this one, also anonymous, from a February, 1924, issue of the Boston *Herald* and inspired by a recent Stravinsky performance. It began:

Who wrote this fiendish
"Rite of Spring,"
What right had he to write
the thing,
Against our helpless ears to
fling
Its crash, clash, cling,
clang, bing, bang, bing?

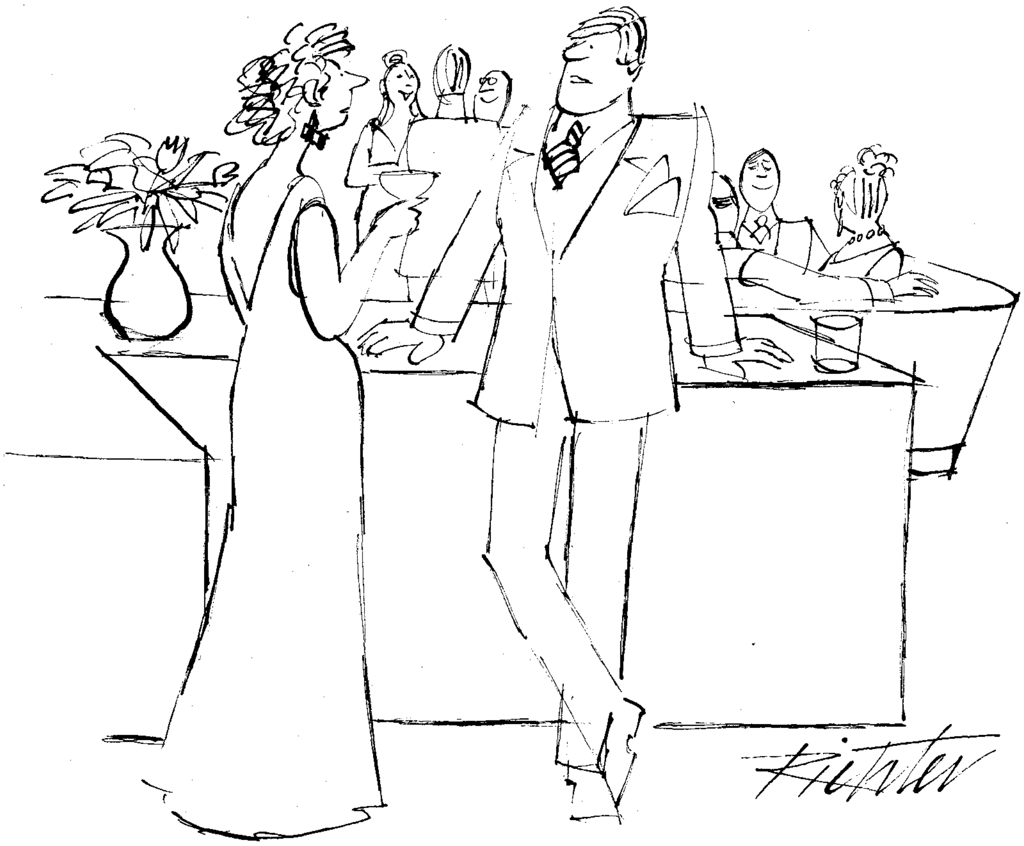
Instead of finishing his rendition of the second poem, he observed, " 'Clang, clash, clatter' and 'Crash, clash, cling.' The new not only sounds horrible to each new generation—it sounds horrible *in an identical way*."

I asked him why he had never brought the "Lexicon" up to date, including more recent examples in revised editions, as he did with most of his other lexicographical projects.

"Because it can't be done," he replied quickly and emphatically. "That's the sad point of it. Critics simply don't vesuviate the way they used to. That sort of vituperative inflammation has gone completely out of fashion. I mean, one critic once described the first movement of Bartók's Fourth String Quartet as conveying 'the singular alarmed noise of poultry being worried to death by a Scotch terrier;' the third movement, he said, reminded him of 'the mass snoring of a Naval dormitory around dawn.' Who ever says that sort of thing anymore? Or my personal favorite, a German review of my own 1932 performance of Wallingford Riegger's 'Dichotomy': 'It sounded as though a pack of rats were being slowly tortured to death, and meanwhile, from time to time, a dying cow groaned.' " Slonimsky paused for a moment, savoring the image—and the sound. "It's even better in German. Not just torturing them to death, but torturing them to death *slowly*. *Langsam!* There's a positive genius to such rhetoric. Nowadays, a critic may say that music he doesn't like is ugly, but he's unlikely to say that the composer is ugly, which is what one of the critics I cite said of Debussy. And no one goes in anymore for the kind of personal attack you get in that 1841 review of Chopin I included in the book: 'There is an excuse at present for Chopin's delinquencies; he is entrammeled in the enthralling bonds of that arch-enchantress, George Sand . . . We wonder how she can be content to wanton away her dreamlike existence with an artistic nonentity like Chopin.' " Slonimsky's eyes opened wide, his face displaying fresh astonishment, as if he had never before heard such words—even though he had memorized them. "The critics in those days had passion. But back then at least people got worked up about music—it occupied a central position in cultural life. New music took a passionate stand—and critics responded in kind." It occurred to me as Slonimsky spoke that this sort of language has not so much fled the world as shifted arenas: it is precisely the sort of language one now finds in film reviews. This in turn suggests that there was once a time when new music commanded the public presence, the urgency, the immediacy that new films do today.



Through the nineteen-forties and into the fifties, Slonimsky whiled away his energies in other ways as well. He followed up some



"I am, of course, quite fit, or, if you prefer, quite extraordinarily fit, but I wouldn't say I was 'perfectly fit.'"

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earlier conducting visits to Cuba with a tour of South America in 1941, which resulted, a few years later, in his widely heralded survey of the region's vigorous contemporary composing scene, "Music of Latin America." He published a series of essays about music on the Children's Page of the *Christian Science Monitor* (his wife, Dorothy, was the paper's art critic) and presently brought them together in a book entitled "The Road to Music" which he dedicated "To Electra, Against Her Will." In 1948, he perpetrated "A Thing or Two About Music," a scattershot collection of anecdotes from music history, which was greeted with almost universal critical acclaim, except for one devastating pan, in *Music Library Notes*, which he wrote himself.

"He was round the house pretty much all the time," according to his daughter, Electra. Although she is fondly devoted to her father, she often finds him exasperating, and she enjoys adopting a tone of tart bemusement in discussing him. "We lived in a two-bedroom apartment in a respectable working-class district, well situated, close by the Boston museum, the library, Symphony Hall," she recalled recently. "It was crowded—keep in mind that he was using it as an office and my mother was writing there as well—but it was all they could afford. There was never any money. My mother used to think of him as semi-retired, and that made it O.K. He'd participate in household chores. For instance, he'd wash the dishes, because he could make a pagoda out of them as they dried, but he'd invariably leave the pans, because they just weren't interesting. He'd breakfast in leisurely fashion, read the *Times*, expostulate about the day's events, putter around, and finally you might be able to get him to focus on work. Even in those days, there was a harem of successive secretaries—generally nubile young maidens who would become embroiled in all the household dramas, part of the collective superego trying to get Genius Boy to do whatever it was he was supposed to be doing."

Dorothy Slonimsky's family tried to persuade Nicolas to get a job as a bandleader in Miami Beach. (After all, he was a musician, wasn't he?) In general, he seemed to be backsliding into the habits of the St. Petersburg intelligentsia—know-it-all good-for-nothing.

One focus of Slonimsky's inspired puttering during the forties eventually brought him a certain surprising celebrity. This was a scheme to work out every conceivable melodic scale—or, as he phrased it, "every possible succession of notes arranged by intervals as counted in semitones"—and to order the results into a sort of index. This became the "Thesaurus of Scales and Melodic Patterns," a book that consisted of more than two thousand sequences of notes arranged in such categories as tritone, ditone, sesquitone, and sesquiquadritone progressions—categories that were in turn subdivided into such sequences as "interpolation of three notes," "ultrapolation of one note," "infrapolation of two notes," "infra-interpolation," "infra-ultrapolation," "infra-inter-ultrapolation," and so on. The sequences were mathematically generated; their titles derived from Slonimsky's propensity for—his self-confessed, self-delighting addiction to—"polysyllabic self-expression." His labors became legendary among musicians. (Arnold Schoenberg labelled the Thesaurus "an admirable feat of mental gymnastics," averring, however, that "as a composer I must believe in inspiration rather than in mechanics;" Howard Hanson described the work as "revolutionary" and "immensely valuable;" Arthur Honegger labelled it "*absolument remarquable;*" and Leonard Bernstein, in time, would praise it as "an astounding feat of invention and knowledge.") However, the various publishers whom Slonimsky initially approached, though they were fascinated by the manuscript's premise and dazzled by its execution, expressed virtually unanimous agreement that its chances for commercial success were dismal. "Over and over," Slonimsky recalls, "I was told, 'It's great, but there's no chance of its selling among the hoi polloi.' That, by the way, is a redundancy: 'hoi' is already 'the.' But finally, in 1947, a small outfit brought it out, with virtually no promotion, and, mysteriously, the book sold, sold some more, and then positively took off. None of us could figure it out. It turned out that what was happening was that *jazz players* had heard about the book and were using it as a sort of rhyming dictionary, a kind of melodic shake-and-bake. One of the sales guys

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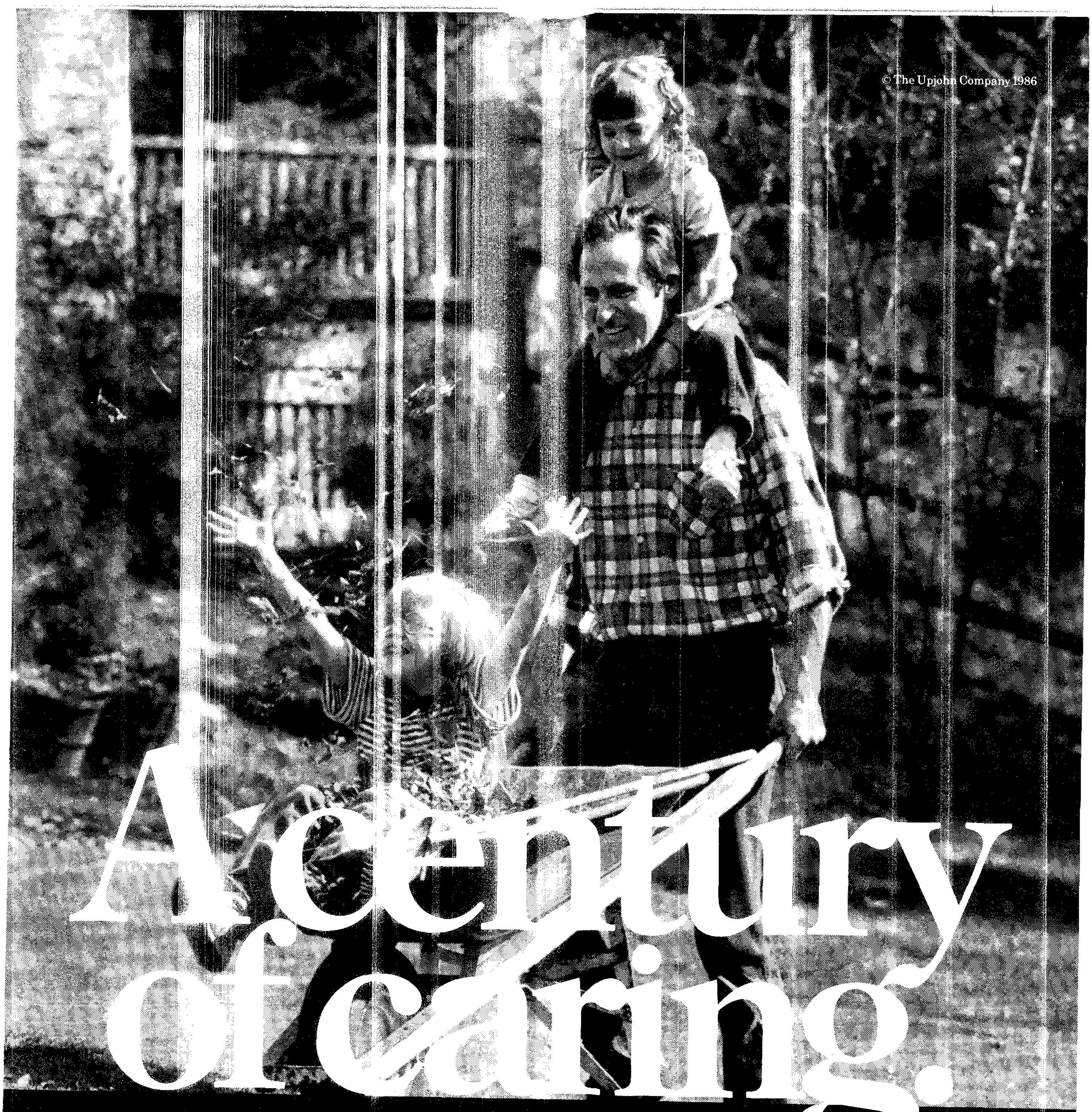
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told me, 'Yeah, it's a real hot item up in Harlem.' Coltrane, for example, was assigning it to his whole band." (Some have gone so far as to suggest that Coltrane's innovative "sheets of sound" were actually sheets of Slonimsky.) "All sorts of people were coming into stores who had no idea what a thesaurus was—they didn't know from Slonimsky. They'd ask for the Resorious by Slumsky, or the Notorious by Plumsky—but the book was selling. And it kept selling. It's gone through six printings."

Even so, Slonimsky's cult notoriety remained fairly circumscribed, and his financial productivity downright marginal. A few years later, however, he was suddenly, though briefly, able to marshal his mammoth store of useless knowledge for practical profit. One day in 1956, he was invited to be a contestant on a nationally televised quiz show, "The Big Surprise." He competed in the category "Misinformation," and week after week he successfully batted down popular misconceptions and artful stumpers in all sorts of areas. By the sixth week, he had attained thirty thousand dollars, all of which he was now invited to risk in going after the hundred-thousand-dollar grand prize. He had never made anything like thirty thousand dollars before, nor had he ever attained such a level of public notoriety. Strangers were stopping him on the street to ask if he was going to go all the way; bookies were taking bets on his chances. Nowadays, he says wistfully, "There is no greater glory than making money in public." But in the end he decided to demur and pocket the thirty thousand dollars. Mike Wallace, the show's host, asked whether he'd like to try answering the seven remaining questions, just for the fun of it. He agreed to and, effortlessly, he did. A Boston paper the next morning ran his picture on its front page, with the headline "LOSES $70,000, HAS NO REGRETS."

INCREASINGLY, during these years, Slonimsky was being drawn into the world of conventional musical lexicography. Editors, perhaps annoyed by his penchant for tripping them up in their errors but obviously impressed by his investigative zeal whenever he could be aroused to display it, invited him into their deliberations on a more official basis. He began contributing to Oscar Thompson's International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians in 1939 and, upon Thompson's death, rose to its editorship in 1946; he remained at the helm there through 1958, supervising the fourth through the eighth editions. In 1949, he produced a supplement to the third edition (1940) of Baker's Biographical Dictionary of Musicians (which had been launched in 1900 by Theodore Baker, a pioneer American musicologist), and in 1958 he was appointed to preside over an entirely revised fifth edition. Slonimsky had reached the age of retirement—he was sixty-four—but in a profound sense his career was just beginning: he persisted at Baker's through a sixth edition, in 1978, and a seventh edition, in 1984. It proved an endless labor; as the critic Alan Rich recently commented, Slonimsky is condemned to work "in the manner of the painters of the Firth of Forth bridge, where the job, once completed, is ready for recommencement." He had become the Keeper of the Files, Monitor of the Obituaries ("You can't get into musical heaven without St. Nicolas seeing you off at the gate," an admirer recently commented), Weigher of Worth, and Assigner of the Adjectives. (Aficionados study each new edition, trying to gauge the subtle realignments in Slonimsky's assignment of key adjectives—"brilliant," "celebrated," "famous," "eminent," "distinguished," "noted," and "remarkable" among them—at the head of his major entries. Most individuals in the Dictionary are initially identified only by vocation and nationality—"British pianist," say, or "Danish soprano"—but about ten per cent of them rate adjectives, and these adjectives have become the subject of Talmudic disputation among the Dictionary's fans, who try to determine whether "brilliant," for example, is more or less laudatory than "remarkable." Slonimsky has recently introduced a new term, "seeded," which he appears to reserve for rock idols, but no one has any idea what *it* means. Some surmise it's a play on "seedy," but when Slonimsky is asked he merely smiles delphically and says, "Tennis.")

Baker's is widely considered the finest existing single-volume (albeit a *huge* single volume, with 2,575 double-column pages, and weighing over seven pounds) dictionary of musicians on the market. Its coverage of a vast range of figures across the history of music is consistently thorough and authoritative. Abram Chasins, the composer-pianist and radio commentator, recently said, "When Slonimsky writes about musicians, the people themselves emerge, not just what they wrote but who they were. His writing is informed by a charm and warmth and individual personality you don't find in most other contemporary dictionaries, and yet it's objective. His analysis of musical forms is invariably exact, and his critical judgment absolutely pristine. And this is true of his treatment of all his subjects, whether they arrived on the scene four hundred years ago or just the day before yesterday." Thus, Slonimsky's entry on Handel contains crisp explications of the composer's entire musical output and also supplies a vivid character squeeze, including the facts that "Handel remained celibate, but he was not a recluse. Physically, he tended toward healthy corpulence; he enjoyed the company of friends but had a choleric temperament and could not brook adverse argument." Or, more recently, Luciano Pavarotti: "Idolized by the public as no tenor has been since the days of Caruso, he plays the part of being Pavarotti with succulent delectation. . . . Like most tenors, he likes himself immensely. Unlike most tenors, he does not get involved in scandal." Slonimsky is always on the prowl for the bizarre detail. Such details crop up throughout the volume, but they're especially liable to occur when Slonimsky is considering the achievements of the avant-garde. We discover, for example, that in addition to his other achievements the composer George Antheil contrived "a torpedo device in collaboration with the motion picture actress Hedy Lamarr," for which "they actually filed a patent, No. 2,292,387, dated June 10, 1941." Farther on in this entry, Slonimsky notes that "Antheil was the subject of a monograph by Ezra Pound entitled *Antheil and the Treatise on Har-*

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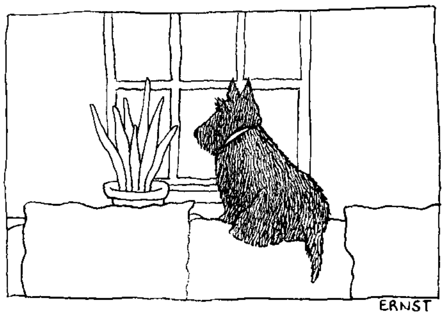
mony . . . which, however, had little bearing on Antheil and even less on harmony." In the John Cage entry, we are informed that *4'33"* requires that its performer play nothing for the length of time stipulated by the title. We are also told, "It was followed by another 'silent' piece, *0'0"*, an idempotent 'to be performed in any way by anyone,' presented for the first time in Tokyo, Oct. 24, 1962. Any sounds, noises, coughs, chuckles, groans, and growls produced by the captive listeners to silence are automatically regarded as an integral part of the piece itself, so that the wisecrack about the impossibility of arriving at a fair judgment of a silent piece since one cannot tell whose music is not being played is invalidated by the uniqueness of Cage's art."

In the last two editions of Baker's, Slonimsky has taken to including a substantial, though wildly idiosyncratic, selection of contemporary popular performers. Sometimes these entries seem designed as much to puncture the self-seriousness of the lexicographical profession as to mock the vagaries of popular taste, as in a passage near the beginning of his entry on John Lennon: "He was educated by an aunt after his parents separated; played the mouth organ as a child; later learned the guitar; and was encouraged to become a musician by the conductor of the Liverpool-Edinburgh bus." More often, however, they simply afford Slonimsky an opportunity to filter his genial contempt for those vagaries of taste through the medium of his own ebullient rhetoric. Thus, of Guy Lombardo: "The result is a velvety, creamy, but not necessarily oleaginous harmoniousness, which possesses an irresistible appeal to the obsolescent members of the superannuated generation of the 1920s." Of Frank Sinatra: "In May 1976, the University of Nevada at Las Vegas conferred on him the honorary degree Literarum Humanitarum Doctor in appreciation of his many highly successful appearances in the hotels and gambling casinos of Las Vegas." And, finally, Slonimsky's description of the death of Elvis Presley, which "precipitated the most extraordinary outpouring of public grief over an entertainment figure since the death of Rudolph Valentino . . . Entrepreneurs avid for gain put out a mass of memorial literature, souvenirs, and gewgaws, sweatshirts emblazoned with Presley's image in color, Elvis dolls and even a lifesize effigy, as part of a multimillion dollar effort to provide solace to sorrowing humanity."

From the evidence of entries like these, one might easily assume that Slonimsky's belated musicological career has been one extended lark. No assumption, however, could be less well grounded. One afternoon, Slonimsky caught me looking at a rave British review of the latest edition of Baker's, headlined "SEVENTH HEAVEN." "Funny," he said. "It seemed more like Dante's 'Inferno' to me." Indeed, on the question of a career in lexicography Slonimsky had had misgivings from the start. He recalled for me what it had been like reviewing the galleys of Baker's Fourth as he prepared his revisions for the fifth edition. "There were an incredible number of errors, but it took a tremendous amount of concentration to weed them out," he explained. "At one point, I came upon a little scribble in the margin left by one of the earlier editors. It said, 'I will go mad if I have to continue this for a long time.' I took this as an omen. And it's been known to happen. Consider poor John Callcott, whose case I included in the Dictionary." (Of John Wall Callcott, 1766-1821: "His mind gave way from overwork on a projected biographical dictionary of musicians, and he was institutionalized just before he reached the letter Q. He recovered; but not sufficiently to continue his work.")

Slonimsky loves to bewail the difficulties of the lexicographical profession; he can carry on for hours, retailing instances of absurd impasse and hopeless travail. He has written on the subject frequently, and the prefaces to the various editions of Baker's are rich with anecdotes of near-apoplectic exasperation. That particular afternoon, Slonimsky summoned up the case of Helen Traubel, a singer "who preferred to date her birth several years after the scission of her umbilical cord." (Luckily, Slonimsky explained, she was born in St. Louis, where a tradition of excellent record-keeping goes back to Napoleonic times, so it was not terribly difficult for him to upend her conceit.) From Traubel, it was a natural progression—progressions in such conversations with Slonimsky are seldom so smooth—to the great conductor Leopold Stokowski, who, Slonimsky said, "was born in London in 1882 but preferred to have entered the world in Krakow five years later." He went on, "One day, I got a letter from the folks over at Riemann's, the German dictionary, informing me that I must have got it wrong in my account and that they were henceforth going to cite Krakow, 1887, as the correct version, since they'd just 'gotten it from the horse's mouth.' I wrote back enclosing a copy of the birth certificate, which I'd managed to procure, to prove my case." Slonimsky now free-associated from Stokowski to Stravinsky, with whom he waged a drawn-out controversy regarding *his* birthdate, and the date of his departure from Russia as well. "Luckily, there I had a spy inside his household and was hence able to examine the actual passport."



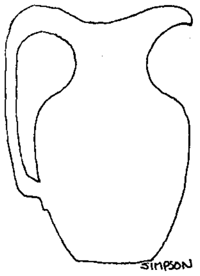
From dubious births, we proceeded to annoying deaths. "One of my main problems is that composers decide to die out of alphabetical order," Slonimsky said.

I remarked that, come to think of it, he must greet each evening's newscast with a certain sense of foreboding, given the obituary havoc it could play with his completed entries.

"Actually not," he said, doubling back. "No, deaths are perfectly O.K." He rummaged around among his papers and dug out a sheet headed "Stiffs, October 1985," which consisted of a neatly typed list of musicians who had died that month, along with the places and circumstances of their deaths. "Now, of course, with all these I'll still have to double-check and get proper documentation. But that's O.K., that's just bookkeeping. No, what's really terrible is when they *don't* die. The zombies. For example, I once had a perfectly unimportant Austrian ballet composer, one Alois Ludwig Minkus, who was born in Vienna in 1826 and was then attached to the Imperial Theatres in St. Petersburg until 1891, when he was pensioned off and immediately vanished. Obviously, he must have died sometime, but when? Where? It took me years, literally decades, of sleuthing before I was finally able to determine that he achieved his heavenly reward back in Vienna on December 7, 1917. But, I mean, you can't just leave a parenthesis dangling like that. And that's only one case. There are dozens."

I asked him what other sorts of problems he ran into.

"Transsexuals!" he exclaimed. "Composers who've had sex-change operations. What pronoun do you use? That, I assure you, is not the sort of thing my predecessors in this line of work ever had to contend with."



The worst, though, the worst of everything, the horror of horrors and the bane of his existence, Slonimsky now informed me, was the inadvertent factual errors that, once born into print, refused to die, and, indeed, spread exponentially from one sourcebook to another, eternally. They haunted his sleep like vengeful wraiths. They haunted his mailbox, too. For, over the years, Slonimsky has received thousands of letters from correspondents throughout the world. Some of them come from formal contacts—informants. He has one in Bulgaria, for instance, who keeps him apprised of compositional doings there and, whenever possible, in Albania, too. He has another in Peking, as well as people in Siberia and Egypt and Australia. Others are sent in by more casual contributors, whom he acknowledges in one of his prefaces when he thanks the "legion of anonymous (for their signatures are usually illegible) archivists." But over the years he has also attracted the attention of some true fanatics—people who scour each new supplement or edition and inundate him with their corrections and emendations and *his* omissions. "When I got one particularly vitriolic letter from one of these fellows," Slonimsky recalls, "one Stephen Ellis, from Glenview, Illinois, sideswiping my 1971 supplement to Baker's as 'grossly incomplete' and 'shockingly out of date,' with *pages* of examples, my first impulse was to dash off a note saying 'Sirrah!' and perhaps challenge him to a duel in the high Russian tradition. But I quickly thought better of it and instead struck up a correspondence, and he has proved an absolutely invaluable resource person. The thing about him and several of my other fellow-conspirators—Dennis McIntire, in Indianapolis; Michael Keyton, in Dallas; David Cummings, in Britain; Samuel Sprince, in Boston—is that they're usually nonmusicians and nonacademics, and often they can't even read music. They're obsessed amateurs, and they know more about music than the most erudite musicologists. Some of them, admittedly, have their idiosyncrasies. Sprince, for instance, is a fantastic energumen and a champion complainer. He sends me these thick dispatches typed out single-spaced, both sides, on sequences of disparate-sized little pages, always concluding with a complaint about the Boston weather—and he's *really* into zombies. They're his specialty. He keeps lists of musicians born before 1900, arranged by birth year." Slonimsky rummaged among his papers and fished out a page headed "1894." "Look," he said. "He even has *me* on one of them. And then there's Keyton—he's a mathematician, who somehow became fascinated with the soloist who gave the world première of Tchaikovsky's Second Piano Concerto, in New York City, in 1881, an otherwise utterly insignificant pianist named Madeline Schiller. One day, he happened upon a picture of her in a newspaper of the period, he fell hopelessly in love with her, and since then he's managed to unearth over a hundred articles on the woman. I mean, these are the kinds of madmen I run with."

Only slightly less horrible than the outright mistakes—although in a way even more exasperating, because so easily avoidable—are the misprints. And in the most recent edition of Baker's, the seventh, these have for some reason seemed exceptionally numerous. "My God, there's never been anything like it," Slonimsky said, cringing as he hefted a copy of the first printing of Baker's seventh edition onto my lap. "A complete disaster. I'm going to have to wear a hood the rest of my days. Monasteries won't even accept me. The shame, the derisive laughter will pursue me to my grave. Thank God they've already sold out the five thousand copies of the first printing so that we've been able to correct some of the grossest errors in the second printing. But this process of correcting the volume has produced a whole batch of new ones." He cited several examples—seemingly niggling matters that nevertheless left him mortified. He shuddered. We were silent for a moment, letting the terrors disperse, and then I asked him, "What does it matter? Why is it all so important to you?"

"If you ask me what is the significance to the world that I have everything down precisely correct, the answer is zero. I have no huge Copernican ambitions, no need to transform the known universe. It's just that in doing my first book, 'Music Since 1900,' I kept finding all these discrepancies, all these manifest impossibilities, and it became a game for me. I invented new research techniques—for instance, placing ads in Russian émigré papers in New York City to nail down a death in San Remo. Or, take nineteenth-century Latin-American composers: they're particularly troublesome . . ." With Slonimsky, any abstract question quickly dissolves into a miasma of particular instances, but I tried to steer him back. "I just don't give up, that's all. I can't stand it," he said. "It's like when I come upon misspellings in the morning paper, a paper that *no one but me is ever going to read*"—he waved a hand toward a copy of the New York *Times* lying on the sofa—"I can't help it: I *have* to correct the errors before throwing the paper away." Sure enough, the front page was tattooed over with a pox of minuscule inked-in emendations. "I have to destroy them or they literally show up in my nightmares. I have a very rich dream life—no Freudian content, just pieces of paper that need to be picked up. And my mother, criticizing. Strange thing, though, about my dreaming—I never lose my chronological awareness, even while I sleep. My mother showed up in my dream the other night, nattering on about something or other, and I said, 'But, Mother, you must be a hundred and twenty-nine years old.' " Slonimsky smiled. "I don't know. Sometimes I ask myself, 'Why is it so important?' But I guess it's just that I write, I publish, and I have to know whether what I publish is true or not."

But why, I asked him, had he drifted into this lexicographical vocation at all? What did it do for him? How did it answer his needs and fit into his history?

"Ah," he said, "that's another question." He paused. "Perhaps it's genetic. You know, one of my uncles used to keep up a vast *cartothèque* on Pushkin and other Russian writers, and my grandfather was famous for debunking all manner of Hebraic superstitions in the name of enlightened science. Perhaps—I don't know—it's a continuation of the exhibitionist tendencies of my childhood, the need,

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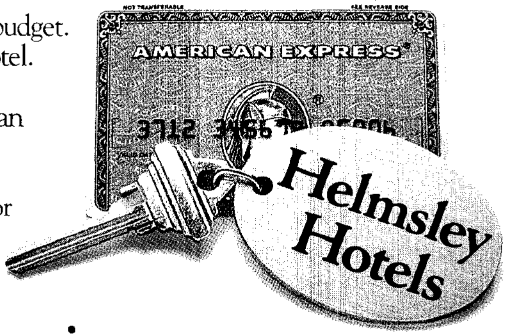

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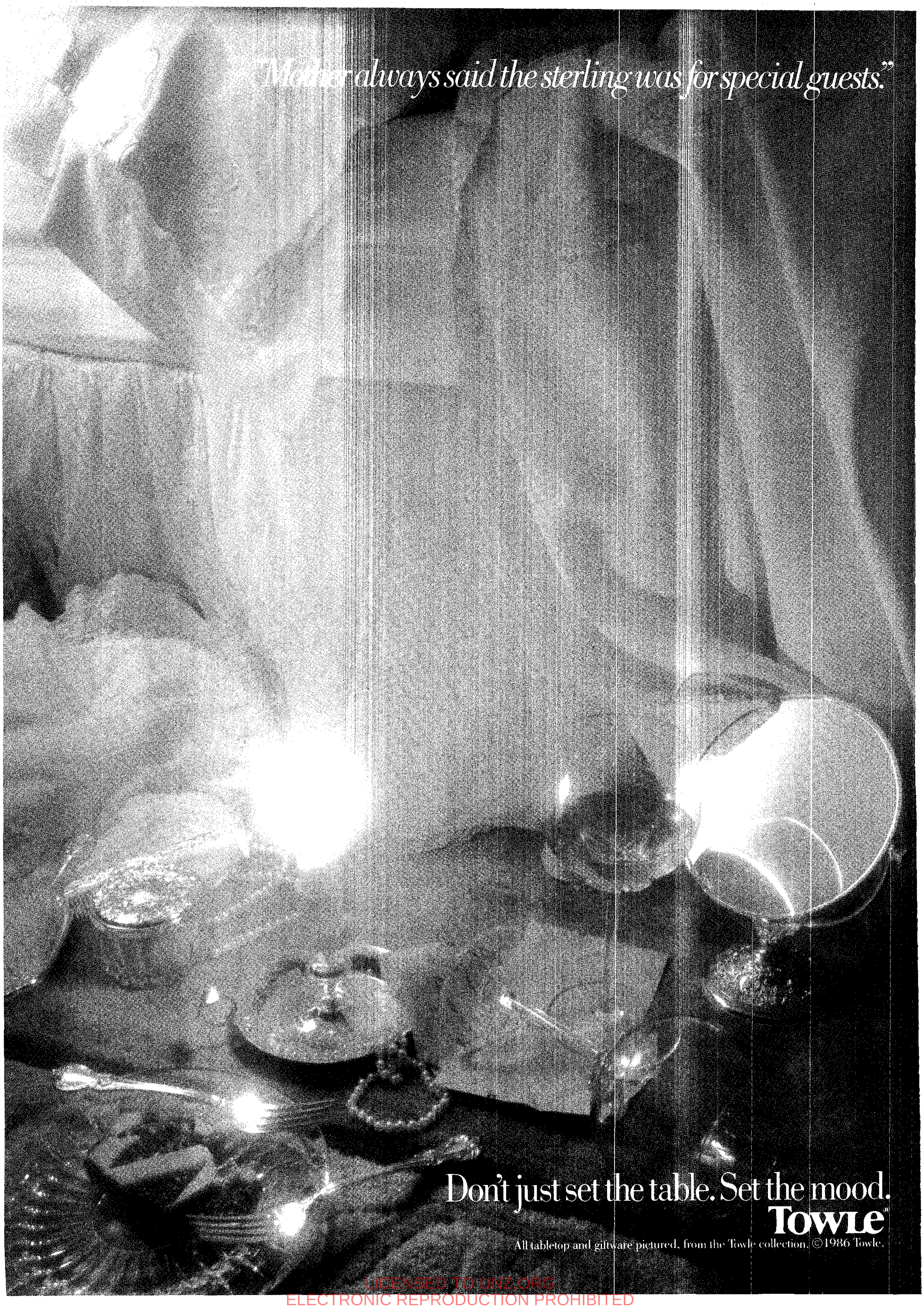
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still, to show off my precocity and garner all that admiration."

Perhaps. But one evening a few weeks later I was talking with Steve Wasserman, a New York editor who treasures Slonimsky's enormous lexicographical achievement, and Wasserman said, "The strange thing about Slonimsky is that in a certain sense, for him, Baker's has been one gigantic, heroic feat of sustained procrastination." When I mentioned Wasserman's comment to Ana Daniel, one of Slonimsky's former secretaries, she almost concurred. "Almost, but not exactly," she said. "It hasn't been so much a simple act of procrastination as a vast procrastinatory dirge—an extended act of mourning."

NOWADAYS, whenever Slonimsky imagines that someone is trying to pull a fast one on him he's likely to protest, "Look, you know, I wasn't born yesterday. I was born twenty-two years ago, when I first moved to California, but *not yesterday*."

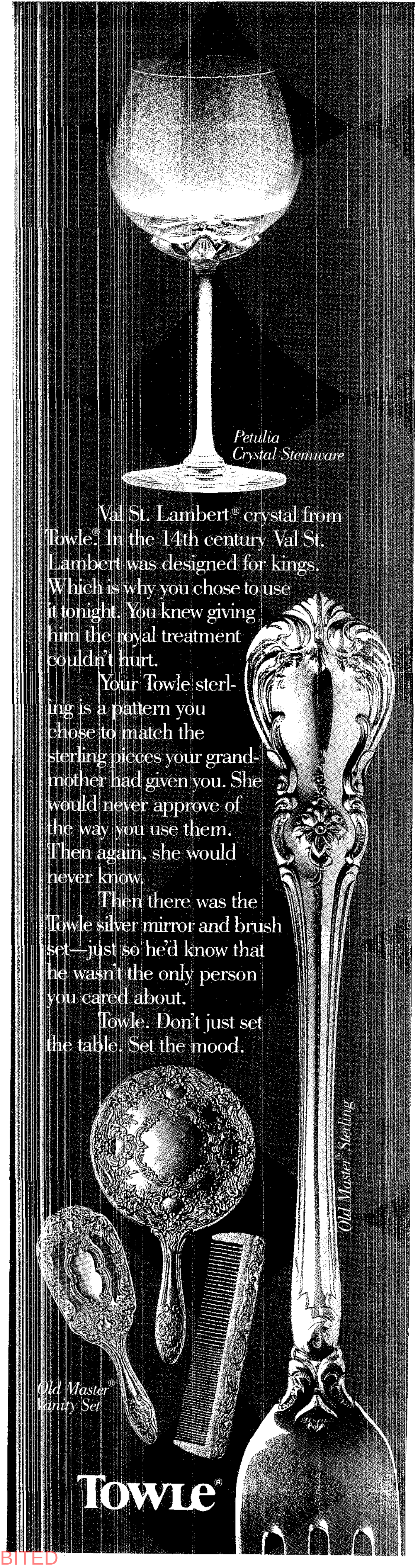
He originally came to Los Angeles in flight from Boston, a city that had become intolerable to him following the sudden death, by heart attack, of his wife, Dorothy. He seldom talks about her these days, but when he does it's clear that she was an enormous presence in his life, and is an enormous absence. In the years he has been based in Los Angeles, he has travelled throughout America on lecture tours and throughout the world on research junkets, but he has never been back to Boston. "I warned her against marrying me," he said to me one day. "I suppose she saw me as a lost soul to be saved, but it's too terrible for words what she sacrificed for me."

I asked him if he imagined that he had ruined Dorothy's life.

"No," he replied instantly. "There was, after all, Electra."

Los Angeles, for Slonimsky in 1964, offered a sort of fresh beginning, a tabula rasa, and he was particularly charmed by how rasae the tabulae were with almost all the people that he met. He taught music appreciation at U.C.L.A. until 1967, when, as he puts it, he was "irretrievably retired . . . owing to irreversible obsolescence and recessive infantiloquy." He was popular with the students—"He is a terrific piano player, who puts on quite a show almost every lecture," one evaluation read—and they, for their part, never ceased to astonish him. He has a whole routine he loves to fall into about the answers he used to get to his test questions—Monte Verdi; Shosty Kovick; "Beethoven's three symphonies, the First, the Fifth, and the Ninth"—and the *explanations* for those answers: "Schubert composed the Unfinished Symphony, also known as Finlandia." Why? "Because you talked about Finnish music, and I wasn't sure whether it was finished or unfinished, so I put them both in." He invariably concludes, "Socrates would have been no match for my students."

For Slonimsky, one of the big advantages of Los Angeles, and especially the Westwood area, where he lives, was that it contained "a pullulation" of potential secretaries, without whom he couldn't function as a dictionary-maker. Over the years, he retained his succession of, as he calls them, his Californian odalisques. "Odalisques!" he insists that one of them said to him one day. "I know what they are—there's one in Central Park." He savored the intellectual innocence of his wards, and he loved shepherding them through their cultural apprenticeships. For their part, though they were seldom as mindless going in as he likes to suggest, they, too, valued their apprenticeships and have remained devoted to him. On the other hand, they have all been appalled by *his* innocence in the matter of managing his own business affairs. (This is an estimation they share with Electra.) To hear them tell it, publishers are always putting things over on Slonimsky. They point, for example, to his inability to demand a just royalty on Baker's, or to demand any royalty, or even to negotiate at all. He meekly accepts whatever is offered. For the sixth edition of Baker's, in 1978—which sold over twelve thousand copies at seventy-five dollars apiece—Slonimsky received a flat fee of thirty thousand dollars. For the six years of work on the 1984 edition, Schirmer Books (which had in the meantime become an imprint of Macmillan) paid him a flat fee of fifty-seven thousand dollars, of which more than two-thirds went to pay his secretarial and other office expenses. That edition has already sold over eight thousand copies at almost a hundred dollars apiece and sales are continuing handsomely, but Slonimsky will not be seeing another penny. He is not well-off; indeed, his principal source of income these days is his occasional lectureships. "But it's partly his own fault," one of the former odalisques told me, in exasperation. "He's absolutely supine in the



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face of power—or imagined power. Maybe it comes from his background in the Russian intelligentsia, but for him outward success would blow everything. Intellectuals aren't supposed to work or to be seen working; they're supposed to putter, brilliantly, and they're certainly not supposed to haggle over something as insignificant as money. Anyway, it's easier for him to be self-deprecatory than to be visibly successful."

Notwithstanding his borderline economic existence—or, rather, precisely in standing with it—Slonimsky has over the years become a vital presence in the contemporary-music scene of his adopted home town. We were talking a bit about that scene one afternoon as I drove Slonimsky over to a salon concert at the Beverly Hills home of the contemporary-music patron Betty Freeman—one of a regular series of such private concerts, but a special one, because it signalled the beginning of New Music America Festival, a week-long national celebration of contemporary music being staged throughout Los Angeles. At first, I didn't know *what* we were talking about.

"For some reason," Slonimsky said, "the ones they spawn out here are especially furfuraceous."

Which ones?

"The composers." Two beats, a smug smile spreading across his face. "From the Latin, *furfur*, dandruff. Hence furfuraceous: flaky." Of course. "In fact, I'm acquainted with several of the flakes out here. I even infiltrated their magazine, *Source*—they published two of my pieces, mistakenly imagining that I was one of their kind. One of these flakes, Philip Corner, once published an interesting composition in another issue of *Source*. It consisted of the simple injunction 'One antipersonnel type CBU bomb will be thrown into the audience.' But it was never performed. Another of my flaky friends is Ken Friedman. When he told me that the finale of his Third Symphony was the Los Angeles earthquake of 1971, I naturally became curious about the orchestration. 'You don't understand,' he told me, with barely disguised contempt. 'The earthquake *was* the finale!' "

But perhaps Slonimsky's greatest triumph on the local scene came, he now informed me, one spring evening in 1981 when a gentleman calling on the phone introduced himself as Frank Zappa. "I couldn't believe it," Slonim-

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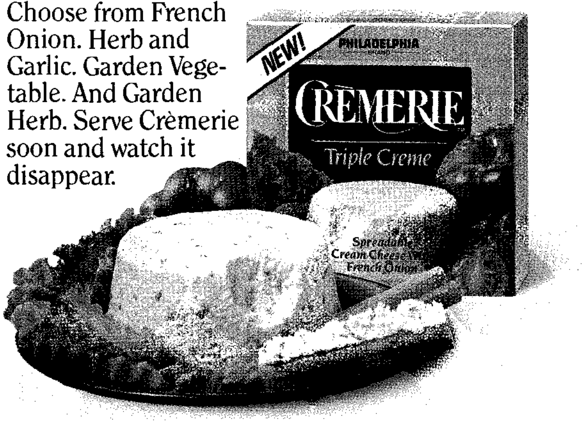

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sky said as we wove among the palm-lined drives into Beverly Hills. "He spoke to me about Varèse and that book I did about musical scales, all quite knowledgeably, and then asked if I'd mind coming up to his house in the Hollywood Hills for a visit. A few days later, as had been agreed, he sent a limo down to fetch me. We went up to the house, and it turned out he's a tremendously sophisticated musician. His studio includes an immense Bösendorfer piano, which even features nine additional keys in the bass. I mean, as my friend David Raksin says, you don't tune the thing with a tuning fork, you have to use a Richter scale! Anyway, far from what you might expect on the basis of his hoary reputation as the head matron of the Mothers of Invention, Zappa turns out to be an entirely regular family man, with a lovely wife of long standing and four children, one of whom, his teen-age daughter Moon Unit, I met that evening and found especially fascinating. For, as you may know, she is a specialist in that strange lingo they speak in the school corridors and shopping malls of the San Fernando Valley. She can deliver whole paragraphs in the Valley language and you can't understand a word of it." Slonimsky spoke with the evident admiration of a fellow-linguist. "She patiently explained to me the use of several of these Valley locutions, like 'gag me with a spoon' and 'totally grody to the max,' some of which she later incorporated into her famous record, and a few months later, when I got a new cat, I named him Grody-to-the-Max, in her honor. Anyway, Zappa asked me if I'd like to try out the Bösendorfer, and I played the coronation scene from 'Boris Godunov,' which is rich in those deep bass sounds, and then he asked if I'd play some of my own compositions, and I played the last piece from a series of mine called 'Minitudes,' and then he asked if I'd be a featured soloist in his next concert. I laughed and said sure, but when? And he said, 'Tomorrow. We can rehearse the band in the afternoon.' Which we did, and which is how I came to perform as a soloist backed up by Zappa's band at their 1981 concert in the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium. Zappa introduced me to the audience as 'our national treasure, Nicolas Slonimsky,' if you can imagine such a thing, and, to my astonishment, some of the fans shouted out 'All right!' Everything went well, and the applause at the end

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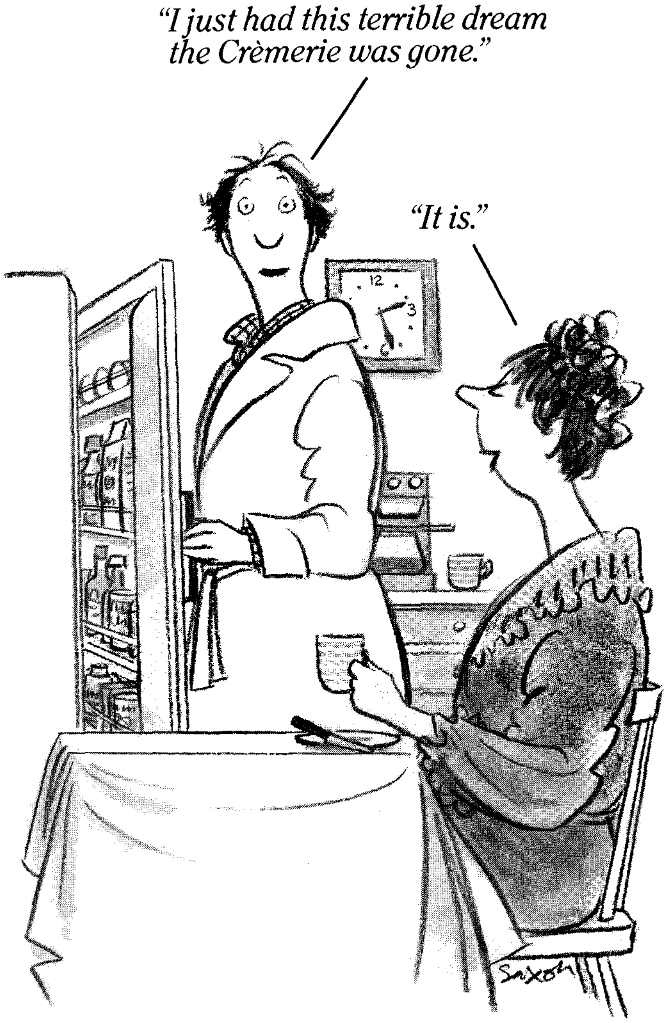
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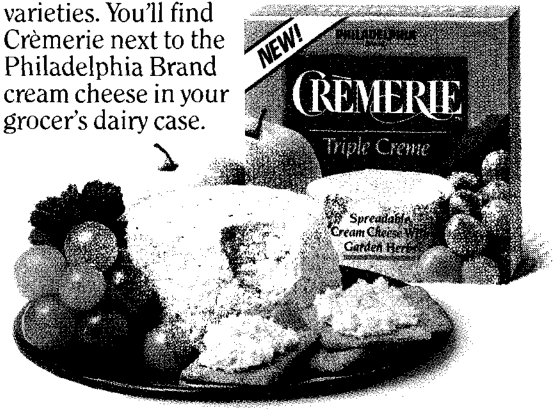

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made me feel positively inebriated."

A few days later, I phoned Frank Zappa to hear his side of the story. He told me that he'd first heard of Slonimsky years ago, as a young teenager growing up in the California High Desert community of Lancaster. At the time, he'd had a collection of R. & B. singles but only two albums, a Stravinsky "Rite of Spring" and his favorite, a Varèse. He'd read everything he could get his hands on about Varèse, and of course he'd repeatedly come upon the name Slonimsky. As the years passed, he'd followed Slonimsky's writings. "But I had no idea he was living here in L.A. Somehow, I figured a guy like that wouldn't want to live in a bleak place like L.A." The moment he learned that Slonimsky was a virtual neighbor, he called him up and invited him over. "He's incredible," Zappa told me. "He played my Bösendorfer, and nobody has ever played that piano as loud as that man—and not jumping up and down like a madman, just from the strength of his arms and his spirit. He's a human dynamo: he's got a fantastic brain, and a body made out of molybdenum. And another thing I really like about him is his clothes. That first evening, when he was standing there, his clothes didn't match, but they were obviously cool, and you just knew that this was one of the Real Guys. It was an honor to be able to play with him."

No sooner had Slonimsky and I arrived at Betty Freeman's than I lost him in the crowd. Actually, what happened was that someone near the entry as we were coming in was commenting that the trouble with most twentieth-century music, especially of the twelve-tone persuasion, was that there weren't any tunes you could whistle, to which Slonimsky immediately responded "Nonsense!" whereupon he proceeded to whistle—or, at any rate, to hum breathily—the theme from Schoenberg's "Klavierstück," Opus 33a. This performance naturally attracted an audience, and he was off and running—Being Slonimsky. That gave me a chance to talk with some of the other guests, and it became obvious that Slonimsky was well known and well loved in these circles.

"He's such a delightable man," someone commented, noticing how we were both gazing over at the same man. "He hasn't lost the ability to be delighted." The speaker, a shortish, expansive man who seemed to be no slouch at enthusiasm himself, proved to be Alan Rich, the critic and writer on music for *Newsweek*, who now lives in Los Angeles (just a few blocks from Slonimsky, it turned out) and is the co-host of these salons along with Betty Freeman. He began telling me about the day, some fifteen years ago, when he first met Slonimsky. "It was at Lake Placid, and we were going to be on a panel together, and as I saw him entering the room I became tongue-tied. I was terrified." Why? "I mean, if the Washington Monument were to walk into your living room, you'd regard it with a certain degree of awe, wouldn't you? And Slonimsky is a *monument* in the history of modern music. In my college days, L.P.s were becoming popularly available, and all you had to do was partake. I never had to go through the trial of being won over to new music—its triumph was already evident, the battle had been won. But with Nicolas, this is the man *who did it*, who wrote for *New Music*, who fought for and lobbied for and championed and suffered for new music. He's one of the heroes."

This estimation was echoed a few

Give us two weeks anc

minutes later by Charles Amirkhanian, a composer and radio producer from Berkeley who specializes in contriving spoken-word tape collages, in some of which he has artfully deployed snippets from Slonimsky's lectures and conversations. "He was literally fifty years ahead of his time," Amirkhanian said. "I was talking to a friend the other day about the new-music scene in New York City in the early fifties. You know how many new-music concerts there were per year in New York City as late as, say, 1950-51? Maybe three or four, *total*. And twenty years before that Slonimsky was refusing to compromise: he was trying to perform new music virtually exclusively. It was heroic work, but he was undertaking it in an absolute cultural vacuum, and I guess he just recoiled: he retreated finally into lexicography. But for anyone under forty-five he's a living link to that era, to Ives and Cowell and, especially, Varèse." Amirkhanian said he had occasionally stayed overnight at Slonimsky's on his visits to Los Angeles. "He seems to enjoy having me around," he said. "He tells me, 'We're co-conspirators in the distortion of music history.' I think he's profoundly lonely, at a certain level: all his contemporaries are gone. He has this strange pattern: he sleeps, he gets up, he sleeps some more, gets up again—all night long. At one point, around three in the morning, I woke up and came out of my room, and there he was, pacing in the living room, with a sheaf of papers in one hand and a pen in the other. 'I'm rewriting the Bach entry,' he told me. 'Rewriting it entirely.' And he did the same with Mozart and all the other major entries. I'm convinced that he conceived of this new edition of Baker's as his magnum opus, his testament, his ultimate statement."

A few minutes later, I circled back through the crowd to Slonimsky, who was engaged in a jovial colloquy with John Adams, an accomplished young composer from San Francisco. Slonimsky was catching up on Adams' latest work—completion dates, première dates. I could see him filing away all the details in his memory for transcription onto his cards. It struck me that Adams, who is in his boyish late thirties, was about the same age that Henry Cowell had been—for that matter, that Slonimsky himself had been—when Slonimsky was first championing new American music as a conductor. And here Slonimsky still was, every bit as aware of the newest, most contemporary manifestation of music history, every bit as open and engaged, as he had been back then. A conversation between the generations, I said to myself, observing the scene. But later on, rethinking that formulation, I realized that Slonimsky and Adams were separated by more than a single generation, by more than two—indeed, by more like three.

A FEW days later, the generational spread had widened to almost four. Slonimsky was about to lecture to an undergraduate music-appreciation class. He was serving a three-week stint back at U.C.L.A., as a Regents' Lecturer, a position that involved his delivering a formal public lecture, which he'd do later that evening, and, in addition, making himself available to any regularly scheduled classes that might want to draw on his wisdom; this was to be one of those classes. There were about twenty students, ranged in rows in a wide, squat room, facing a piano, and the group looked to be about as much of a tabula rasa as any he'd confronted twenty years earlier: their teacher had pre-

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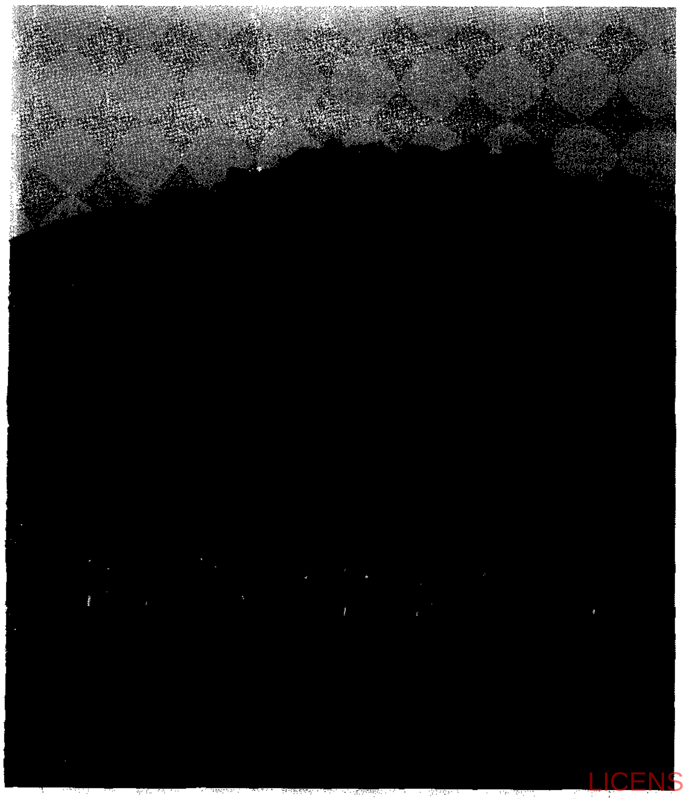

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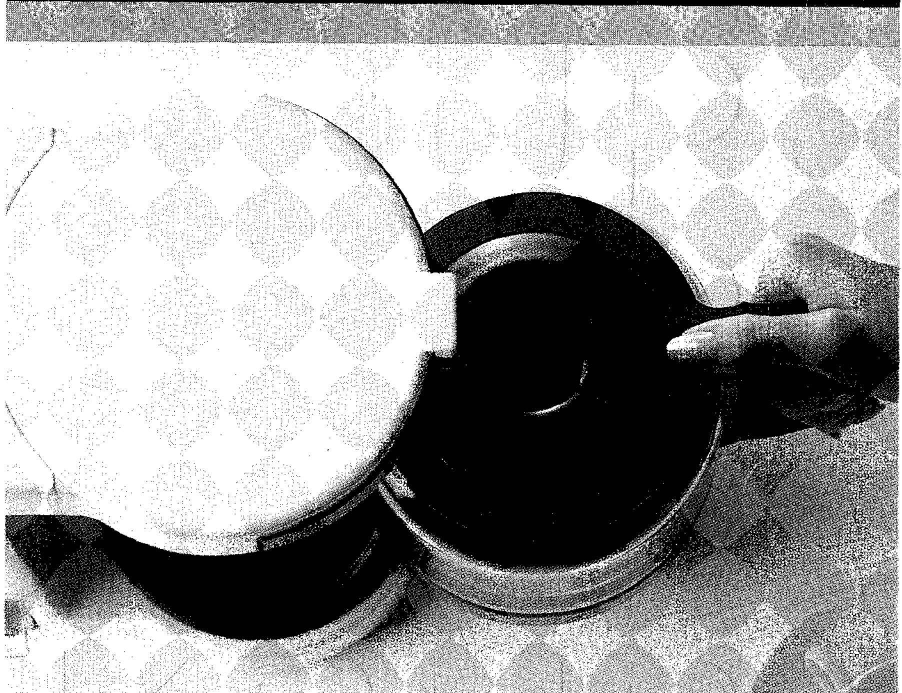

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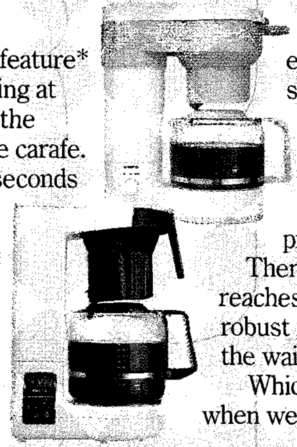

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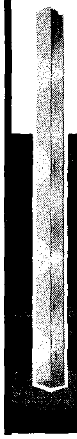

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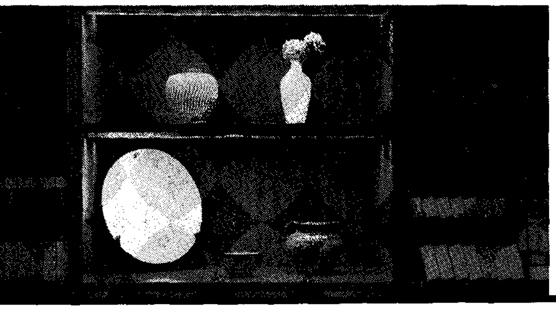

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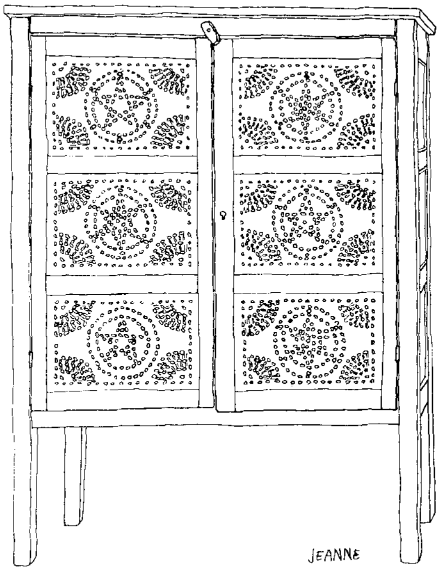
sumably tried to impress upon them the *world-historical significance* of their visitor, but the students appeared to have escaped absolutely unscathed from the onslaught of this knowledge (Ives? Varèse? Cowell? Koussevitzky? Baker's?), and they just gazed up at their odd-looking guest with blank, amiable expressions. He was wearing shiny black shoes, black slacks, a black jacket, a striped white shirt (open at the collar), a set of black suspenders, which framed his bulging belly quite elegantly, and, pinned to his lapel, a colorful "NEW MUSIC AMERICA FESTIVAL" button.

He gazed upon his audience for a moment and then shuffled over to the piano, upon the lid of which he set a narrow black satchel, which was similarly bulging. His tongue protruding just slightly from the corner of his mouth, he finger-poked out the melody of the trumpet call ordinarily used for signalling the start of a horse race: he delivered it with great brio but then climaxed on a decidedly wrong note, at which point he winced and looked up in mock confusion. He stumbled across the keyboard for a few more moments with his pointer finger, as if trying to arrive at the proper sendoff, but presently he gave up and instead turned to the class. "Rousseau," he began, "as you no doubt recall, says somewhere in 'Émile' . . ." He paused for a moment, gazing at the class. "Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the philosopher," he enunciated carefully, "in his book 'Émile' . . ." He shrugged and continued, "Anyway, he advises, 'The student must enjoy his lesson.' " At this point, he returned to the piano, sat down on the bench, and began playing a series of bass harmonies with his left hand. "Some of you may be familiar with Chopin's 'Black Key' Étude," he said. "When I was your age, or a bit younger, studying at the Conservatory, I found it a terrifically tricky piece to play until one day I noticed that you could perform the right-hand part much more effectively"—he reached into his satchel and brought out a mysterious, brightly colored spherical object—"if you played it with an *orange*." Suddenly, he launched headlong into a spirited rendition of a now entirely recognizable melody, quickly and dexterously rolling the fruit up and down the black treble keys straight through to the climax, whereupon he grasped the orange tightly and hurled it down full force on precisely the right tone cluster. The orange bounced off the keyboard and rolled over toward one of the students. "You can have it," he said. "Music should be nourishing as well." He was already playing a new progression of chords with his left hand, these quite dramatic and foreboding, and he continued, "Now, there's a particularly pesky violin passage in Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' Overture which I've always found, when attempting to negotiate the piano transcription, works much better if you play it with"—his right hand darted back into his satchel—"a *brush!*" An old shoebrush, to be exact, with which he proceeded to slap the high keys with improbable precision and to hilarious effect. "Well," he said, calming down, "you get the idea." He had at any rate got their attention: the students all suddenly seemed genuinely interested in just who this man might be who had thus so abruptly hijacked their seminar.

One kid asked Slonimsky where he came from, and he replied, "I was born a long time ago in a town which has twice changed its name in a vain attempt to exorcise the stigma of its having been my birthplace. I'll let you figure it out." He then improvised a set of similar riddles regarding his exact age, generalizing from these to a consideration of the average ages of all sorts of categories of musicians. "As a lexicographer, you find yourself wondering about such things," he explained. "It helps keep you awake. Anyway, I have determined that, statistically speaking, for some reason organists live the longest. Scholars and pedagogues come next; then conductors, who tend to be pretty durable. Among instrumentalists, don't ask me why, but those handling the bigger instruments, like double-bassists and trombonists, tend to outlive your average violinist, who, in turn, outlasts the average flutist or oboist, who are apt to be of frail physique. Among singers, on average, tenors burn out faster than bass singers. And in all categories mediocrities outlive the great artists by a vast margin."

The kids were making wild guesses about his birthplace, so he decided to give them a nice, fat clue, saying that it was somewhere in Russia. This got him talking about serf orchestras. "Serf orchestras," he said. "That's s-e-r-f. Nothing to do with California—not the Beach Boys. These were the traditional folk orchestras formed by the Russian peasants during the czarist times, when they were living like slaves. Now, these serfs were generally illiterate and they certainly couldn't read music, so each player in the serf orchestra was assigned a different unique note, which he then had to play eternally—or, I mean, whenever he was performing in the orchestra. For example, you could be condemned to be E-flat or G-sharp forever—just that note, whenever it came up in the melody. Once, when I was researching something else in some stacks of old Russian journals, I came upon a note which read, 'Reward: F-sharp and A-flat, escaped from the orchestra. F-sharp is a tall fellow, bald, big blue eyes; A-flat is shorter, rounder, dark hair.' But this may be why Stravinsky was so fond of melodies with just four or five notes—that is what you always ended up with as the serf orchestras became depleted. In fact, if you want to compose a Russian folk song, the recipe is simple. Take any five notes in a scale and repeat them at random." He went over to the piano and, remaining standing, demonstrated the method, building out from his improvisation with limpid clarity. "Suppose," he continued, "you want to compose a spontaneous French impressionist *chanson*—say, some Debussy." He was suddenly crooning away, accompanying himself with a progression of swelling chords, "*Viens ici, je t'attends, je t'aime* . . . It's simple, you limit yourself to six notes from two mutually exclusive major triads. See?" He played the notes one at a time. "You can compose an entire opera like this." He was singing again, his back arched, baying at an imaginary moon. "*Le soleil de minuit, sur la mer Méditerranée* . . . Admittedly, a geographically impossible opera. Or, if you try the reverse—two mutually exclusive *minor* triads—what you get is one of those dark, ponderous, lugubrious German arias: *Das Licht . . . die Nacht . . .*"



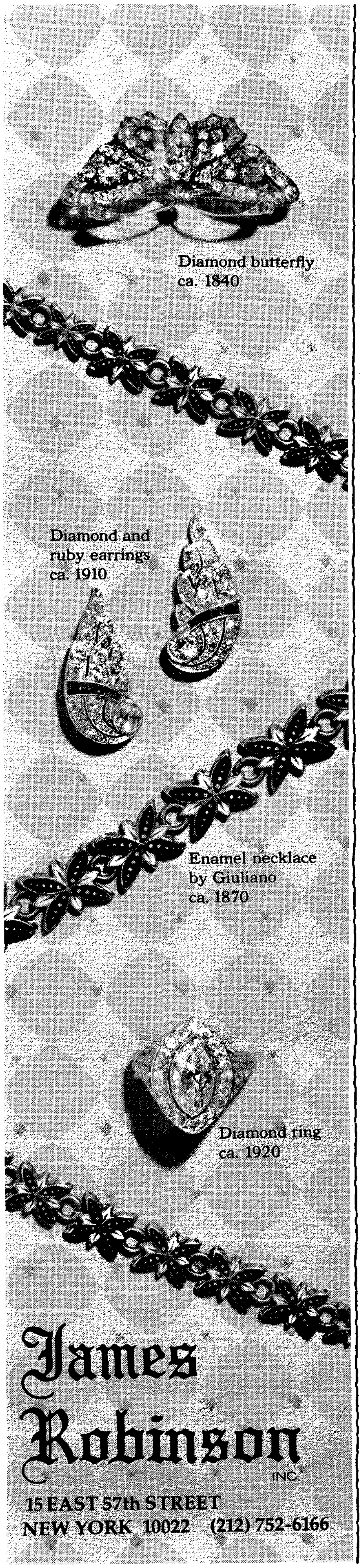
One of the kids asked him about South American music, and this set him to reminiscing about his travels through Latin America back in the forties. Presently, he was talking about the Brazilian master Heitor Villa-Lobos: "Now, there was a composer who was larger than life. Tall tales seemed to aggregate around his persona. There was one about a trip he took into the jungle—he was always venturing into the jungle to stalk authentic indigenous melodies—and about how he was captured by cannibals. Now, Villa-Lobos was quite portly and very interesting from the cannibal standpoint. But somehow he persuaded them to let him play his cello—in this story, he was traipsing around the jungle with a cello—and he did convince them, they let him, after which they all fell down before him, worshipping him as their new god. And that's *just the beginning* of the story. Well, subsequently I asked Villa-Lobos about that particular tale, and he denied it, but with Villa-Lobos you never could tell. He was a wonderful composer. I really should play you some Villa-Lobos. Let's see." He pulled up the piano bench and sat down. "This is his 'Alma Brasileira.' I hope I can remember it. I haven't played it in over twenty years." He could have fooled us: he tore into the piece with astonishing vigor, negotiating the intricate rhythmic patterns with absolute authority. When he finished, the room was still.

He simply rushed to fill the stillness with more stories. From Villa-Lobos to Gershwin (how most pianists get "I Got Rhythm" all wrong: "It's not I-got-one-two-rhy-thm, it's supposed to be I-one-got-one-rhy-one-thm, completely even; I asked Gershwin about this one day and he agreed that it's always being misinterpreted") to Schoenberg (his triskaidekaphobia) and on to Bach and then Rossini. "*You* are an endangered species," he informed the students, "because I could go on forever."

One of the kids asked him who was the greatest living composer.

"Hmm." He paused, momentarily stymied. "Hmm. I take the Fifth Amendment on that. They're all my friends."

At length, his talk did in fact conclude, after which he was surrounded by the departing students ("What did you say your name was again?" "Was



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it Vladivostok?"). But as we walked back toward the car I returned to Villa-Lobos. "Were you serious?" I asked. "Have you really not played that piece in twenty years?"

"Well," he admitted sheepishly, "actually, I was cheating there a little bit. It just happens I was thinking about that piece this morning, and I rehearsed it in my head in the shower."

"In the shower?"

"Well, you know, the fingering."

Quite a vision. I asked him what it was he was remembering when he remembered a piece like that. Was it the sound of the music or the sight of the printed page?

"Neither," he replied. "I remember the structure."

THE site of the public lecture that evening was a bit more formal—the main auditorium of U.C.L.A.'s Schoenberg Hall. And Slonimsky appeared a bit more formal himself: he had donned a tie and a gray sweater-vest under his black jacket, and he had slicked his hair down. A nice crowd had turned out, and Slonimsky addressed it from a raised stage, all miked-up and bathed in bright arc lights.

He performed a medley of feats at the piano. Some I'd already witnessed, earlier in the day at the undergraduate class or else in the weeks before that at his home, but there were a remarkable number of fresh ones: his inventory seems limitless. For example, while talking about his ability to split his brain in half so that his right hand could conduct at one tempo and his left at another—an ability that proved terrifically useful in his conducting of modernist works—he averred that he could also do this when playing scales. He went over to the piano and announced that he would now play a continuous C-major scale with his left hand in 4/8 time, like this, while simultaneously playing an E-major scale in his right hand in 5/8 time, like this. He rattled off some quick mathematical calculations and told us that he'd start here, at these two low notes, and that if he was going to get it right we should expect his two hands to reach these two high notes, these ones here, simultaneously, and that then he'd take the scales down again. And that is precisely what he proceeded to do, effortlessly.

And he told wonderful stories—of lexicographical detection, of the vanity of geniuses, and of the wisdom of babes. But something strange was going on. The words were right, the ideas, but his timing was off—his *presence* was off. He looked haggard, mildly disoriented. He seemed to be merely going through the motions, and not to be connecting. For the first time since I'd started following him around, he suddenly struck me as an old man. "Well, what do you expect?" I found myself asking myself. "He's ninety-two years old." And I'd never thought a thing like that in his presence before.

At length, the evening ended, and I went backstage to join him. Magic: suddenly everything had changed back. He was surrounded by his fans, holding court, once again in the pink of good humor. After a while, he came over to me and said, "The lights! They were right in my eyes. It was terrible. I couldn't see anybody out there. I couldn't gauge anyone's reactions." And it occurred to me at that moment that it is precisely—and almost exclusively—Slonimsky's sense of fellow-feeling, of being a living part of a live discourse, of offering himself *and getting a response*, all the inspired bluff and bluster, that accounts for his uncanny youthfulness. Pith him of that—put him out there on the stage alone—and the grace bleeds away: he's left with his haunting demons, his myriad senses of failure. He counts on people.

I drove Slonimsky home. "I just heard from Virgil Thomson, in New York," he told me. "Electra was having dinner with him, and he asked after my health, and she replied archly, 'Physically, he's all right.' " He laughed fondly. "Ah, well," he said, "I may not be endurable but I am durable."

We pulled up to the curb by his house. "At least, I'm still ambulatory," he said. "And, for all its odd folds, Electra's estimation notwithstanding, my brain still does function. Every morning, when I wake up I lie there staring up at the ceiling, and I give myself a little test. I ask myself, 'In what city was Miaskovsky's Thirteenth Symphony premièred?' *Because it's a trick question!* You'd think, of course, that it was Moscow. But it wasn't—it was Winterthur, Switzerland. And if I can get that right I know that I haven't gone senile during the night, that everything's O.K., and so I get up and go feed Grody."

—Lawrence Weschler

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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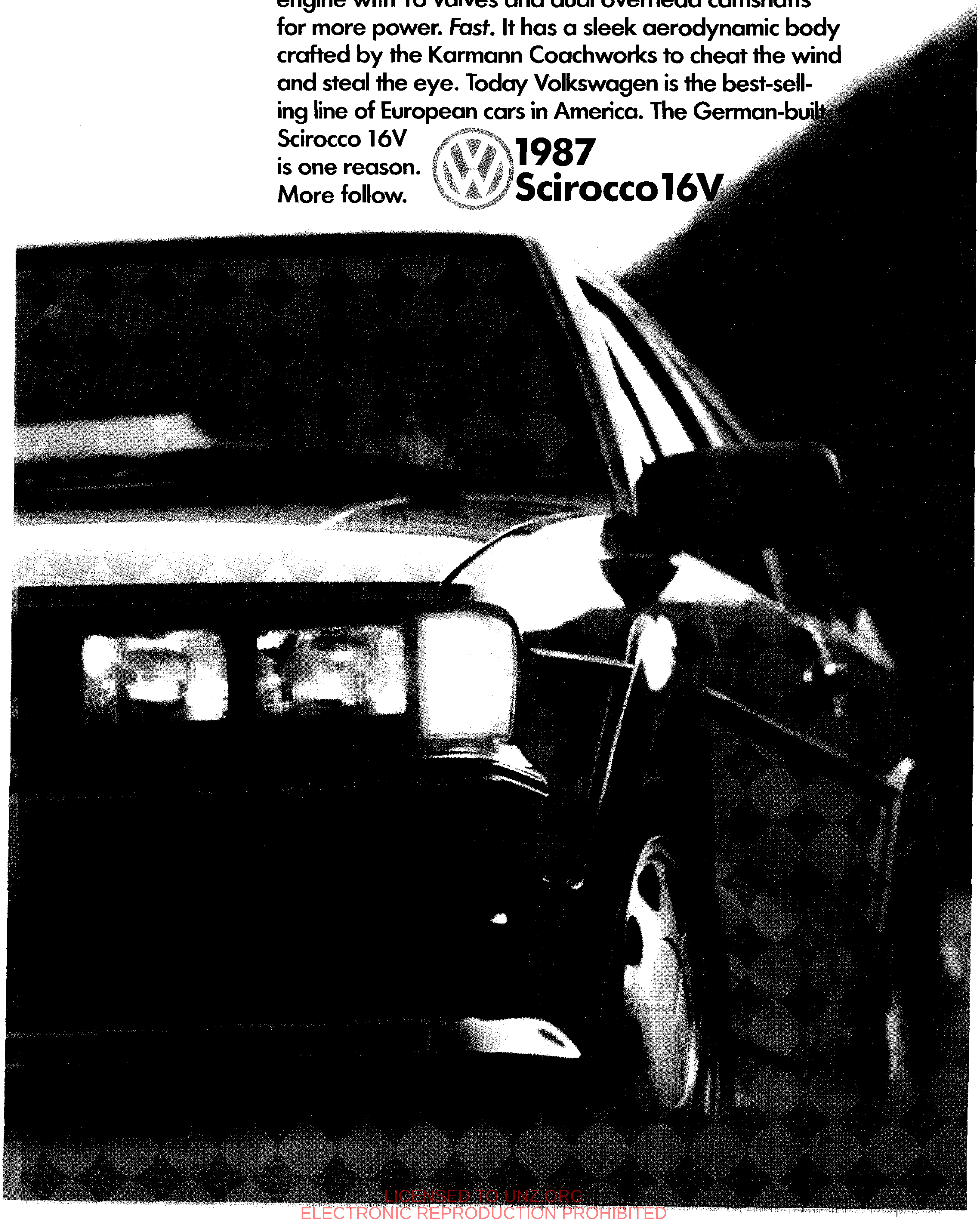

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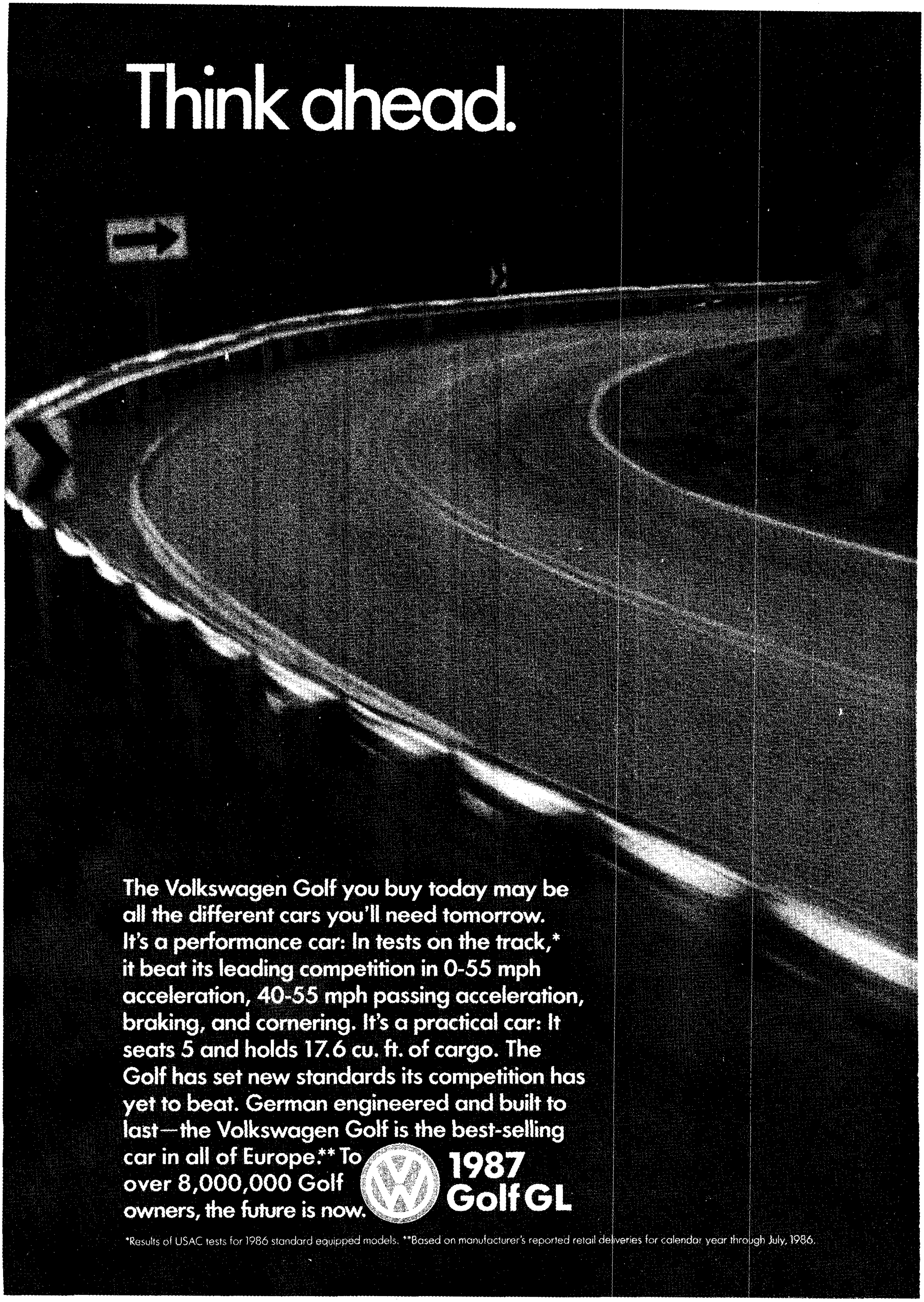

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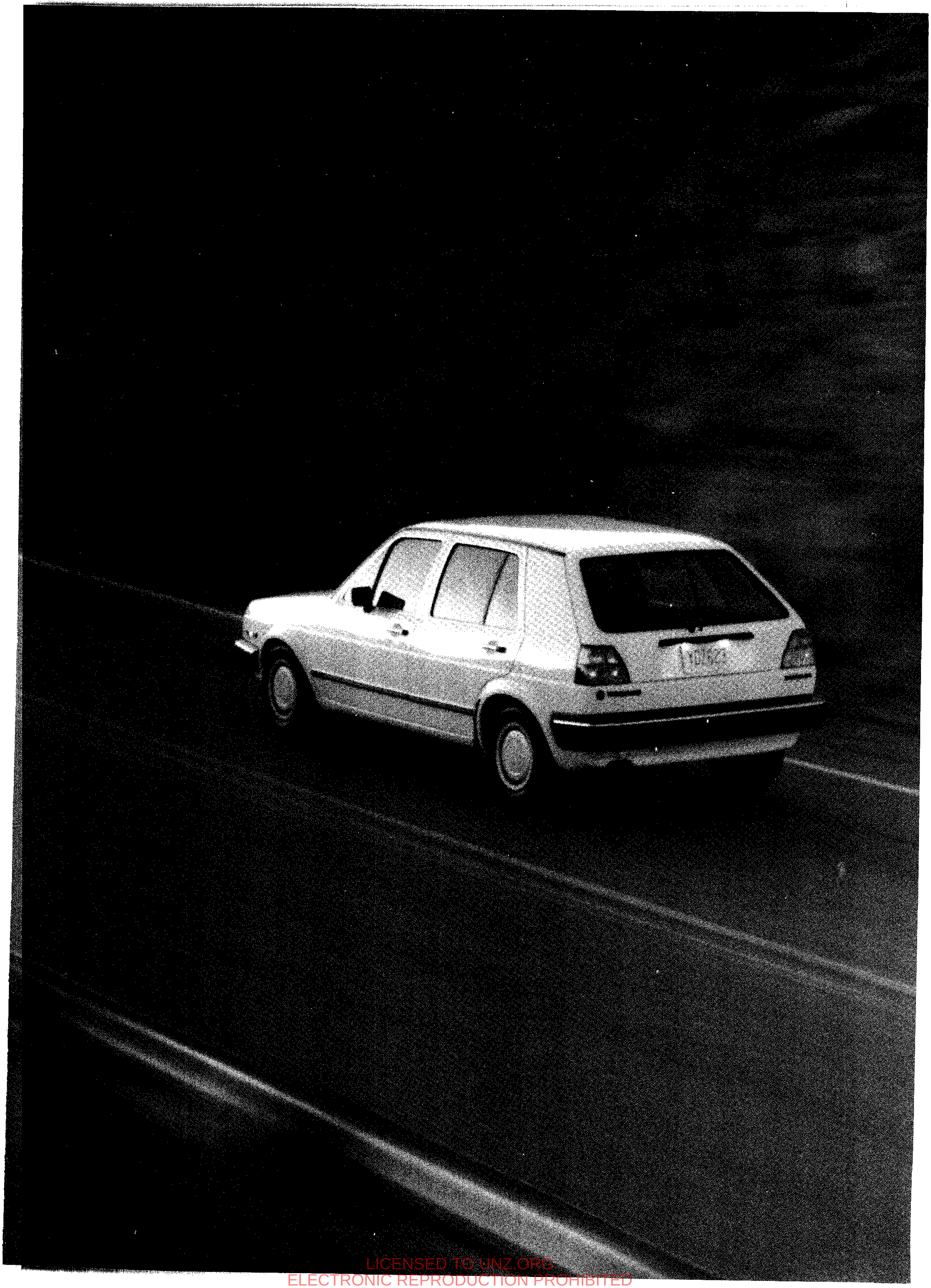

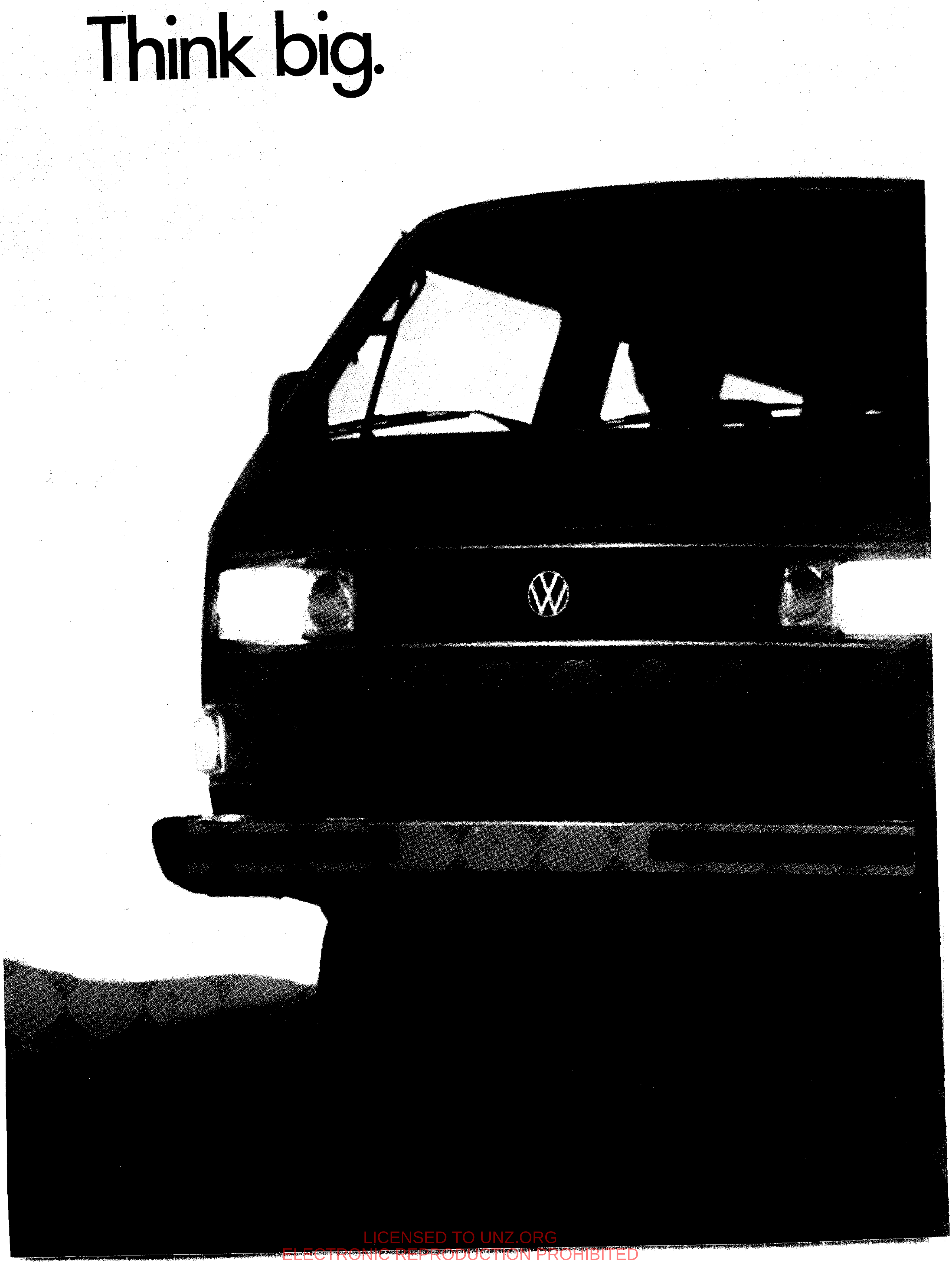
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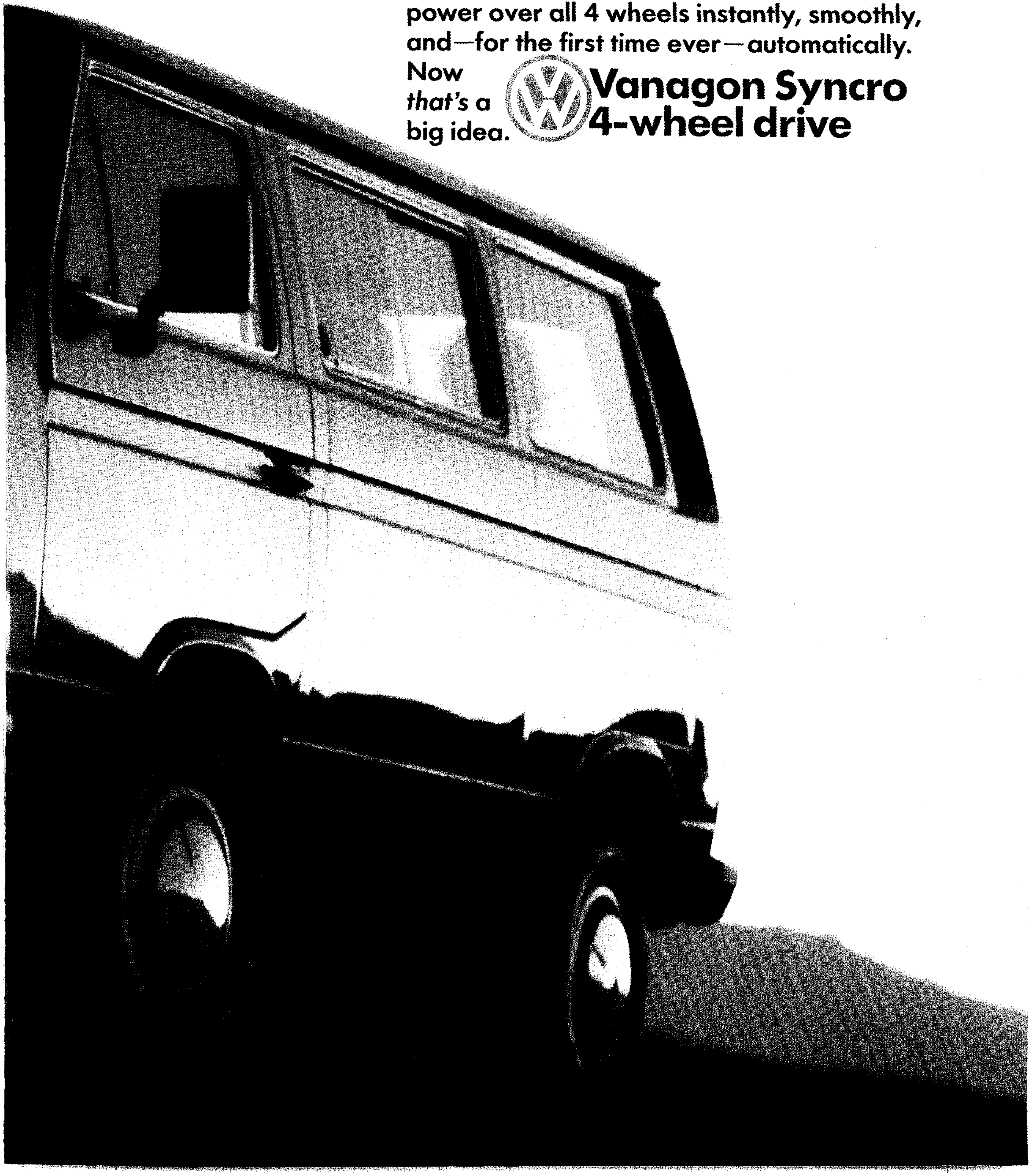

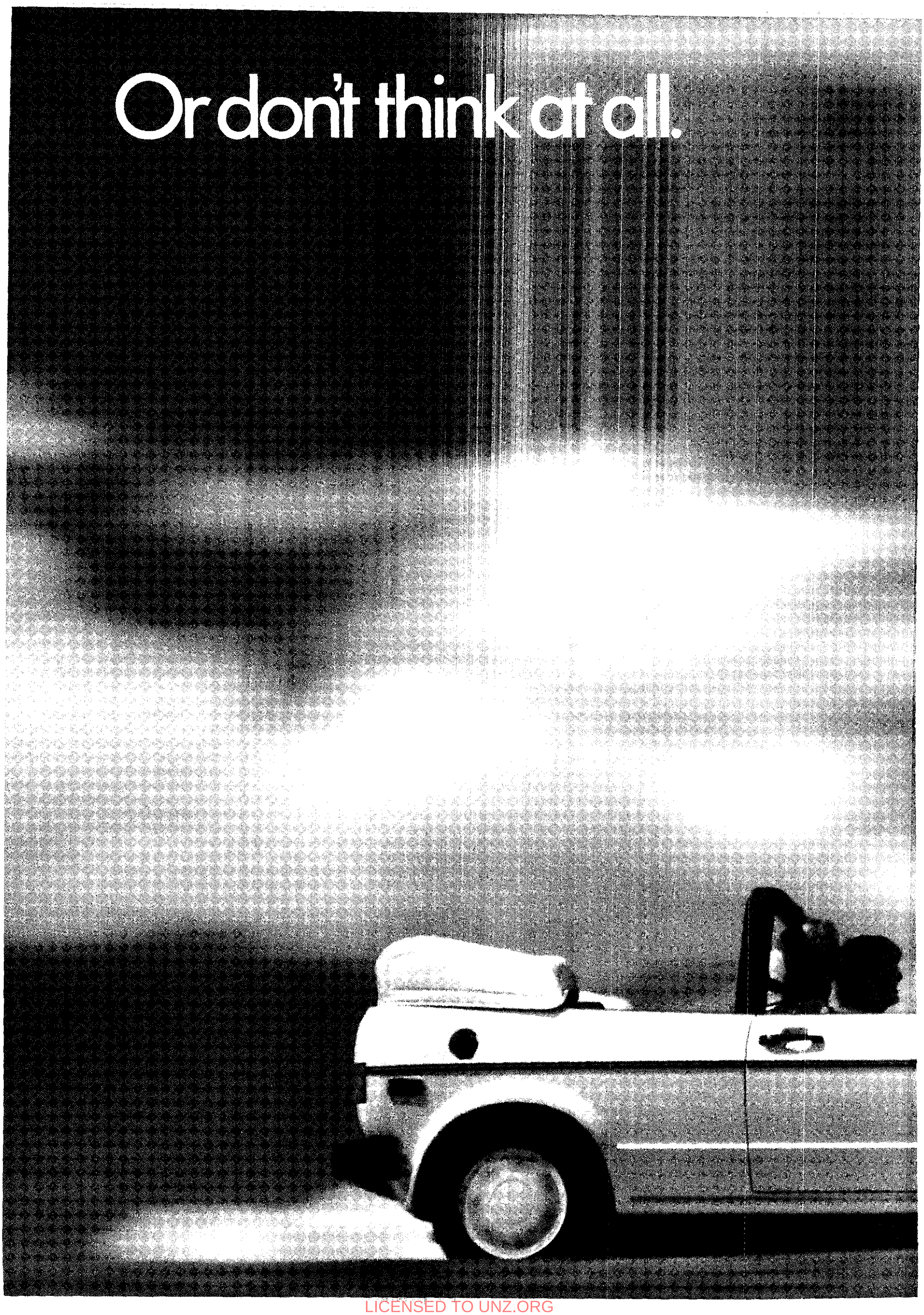
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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

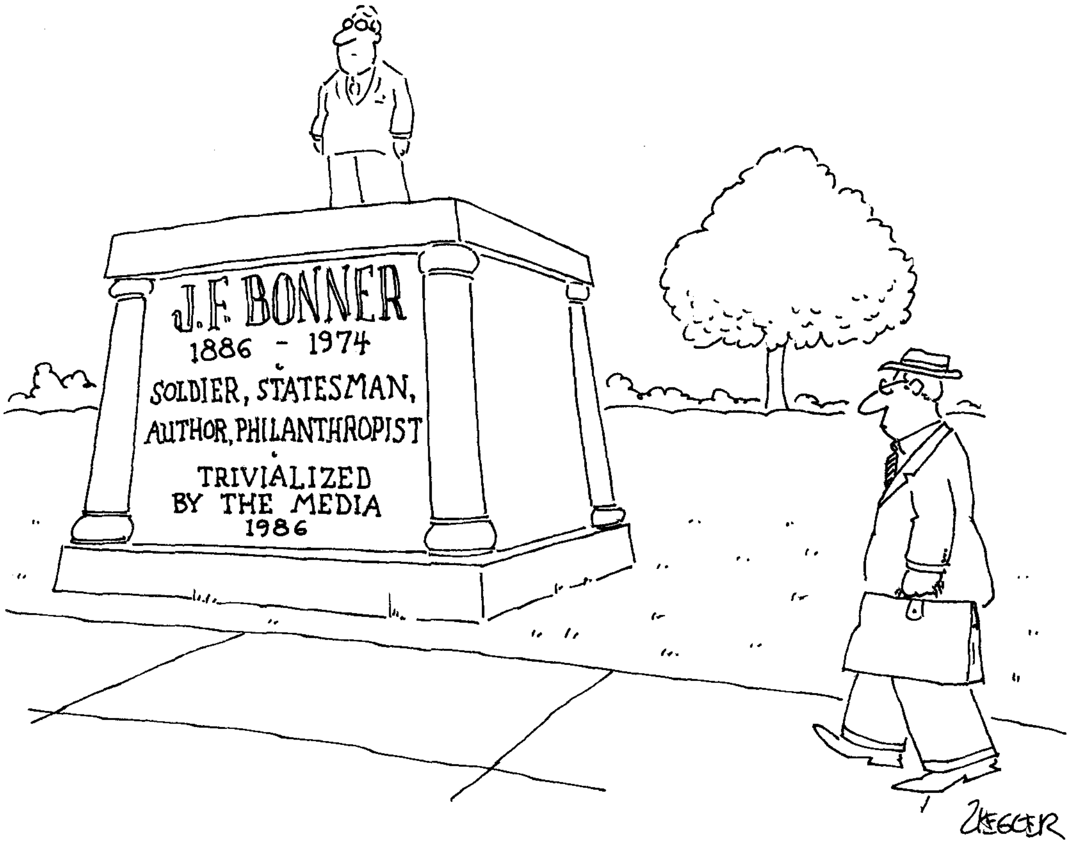
GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

AT the top of the grand staircase of the Metropolitan Museum, on the south side, there is a white Chinese vase, in the Benjamin Altman Collection, that is moving in its grace and simplicity. In our perambulations, we have seen an enormous amount of handcrafted ceramics and glassware, often displayed so artfully—isolated, or juxtaposed with exactly the right thing—that one can be seduced into taking the object seriously. Just as a good stylist and a good photographer can make a sow's ear look like a silk purse in the pages of the slicker magazines, a shop owner with flair can flimflam the unwary. The vase is our touchstone; Keats had his urn, we have the vase. It clears the mind.

What's functional, what's for show, what's for jokes? The show of contemporary American crafts at the American Craft Museum, 40 West 53rd Street, is unarguably the most exhilarating show in town. The museum has organized its display of more than three hundred objects into four categories: objects as Statement, for Use, as Vessel, and for Personal Adornment. (As a result of the show, there's a chance that in this city the craft outlets will soon outnumber the Italian shoe stores.) This report concentrates on the second and third categories, with a strong bias toward Household Adornment, although Statement will not be ruled out. These are things for a house that's lived in, not just a place to sleep and call the caterers in occasionally.

THE Japanese have weighed in (and it's the right phrase: the glass is heavy) with the Hoya Crystal Gallery, 450 Park Avenue (57th). Hoya, a Tokyo company that started as an optico-electronics firm, in the early forties, makes seventy per cent of the camera lens blanks in the world, so the quality of the glass is high. This is its first outpost (and undoubtedly not its last). The gallery was designed by the architects Fumio Sasa and Toshiko Mori; the décor is subdued luxe, and, with all the hand-cut, hand-polished, and constantly hand-dusted (we noticed) glass, the store is blinding to walk into. There are huge vases, bowls, platters, and corporate-gift sculptures, but it's the small items that are appealing. Some shot glasses (intended for *sake* but equally satisfactory for aquavit) come in ten patterns, and are $35 each. The chopstick rests, which look like flat glass pebbles, are enough to convert anyone to chopsticks (smart lacquered chopsticks); from $85 to $110 for a set of six, and the plainest, Dewdrops, are the prettiest. Pebbles are also the inspiration for the small blossom vases, hand-formed and then blown so that each has a slightly different shape. (Mr. Sasa, who joined the firm soon after it was founded, collects pebbles.) A dandelion would look just fine in this vase, but whatever flower, or weed, is displayed will not blush unseen. The vases come in three sizes, for $65, $85, and $225. This gallery may have got on to a good thing: what most of us end up with perforce, Hoya promotes as a deliberate choice; i.e., a collection of Old-Fashioned glasses none of which match. They are breath-blown (nearly everything here is breath-blown, mouth-blown, hand-blown: they all mean the same thing), and there are over twenty patterns; from $45 to $110 a glass.

New Glass/Gallery Nilsson, 138 Wooster Street, specializes in contemporary Swedish glass but gives houseroom to glassblowers of other nationalities as long as their work fits in (that is, according to the owners, "as long as it's well designed, well made, colorful, *and* functional"—a good description of the gallery itself). It carries Orrefors and Kosta Boda, and serves as a showcase for smaller Swedish glassworks, such as Transjö Hytta, and for individual artisans, such as Philip Baldwin and Monica Guggisberg (who met in Sweden but make glass in Switzerland). Because wine cognoscenti, and many of the not so cogno, are firmly opposed to colored wineglasses (how can an oenophile appreciate the color of the Chambertin '69 if it's in a blue glass, even an *expensive* blue glass?), the champagne glasses from the Baldwin-Guggisberg studio should perhaps be used for ginger ale (or very cheap champagne). They are lily- rather than tulip-shaped, with clear stems, and come in sixteen colors, one as pleasing as another; $50 each. A "joined" bowl from the same studio, in three shades



"What I miss most is fast food."

of gray (gray gray, mauve gray, and smoky gray), comes in three sizes, for $80, $100, and $160. A cobalt-blue plate with a one-inch band of soft green around the edge is $110, and can also be had in the reverse color scheme. Some things here are more useful than others: a small, round red bowl of Ann Wåhlström's that rolls around on its pontil mark has three little black glass capsules attached to the outside, by means of which the bowl is steadied to receive, say, peanuts; $275.

The benefits of travel are illustrated by Marc Hurwitz, a lawyer who took a trip to Venice a year ago and went bananas over Murano glass. He immediately gave up the law and opened a shop, Avventura, at 463 Amsterdam Avenue (82nd), where he has assembled a distinguished collection of glass, china, silver-plate, and sleek stainless-steel objects, largely Italian. The Venini, Carlo Moretti, and Barovier & Toso glassworks are well represented. A turquoise-and-smoke Venini joined bottle—the upper half appears to float on the lower—is $285. (Smoke, turquoise, and amethyst are big this year.) A Carlo Moretti pale-green ribbed sherbet bowl on a rose base is $26. The china designed by Frank Lloyd Wright for the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo (the hotel survived the earthquake of 1923 but fell under the wrecker's ball in 1967) has been reproduced to the tune of $185 for a seven-piece place setting. The pattern is geometric and strong—concentric, tangential, and overlapping circles—with cinnabar the predominant color. Wright is said to have had an aversion to lipstick marks on china, and the red of the design comes just where a mouth touches the coffee cup. (The trouble with F.L.W. designs is that they are so distinctive that they really look their best only in the company of other F.L.W. designs, such as a house.) Some non-designer glass candlesticks have Doric-style columns, their bases and capitals fluted horizontally. They come in four sizes: $35 for the smallest (six inches), $85 for the largest (thirteen inches). Mr. Hurwitz has recently added table linen to his repertory: heavy Guatemalan cotton Ikat. The effect is striped, although the patterns are irregular; the color combinations—such as purple, lilac, and jade, or black, red, and light blue—are unusual *and* beautiful. Placemats and napkins are $12 each; runners are $42.50. This shop is not only *molto in* but *simpatico.*

A Vessel for Use worth considering is a hyacinth-bulb vase. Asprey, 725 Fifth Avenue (56th), has a supply of mid-nineteenth-century ones in stained-glass colors such as cobalt blue, emerald green, topaz, and amethyst. Most are cylindrical, some are curved, and any one of them, with the addition of water and a hyacinth bulb, would make a great present for $80. James II, 15 East 57th Street, also has a collection of these, including rather more elaborate ones, in different shapes, some with gold bands; from $115 to $245. Victorian brass hooks (no house can have enough hooks, and if they're good-looking so much the better) in an S-curve shape with porcelain knobs are around $75 each here. Fluted-glass funnels cost from $75, for a tiny one, to $200, for one six inches in diameter. Looking for a Victorian glass flycatcher? There are some here, from $165 to $225. There are also painted Victorian billy clubs with which to defend hearth and home, from $300 to $450.

A SHOP that is really a gallery, Wallengren/USA, 72 Thompson Street, is lovingly tended by Henry Wallengren, who over the past year has shown ceramics, glass, and wood, but mostly ceramic Vessels, made by sixty American artists whose work he happens to admire. Both the design and the workmanship of some of these Vessels raise them out of the artisan class. Some stunning pots (taped, stencilled, thrown, pit-fired) have bold, angular black-and-white stripes curving around them. The white isn't really white but a mixture of white crackling, pale green, turquoise, sand, and rust. According to Mr. Wallengren, these pots, by Nicholas Bernard, are suggestive of traditional American Indian forms, but they also suggest Africa. From seven to seventeen inches in diameter, they cost from $200 to $550. Porcelain bottles and urns by Scott Tubby, in classic shapes, have the smooth, veined look of agate or alabaster. They come from four inches to ten inches high, and cost from $90 to $160. Repeated buffings give them a glowing surface; the subtle range of colors and the delicate stylized necks distinguish them from any other ceramics we've seen.

The Downtown Potters' Hall, at 113 Mercer Street, is a coöperative; it does not aspire to gallerydom. It's one flight up, in a loft, and there are seven potters at work. They make dishes of all kinds, some conventional but most freewheeling, which they sell to retail stores, but the prices are lower at the hall, and there are frequent reductions for discontinued items or ideas-in-progress. We particularly liked Barbara Cahn's folded bowls and vases, made of variegated clay whose colors—in a process called *nerikomi* in Japan and agate in England—are kneaded or cut into it. The sides of the bowls are folded in pleats, like fabric. From afar, some of them appear to be mottled gray and white, but on closer inspection they turn out to have peach, turquoise, blue, and cream in them as well; from $10 to $100. Sylvia Finkle's white two-quart incised-porcelain casserole, which manages to look Art Deco and Chinese at the same time, can be used in a microwave oven and costs $68. Jan Burtz's more or less square, turquoise-and-white dinner plates are hand-built porcelain slabs with edges that curve up slightly, so that the gravy won't spill. The inspiration can be attributed to Milton Avery, and the price is $25. This is such a cheerful, friendly place, with something for every taste, that it would be hard to come away empty-handed. (The happy workers wouldn't hold it against you if you did.)

Simon Pearce, 385 Bleecker Street, is a pop-and-sons store. First, there was Philip Pearce, an Englishman who emigrated to Ireland in 1940 and started a pottery in Shanagarry, County Cork, where he still makes black pottery with a white glaze out of red clay dug from the Blackwater River. Philip's workshop has two workers and two wheels, and he doesn't much concern himself with raising prices. Close by, his older son, Stephen, has a much larger pottery, where he works in terra-cotta embellished with a white glaze. Then along came Simon Pearce, the younger son, who is a glassblower, and who emigrated to Vermont six years ago and set up a splendid glassworks at Quechee. Last year, Simon opened the Bleecker Street store, with all the family wares under one roof. Philip and Stephen turn out handcrafted pottery that is simple and for all ages. Prices range from $5.50, for a little pitcher without big ears, to $100, for one of Stephen's large bowls. Simon's glassware, familiar to those who patronize the Frank McIntosh shop, at Henri Bendel, ranges from $18.50, for a cream pitcher, to $500, for a signed stem bowl. This year, he's making lamps—tall ones and large, round ones—and very attractive they are; from $80 to $170. The Pearce family is not a monopoly in restraint of other artisans, however, and they have found a treasure in Ciaran Forbes, a Benedictine monk operating out of Glenstal Abbey, in County Limerick. He fells his own timber in the abbey's two-hundred-acre forest, from which he makes domestic woodwork. His bowls and platters are not only pleasing in shape but both strong and *light*. (No one wants to pass a heavy salad bowl around the table, no matter how decorative it is.) Each piece is signed, and Brother Ciaran also scratches the name of the wood on the bottom. A fourteen-inch turned platter with a one-inch rim is $110, and a deep

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salad bowl is $115; both are made of elm. Another find is Jeff Pentland, an Englishman who worked in one of the few surviving flowerpot factories in the United Kingdom. He is now at Quechee, throwing flowerpots, which cost from $12, for a small one, to $60, for a very large one, sixteen inches in diameter. There are oval pots and hanging pots (some with a scallop trim around the top), as well as saucers. A fourteen-inch saucer is $20, and would be just the ticket with some narcissus bulbs. The table linen here, made of double-woven Belgian cotton in windowpane checks, comes in misty pastels, such as gray and sand, or pale aqua and coral, and there are solid colors as well; from $6, for a placemat, to $104, for a tablecloth over ten feet long. A serene store; the temptation to go in and hang out is almost irresistible.

Rogers-Tropea, 1351 Third Avenue (77th), is a small shop with a large stock of contemporary American ceramics and glass, and a smattering of metals and fibres. The ceramics are mostly porcelain or earthenware (as opposed to stoneware, which is coarser). Everything is handmade (be it slip-cast, hand-built, or thrown), in just about any shape imaginable, with overlays that are often equally outré. Bruce Lenore's leaning mug (*scuola di Memphis*) is orange and mauve on the outside and pink inside, and has a turquoise handle and a black thumb-rest; $30. A "surprise box," made by Pamela Lassiter, is a small round red porcelain container with multicolored triangles appliquéd on the lid, and the surprise is a black triangle on the bottom of the yellow inside; $45. (Both are technically for Use, but are definitely Statements.) Art Reed's one-of-a-kind glass bowls are beautiful. One is amber with red; another is amethyst with a rose join and a smoky lip that, through a trick of light, looks silver. Bowls are $290; platters are $300. Stephen Smyers' goblets in an amethyst or blue Plume pattern, with clear stems, are $55, and so are his pink-and-blue London Double-Dots. The latter are in the American Craft Museum show, and neither will fit in a dishwasher. What's called a Corfu Set consists of an aqua cocktail mixer ($130) and six glasses of as many different colors ($38 each). The owners of this store are informed and helpful, and the visitor leaves having had a survey course in contemporary pottery and glassware.

We tapered off with a visit to Gordon Foster, just down the street at

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1322 Third Avenue (75th). He has a large inventory of Steven Stewart's porcelain, in all colors of the spectrum (we highly recommend a Persian blue), with either a matte or a glossy finish. Mr. Stewart studied in Vallauris (European influence) and California (Oriental influence), and is steeped in the classical tradition. A dinner plate is $55; a proper-sized salad plate (salad plates have been getting smaller and smaller) is $35.

Anyone partial to traditional blue-and-white Export porcelain—specifically, a sort of faded Royal Copenhagen blue on a gray-blue background—will find a great deal of it on Bloomingdale's fifth floor. It's part of the store's Nanking Porcelain Collection, acquired via dealers by way of Christie's, from a Captain Hatcher, who salvaged the lot from a Dutch ship that went down in the South China Sea in 1752. The prices range from $90, for a doll-size chocolate cup, to $49,000, for a large, round fish platter appropriately decorated with frolicking carp. If these prices are a bit steep, go west and check out the Blue Dragon china, made exclusively for Tiffany by Mottahedeh. A dinner plate is $21, a salad plate is $18, a teacup and saucer are $21. Across the street, in the Angela Cummings boutique at Bergdorf Goodman, are some dinner plates called Venezia, with, around the rim, a trompe-l'oeil of geometric arches suggesting palazzo windows. The colors—Venetian red, orange, dark brown, and gold—are rich, but the prices are less so: $39 for a dinner plate, $140 for a five-piece place setting. Some flat silver in which the end of the handle in each of five categories is a different shell is $650 for a place setting, and is unusual without being too tricky. Janna W. Josephson, 19 Hudson Street (Reade), makes both porcelain and melamine plates that are vaguely Constructivist—thin lines of black, blue, gray, and red on white, in four different configurations. The melamine plates are dishwasher-, child-, and stain-resistant; a ten-inch plate is $16. These would be especially useful on picnics, or anywhere the dinner guests arrive by skateboard.

Lest the French feel left out of this compendium, Baccarat has reproduced, in limited editions, twenty-three of its more spectacular designs, made between 1828 and 1930. The prices range from $1,100, for a pair of candlesticks with a molded leaf pattern, to $5,300, for a mandolin carafe

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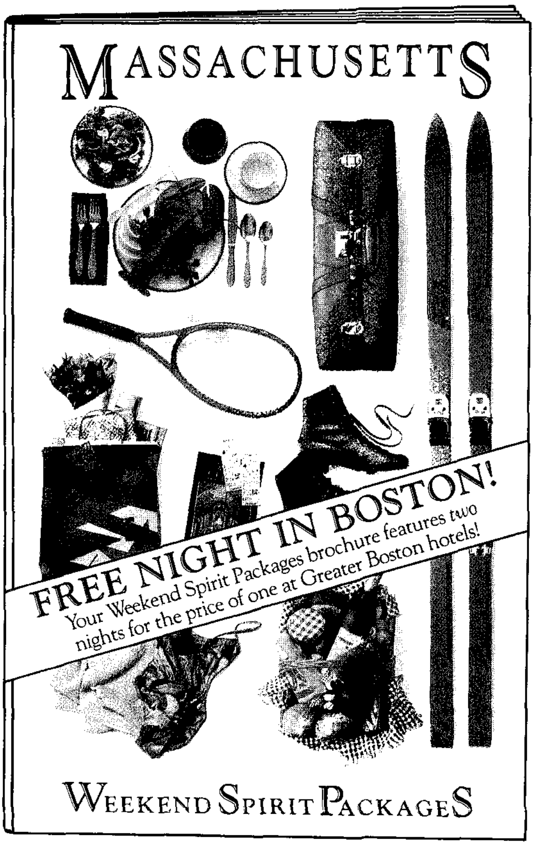
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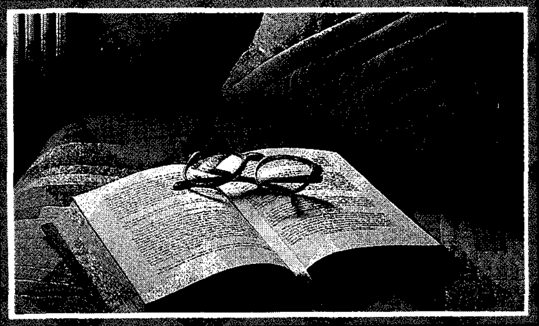

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of clear crystal encased in cobalt-blue crystal and cut within an inch of its life. But it's the chubby, elegant inkwell, five and a half inches high, that caused a small sensation in 1868 and again in 1986; the first lot has sold out almost immediately. There are diamonds and flat panels cut into the exterior, and because of the play of light the interior, where the ink goes, appears to have been cut as well. With ink in it, the effect must be even more dazzling; $1,800. The Museum Reproduction Collection, as it's called, is sold not at Baccarat but in the home-furnishings department on Bergdorf Goodman's seventh floor.

Before leaving the always compelling subject of inkwells, we have one more bulletin: Barry Friedman, Ltd., 26 East 82nd Street, has a lulu—a gilt-bronze Art Nouveau beauty seventeen inches high, designed by Charles Korschann, Paris, 1900. Perhaps the only undulating inkwell extant, it's in the form of a languid lady in a swirling gown. The well is hidden in the edge of her gown, and she is holding a bouquet in which a small light is concealed. Two handles (for a quick getaway?) and two depressions (for nibs?) are also cunningly incorporated into the hem of her dress. Besides qualifying for the first three categories in the A.C.M. exhibition, it is ravishing; $9,500. This gallery specializes in, among other things, important twentieth-century design—Wiener Werkstätte, Bauhaus, and the Glasgow School. It is a gallery for collectors, and anyone collecting tea sets might like a Josef Hoffmann tea set of hammered silver with ivory handles and little melon-shaped ivory knobs; $25,000, tray and sugar tongs included.

Another entry in the Big Bucks League, Eastern Division, is a new, recherché silver shop, J. Mavec, at 52 East 76th Street. It is unusual for two reasons: it is not run by an elderly gentleman, and it has exhibits. Janet Mavec, a young woman who cut her teeth at James Robinson and Sotheby's, recently focussed on eighteenth- and nineteenth-century English-silver and Sheffield-plate candlesticks, but she has other pieces as well, such as a George II muffineer ($4,250) and a George III wax jack ($1,800). Everything is of museum or stately-home quality, and the prices range from $45, for an Edwardian napkin ring, to $32,000, for four breathtaking rococo George II candlesticks made by John Cafe in 1755.

IN a corner of Lord & Taylor's gift department, on the ninth floor, is an enclave called Connoisseur Collections. It has as discriminating and varied a selection of gifts for the house as any place in town. Furthermore, it's not By Appointment Only, nor do you have to ring a bell to get in. The buyer is a woman named Henriette Granville-Suhr, who knows what she's doing. The furnishings in this shop have the stamp of authority. Woven Thai hangings of heavy silk with a good "hand" come in rich, dark colors—aubergine, the black-green of pines in winter, grape. All are hand-fringed, some are double-faced, and they would be beautiful as tablecloths—besides not showing spots. Forty inches wide and up to a hundred inches long, they cost from $300 to $400. There's Venetian glass (Barovier & Toso), and Danish glass, and some terrific American glass by Robin Mix, who put in time at Orrefors, Kosta Boda, et al., and now has a one-man glassworks in Vermont. His joined platters and bowls come in two or three colors. The platters look like bull's-eyes; one in champagne with a broad celadon lip is $270. A gray, chartreuse, and lemon-yellow bowl is also $270. Mrs. Granville-Suhr has assembled a banner collection of old mercury glass: candlesticks and vases (from $100 apiece up to $300 for a pair), and some wonderful balls, from golfball-size ($10) to beachball-size ($250). Most of the balls are silver, but a few come in other colors, such as green, amethyst, gold, and blue. A large one would be festive in the middle of the Christmas table. Included in a collection of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Danish silver and silver plate are some gargantuan soupspoons, with a thin line incised around the edge of the handle, to be used as soup or punch ladles, although they're not that shape. They are early-nineteenth-century, and grand; from $300 to $400. Besides tea strainers, sugar tongs, saltcellars, odd numbers of spoons and forks, and table crumbers, there is a three-piece silver-plate coffee set with delicate chasing (lots of swags); $400. Considerably lower in price are some French bread knives from Au Bain Marie, distinguishable from other bread knives by being smaller and dressier. There are old ones with black wooden handles, new ones with pearlized-plastic ones, and all have a stainless blade and a

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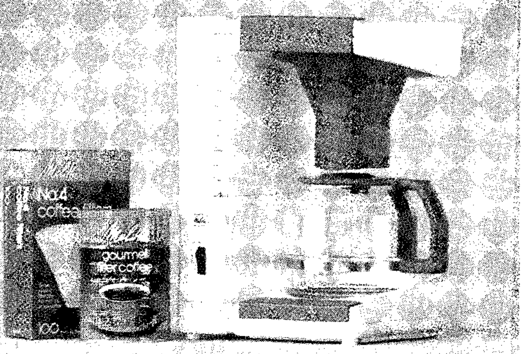

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pretty join of a silvery or gold metal; $17.50 for the new ones, $34.50 for the old. The same company turns out flatware in chrome or in gold electroplate, with pearlized handles. The handles are available in several different colors, of which mother-of-pearl is the most satisfactory; $10 apiece, and good for cheese and fruit. Georg Jensen's straightforward stainless-steel cutlery has good weight, and ranges in price from $18, for a luncheon fork, to $33, for a dinner knife. Before leaving Lord & Taylor, have a look at the collection of nineteen-thirties Swedish furniture: round pedestal tables that can be raised and lowered, with one or two leaves, are $695; chests of drawers run from $895 to $995; and four Alvar Aalto children's chairs are $195 each. All the pieces are made of birch, and all are extremely handsome. One final item in this store, to be considered by those who live in the country, is a luxurious alpaca throw made of the actual skin, not of yarn spun from the wool. It is soft and warm—in fact, so warm that it's more suitable for sleigh rides than for naps; $525.

Barneys has expanded its gift shop along with all its other departments, and there are some new wrinkles, such as a revisionist Limoges—small flowers on an ochre background; $167 for a dinner plate. Someone must have fallen on a majolica trove of oyster and asparagus plates, because Barneys has a vast number of each, both new and old. The prices start at $8, for a new oyster plate, and rise to $1,350, for fifteen old asparagus plates. An old asparagus platter is $300. Some jazzy Italian dinner plates—patterned with cones, circles, and stripes of various colors, the emphasis being on green and black—will set you back $80 per plate; a large coffee cup and saucer, guaranteed to jolt you awake, is $26. Brixton makes some English spongeware with sketchy red and yellow roses; a large bowl is $85, a mug is $15. (The mugs also come with gray geese, brown dogs, and pink pigs.) It is a truth universally acknowledged that place cards are too small to be read, but no one does anything about it. Smythson of Bond Street has fortunately established a small branch in Barneys and has included in its impeccable merchandise some four-by-six menu cards with gold edges, on which a name can be written in LARGE LETTERS, so that one can see at a glance where one is sitting; $23 for fifty. Real place cards, slightly larger than run-of-the-mill place cards but not large enough, are $15 for fifty.

Those in search of the far-out should head for Clodagh, Ross & Williams, at 122 St. Marks Place. The approach is a graffiti-covered concrete ramp. The front of the store is made of three panels: one (the door) is a slab of aluminum with a window that looks like something on the little boys' clubhouse; next to the slab is a sheet of glass with graffiti lightly scratched on it; and next to *that* is a sheet of clear, unmarked glass. Ivy Ross designs jewelry, and Sherry Jo Williams is in charge of ideas. Clodagh, who goes by no other name, is an interior designer with an architectural bent, and she and her partners decided that a deliberately graffitied storefront would discourage any graffiti artists in the neighborhood. (It did. For six months, there were no additions, and when some did appear, on the steel shutter that is pulled down at night, they were thoughtfully in keeping with the original art work.) Potential customers can stand, faces pressed to the glass, and get a good look at the wares inside, most of them astonishing though identifiable. This is a retail store that sells—besides jewelry—handcrafted furnishings and accessories for the home, but it isn't going to remind anyone of Lord & Taylor, or Barneys. The store's objective was to get the New Wave all under one roof: black slate tables and neoprene-rubber chairs, usually with four legs; anodized-aluminum butter knives; concrete telephones; Plexiglas salad servers; wooden lamps that look like high-rise apartment houses; mirrors with oxidized-copper frames. Things ordinarily at right angles to the floor lean in various directions; it's the art-and-industry look, and everyone has a good time. About those butter knives: David Tisdale, a jewelry designer, has turned out some geometric demitasse spoons, napkin rings, coasters—and butter knives—made of anodized aluminum in five colors and fastened with tiny rivets. They are very light, and cost $20 apiece. Examples of his work are in the A.C.M. show, and can be bought at several other stores—including Bloomingdale's. (Mr. Tisdale

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is *molto in.*) An ingenious and eminently sensible fruit-ripener from Holland is a stainless-steel square composed of what look like conical bedsprings. You allow one fruit per bedspring; air circulates, the fruit doesn't get bruised, and the piece makes a good-looking alternative to a bowl of fruit. The nine-fruit model costs $140; the sixteen-fruit model is $175. A folding indoor-outdoor rocking deck chair from England, made of black steel and gray nylon mesh (or vice versa), is $425. The salad servers, made of pieces of colored Plexiglas, are absolutely flat, and though their efficiency is thus questionable, they are jokey and dishwasherproof; $125 for the small size, $135 for the large. A rectangular mirror with a wide oxidized-copper frame is $465. Some reactionary dishwasherproof earthenware, cream-colored with a charcoal rim, is conspicuous in its surroundings. A dinner plate is $45, a pasta bowl is $35, and a sixteen-inch round platter is $90. A rug made of vinyl tiles and bound in black vinyl would be useful in front of a stove, under a rolling desk chair, or in a hall or entryway. The patterns are geometric, and there are three different palettes, with gray and black as constants. The smallest (two and a half feet by four) is $350, the largest (three feet by eight) is $700, and they must be ordered. It is rare for anything this utilitarian to be so decorative.

THE antique-linen supply increases in inverse ratio to the decline of hand laundresses, and though it isn't exactly a drug on the market, there's a lot of antique linen to be had, for a price. What's hard to find is flowered percale sheets of any distinction which can be bundled into the washing machine. Sybil Connolly, a designer of women's clothes who lives in Dublin, has designed some bed linen for Martex which is based on the flower collages of Mrs. Delany. (The Morgan Library recently had an exhibition of some of these "paper mosaicks." Done in the late seventeen-hundreds, when Mrs. Delany was over seventy, they are made from bits of thin tissue paper and are exquisite from both an artistic and a botanical point of view.) The bed linen has large and small sprays of pink, green, salmon, and yellow (*faded* pink, green, salmon, and yellow) flowers on a subtly printed bone background of tiny checks and ribbons, and insomniacs could pass the time trying to figure out how many different kinds of flowers are represented. (There are at least sixteen, but the pattern is somehow not busy.) Scalloped edges, two-hundred-thread cotton percale, no ironing, all sizes. Twin, $17; queen, $35; standard pillowcases, $24 a pair.

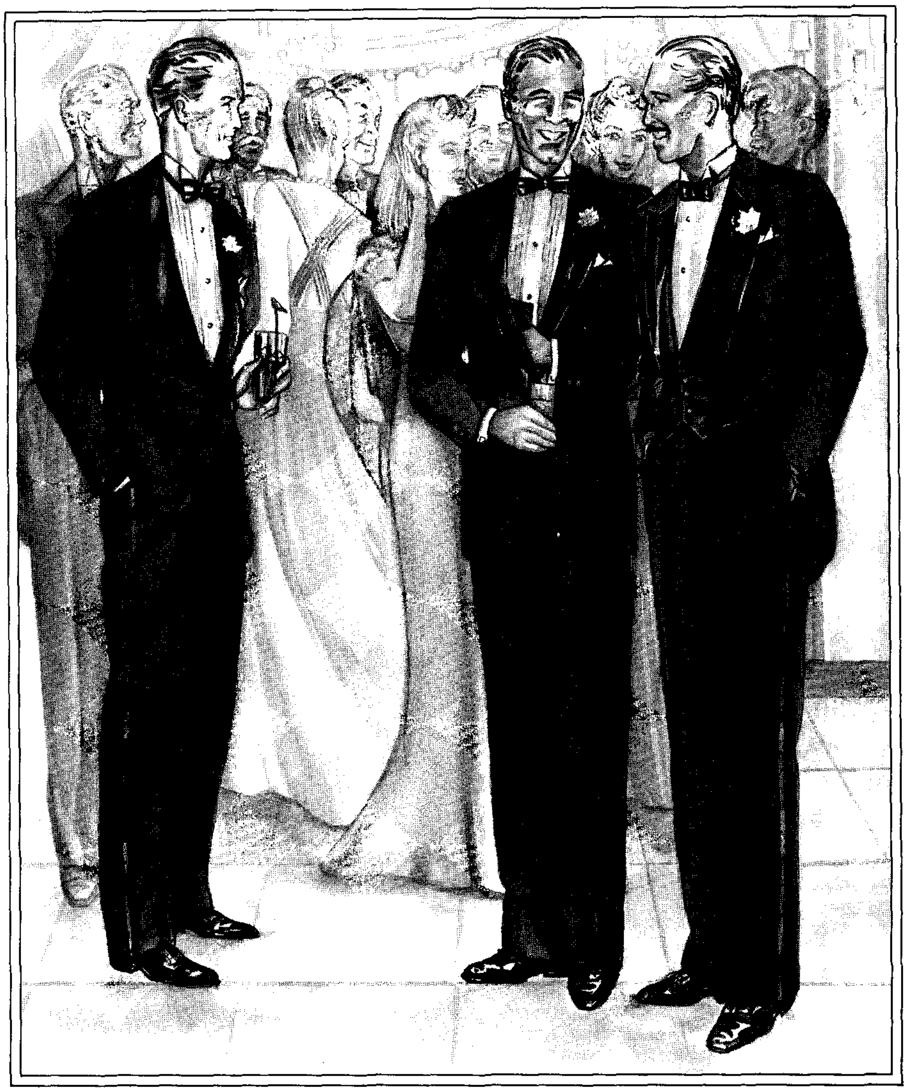
Trouvaille Française, run by Muriel Clarke, is known for antique clothes and linens—mostly French—at reasonable prices. This year, Mrs. Clarke has lined up an array of white curtains—Victorian, Edwardian, Art Nouveau, Art Deco—in a variety of sizes. The majority are airy cotton mesh with a loose abstract or floral design, and some are embellished with handwork. They are easily laundered, and need no ironing. Panels start at $35 and go up to $145, for one of Victorian lace with cupids, swans, and urns. This last is suitable for a large Victorian window or door, but it could be used as a tablecloth or a bed cover. Mrs. Clarke also has a supply of duvet covers, made of heavy cotton trimmed with lace, for a child's bed, and she can arrange to have them made into comforters. They are bought not for children but by grownups to put over their own cold feet; $75 to $125. By appointment only: (212) 737-6015.

Those in the market for some fancy tiebacks for fancy curtains should go see Françoise Nunnalle's collection, at 105 West 55th Street. Miss Nunnalle, who also sells antique linens (twelve damask napkins, thirty-six inches square, are $350), has French, Russian, English, and American tiebacks made of glass, bronze, enamel, porcelain, silver, and cloisonné, in the shape of flowers, medallions, acorns, and grapes—to mention just a few of the choices. The prices start at $75, for a pair made of Bristol-blue Sandwich glass, and go up to $1,500, for a pair of finely wrought white glass calla lilies.

Piston's, 1050 Second Avenue (55th), also has a collection of antique tiebacks, ranging in price from $45 (Sandwich glass) to $1,400, for four pairs of French grapes (gold-plated brass). In the same building, Laura Fisher, a quilt maven, has accumulated some of those Pendleton blankets that have served as inspiration to certain designers. (Pendleton was inspired by Navajo blankets.) Some of them have brilliant colors, and, like twig furniture, they are reminiscent of Adirondack camps; from $195 to $395, depending on size, condition, pattern, and unusualness. The Beacon blankets here are much the same, but are brushed cotton; from $95 to

PART VIII

WHY THE NEW YORK SUIT ISN'T LIKE ANY OTHER SUIT



BECAUSE IT CAN BEGIN THE DAY—OR THE BEGUINE.*

This is to confirm what has, until now, been mere rumor among men-about-town—that "The New York Suit has gone black tie!" Rest assured that this does not mean the end of the New York Suit in which New Yorkers cut such fine figures from morning stroll through midnight supper.

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$350. Laura Fisher also has a number of pre-Second World War German chocolate molds, manufactured in Dresden (which is why she knows they are prewar). We have never met anyone who makes chocolates at home, but for those who do there are animal figures and people figures (clowns and Santas, for example) to be had, for prices ranging from $65 to $125.

THIS fall, we were privileged to watch a friend's videotape not of little Willy's first Christmas or little Willy at the beach but of little Willy's departure for college. Entitled "Packing the Car," it is a forty-minute documentary. Among the highlights are a shot of the car roof, which might have been a piece of sculpture from the Whitney (a green tarpaulin covering protuberances and declivities of various shapes and sizes, and inexpertly lashed to the luggage rack); shots of Willy's father, in shorts and a baseball cap, eying his watch at increasingly impatient intervals; views of the trunk's interior, with the nose of a Teddy bear peering out from between boxes stuffed with various computer parts; and a final sequence featuring the departing scholar squeezed into the back seat next to two humongous speakers, and his mother rushing up to deposit a grocery bag full of wire hangers on his lap, "because they won't provide hangers, dear." The possibilities for Creativity and Personal Fulfillment inherent in the camera-recorder (commonly known as a camcorder) hit us broadside—as what's called, in high-brow circles, an epiphany: "Teaching Mom the VCR, Part I," "Dad Regrouts the Shower" (X-rated), and other vignettes of home life.

We went around to two audiovisual establishments, one small (Rabsons, 119 West 57th Street), the other a chain (Crazy Eddie), and told them (1) that we wanted to buy a camcorder as a Christmas present for the family, (2) that we had only recently learned how to play a cassette on the VCR without any help, and (3) that all explanations were going to be uphill work. In words of from one to four syllables, here's what we learned: First of all, be sure that all essential accessories (microphone, battery, hookup for TV) are not sold to you as options; they should be included in the package. The eight-millimetre camcorders (eight-millimetre refers to the width of the tape), such as the Sony Handicam, produce tapes that cannot be used with the VHS format

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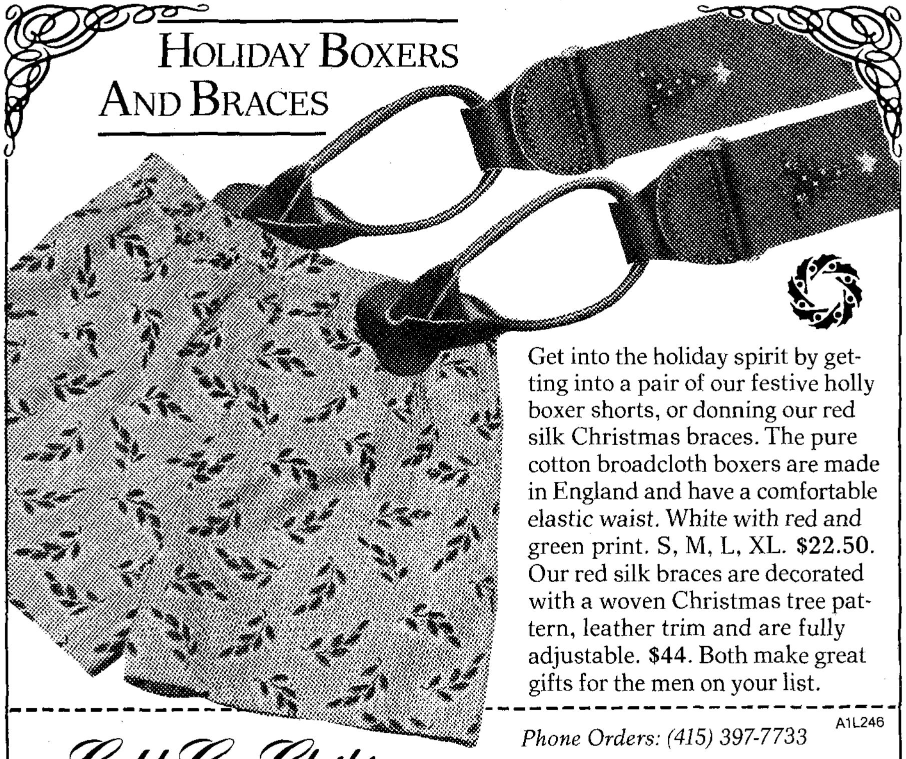

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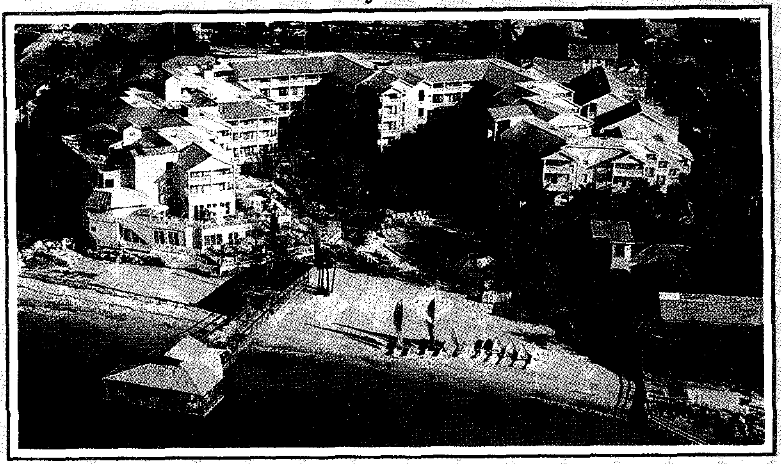
(most VCRs are in this format) but can still be viewed on your TV or copied by your VCR by means of a playback unit that comes with them. The unit is hitched up to the TV (perhaps by a teen-age son) and remains permanently in place. The tapes can record for up to a hundred and twenty minutes. Paul Eskridge, of Rabsons (founded 1905), claims that a moron can operate a Handicam: press a button for On, the same button for Off, and try to keep your fingers away from the lens. In investigating the merits of other camcorders, you will still have certain decisions to make—such as whether or not you'll want a zoom lens, or an electronic viewfinder (which allows you to play back tapes on the spot and see what you've got through a little window). The most important thing we learned was that the ignorant are better off going to a small store, where the salespeople have more time to educate the customer and translate Tronicspeak into English. The big places are for those who know what they're after. Camcorders list at around $1,250, but discounts are rife at all electronics stores.

A PRESSING need that has not been addressed until recently is a large wastebasket. As the junk mail has increased (D. Rackerfello, or Current Occupant; three copies of the same catalogue; fake telegrams—URGENT/STOP/YOU HAVE BEEN DEMOGRAPHICALLY SELECTED TO RECEIVE A LUXURY CRUISE), the size of wastebaskets has not. They are the same size they were when there was no junk mail except a gentleman's tailor bill. Well, let's hear it for the Italians. At Bendel, in the Frank McIntosh boutique, there are three beech wastebaskets from Italy: the smallest is eight inches high and eight inches in diameter, and is good only for a guest room; the middle size is twelve by twelve, and is an improvement; the largest is seventeen by seventeen, making it possible to inter a two-week-vacation's worth of junk mail at one sitting. The style is sort of Italian Shaker, and the prices are $90, $110, and $150, respectively.

While they are deciding how to wrap up the wastebasket at Frank McIntosh, turn around and face the Lee Bailey shop. Some gin-and-tonic glasses, clear on the lower half, frosted on top, are $8 apiece. White plastic trays from Spain that look enamelled but won't chip, and can be stacked, are fourteen inches by eighteen and cost



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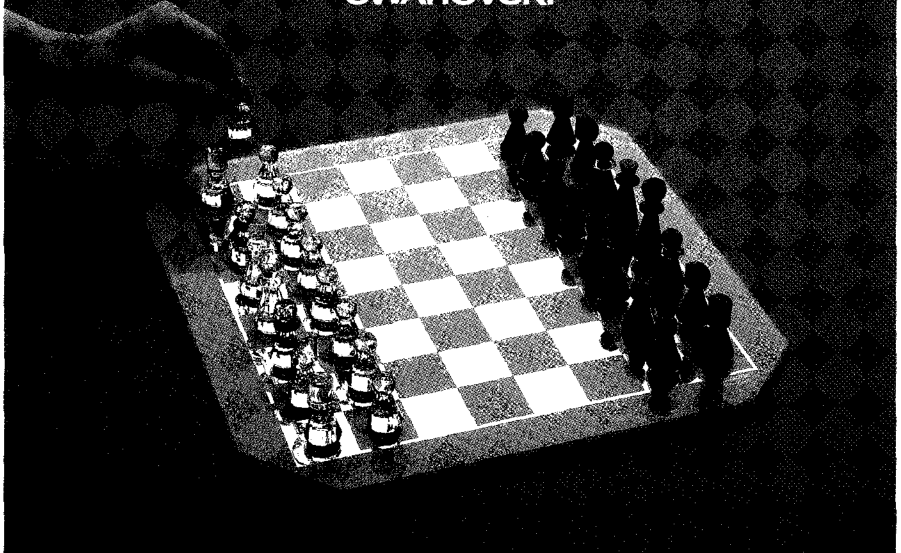

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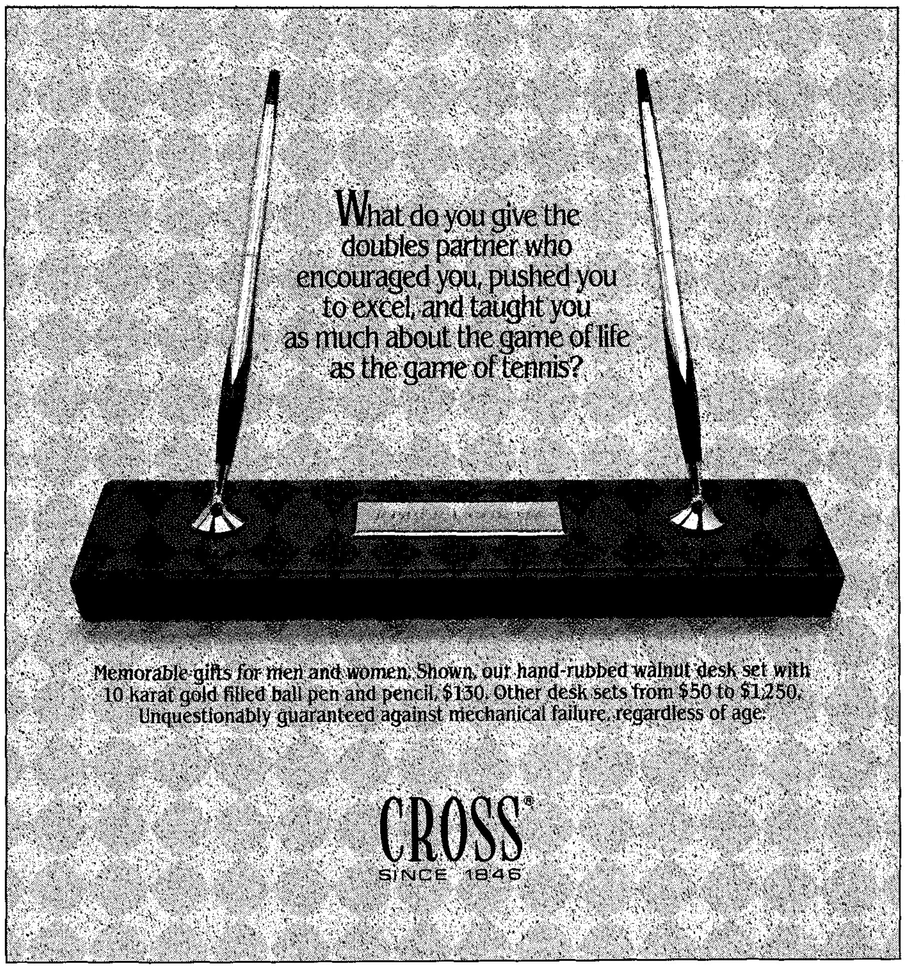

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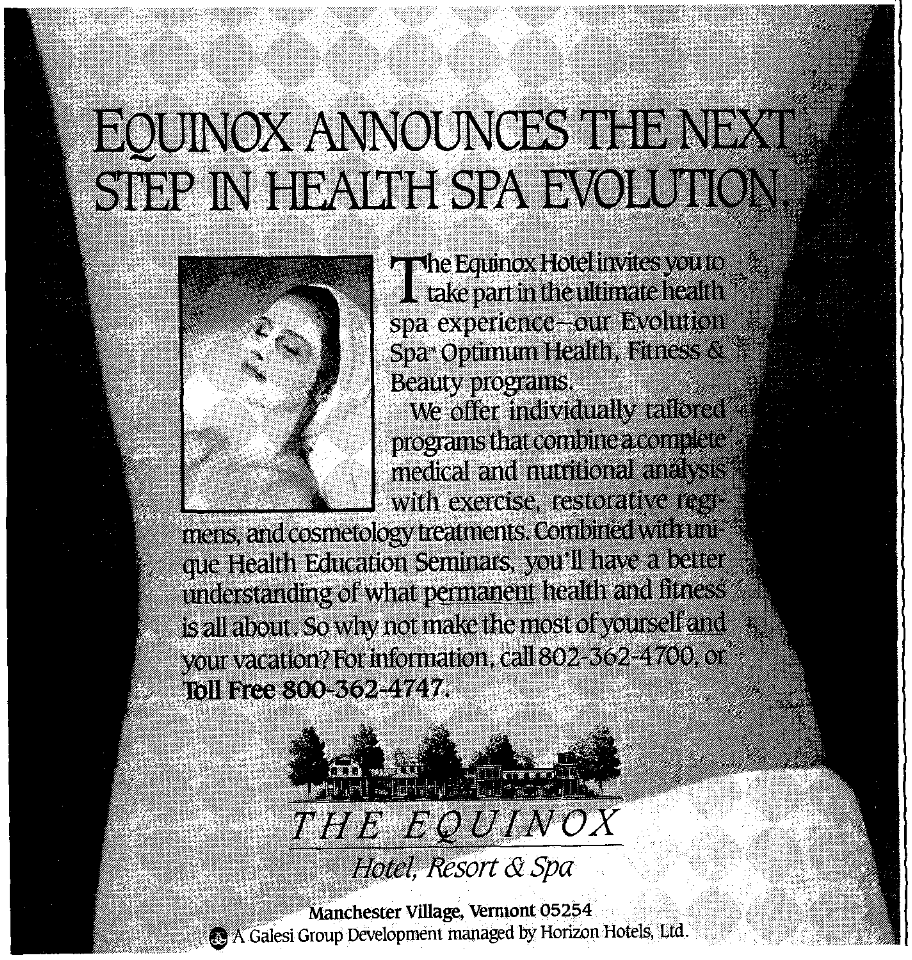

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$10 each. A white porcelain serving dish, sixteen inches square, is big enough to hold a joint on the diagonal, with room for all the vegetables in the other corners. You can't roast anything in it, but you can bake things like lasagna in it; $90. A highly visible indoor-outdoor clock, twelve inches in diameter, with highly visible black Arabic numerals and minute markers and a red second hand, is $55.

Sointu, 20 East 69th Street, where everything is black, white, clear, silver, or stainless steel, has a glass bowl and platter (from a studio in St. Louis) with an opaque white line just below the "floating" rim, giving the illusion of another white line at the top; $125 each. Some candleholders—two-and-a-half-inch cubes with bevelled glass sides and copper or gray leading—come with votive candle and a cup to hold it (so you don't have to clean out the cube); $25, and the most attractive small candleholders we've seen. Andrée Putman's porcelain demitasse cups, white with a thin black line below the rim, the saucers edged with small black-and-white squares, have the Putman flair; $35. A streamlined folding picnic knife has a serrated blade for bread and sausage, a straight-edged blade for fruit and cheese, and a fork for spearing; $28. A slim, pyramidal black desk lamp, fifteen inches high, with fine perforations and a fluorescent tube, takes up no room and costs $160. An industrial piggy bank made of aluminum (anodized and epoxy-painted), brass, and plastic is in a Bauhaus shape, on little Memphis feet, with small Deco metal balls holding the top in place; it's a $90 joke by a couple of industrial designers and teachers at the Rhode Island School of Design, Mickey and Roberta Ackerman. There is yet another designer teakettle—this one from Dansk and made of stainless steel with a curved black plastic handle ending in midair. You fill it by letting the water hit one half of a hinged circular opening in the top. Sleek, and $60.

For those who have a tendency to burn out the teakettle, perhaps it's time to give up on teakettles that look like helmets, or ones with a little red bird on the spout—all designer teakettles, in fact—and buy a Russell Hobbs kettle. They are English, and have been around for several years. The Russell Hobbs kettle doesn't whistle—it simply turns itself off when the water is boiling, or if the water level gets too low. It's a plain-Jane stainless-steel kettle with a white or black handle and knob; $45.95 at Zabar's.

About some chairs, or, anyway, things to sit on: D. F. Sanders, 386 West Broadway and 952 Madison Avenue (75th), has wooden stools that can be folded up with one hand by means of a small hole near the edge of the seat, and then hung on the wall. They come in black, white, or natural, high or low, for $85 or $75. Handy in a kitchen. Bardith I, 1015 Madison Avenue (79th), has a number of charming Victorian tufted chairs in one of the most inviting and useful models ever made, which no one makes anymore. They are low, with curved, welcoming arms; they support the back; there are no loose cushions, so they're easy to get out of; and they are small enough to pull up to any place in a room. These have been refurbished—using the original horsehair—and covered with muslin, and they await their buyers' choices of fabrics; from $1,600 to $2,000, depending on size. A wonderfully comfortable, going-to-hell-in-the-tropics sort of chair will eventually be in stock again at Sarinah ("Treasures and trifles from the Indonesian islands"), 4 East 54th Street. The store has been open only about ten minutes, and the chair has already sold out. It has a wooden frame. (No one is quite sure what kind of wood, but one salesman suggested *jati*, an Indonesian wood that is strong and abundant.) The seat and the sloping back are wicker cane, and slats pull out from under the wide arms to put your legs on; $250. Sarinah has the confident air of a government-backed business. It occupies three floors of a large town house, and is by no means crammed with merchandise, although there is plenty in there. Substantial wicker chairs and love seats cost from $245 to $575.

The management of Cherchez, 862 Lexington Avenue (65th), has been to England, and has not returned empty-handed. A picnic blanket of Black Watch wool with a navy-blue waterproof backing is $90. A brass bath tray with expandable sliding ends is $125. Some blue-and-white Brixton spongeware is represented by a mug with "FOR A FRIEND" around the top ($22), a pasta bowl decorated with different pasta shapes, including ziti, shells, and farfalle ($48), and a Christmassy mug (Brixton tones down the colors) with holly leaves and berries ($25). Candle shades (Retro) come in green, pink, or blue marbleized parchment, for $30 a pair, and

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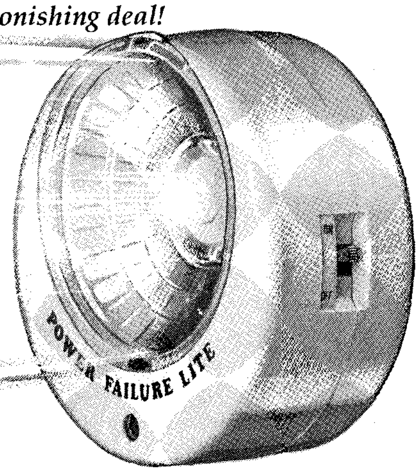

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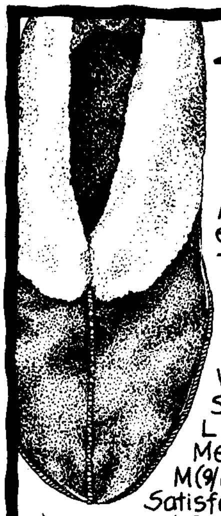

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in black or green metal, for $40 a pair. The bases are brass, and $50 a pair, so for $80 you've got a couple of period pieces. Small handmade flowerpots are $7 and $12, and an address book and a large portfolio covered with Piranesi prints are $12 and $18, respectively. Anyone in the market for decorative desk sets should head for Il Papiro, 1021 Lexington Avenue (73rd), where everything from a small box ($5) to a very large portfolio with leather trimmings ($515) can be found, covered in marble-, peacock-, snail-, or freehand-patterned paper—everything except a New York-telephone-book cover, that is. Boxes, bookends, blotters, wastepaper baskets (small), letter racks, albums, address books, pencils, notebooks, picture frames, scrapbooks. And masks. *Papier à cuve* is the correct name for this paper, but it is commonly known as marbleized paper or bookend paper.

SWEET NELLIE, 1262 Madison Avenue (90th), has by far the nicest Christmas stockings to hang by the chimney with care. They're large enough to hold twelve oranges or thirty lumps of coal. Knitted in a more or less Scandinavian design, with a choice of red or green heels and toes and a nine-letter (or under) name knitted around the top, they cost $43, and an even larger one, with a reindeer on it, is $47. It's too late now for personalizing, but there is a stock of unnamed ones in both sizes ($38 and $42), and remiss types can order names for next year. The Museum of Modern Art's clear-glass Christmas-tree balls are $25 for six large ones, $24 for twelve small. Putting first things first, MOMA has chosen "Working" as the theme for its 1987 engagement calendar. The illustrations depict various means of gainful employment, and include a steamfitter (rippling muscles), Maurice Chevalier with the girls of the Folies-Bergère, and a department-store Santa Claus with a small child perched apprehensively on his knee; $10. Children would like the standup snowman cards. The snowman's red mittens extend through two holes in his belly, and are exactly the right size to hold a folded bill or check from Aunt Maude; $12 for a box of twelve. Kelter-Malcé, 361 Bleecker Street, is all geared up for Christmas with things from olden times—feather trees, antique ornaments, Dresden candy boxes. Feather trees were made from the Christmas goose, and these cost from

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$350, for one eighteen inches high, to $900, for one sixty inches high, but they are long-lived. They fold up like an umbrella for storing. A fourteen-inch feather wreath is $550. New feather trees, made by a young man named Robert Treadway, cost $60 for a three-tier one, eighteen inches high, and $80 for a four-tier one, twenty-two inches high. Little antique ornaments—balls, pumpkins, stars, and hearts, for example—are from $6 to $10. The small Dresden candy boxes—a baseball, a Steinway, a portmanteau, a lantern, a wireless telephone, a snowball—are filled with candied violets (on the house) and can be hung on the Christmas tree; from $75 to $650 (for a golden throne). Ornaments of mercury glass run from $25 to $400 (for a bunch of golden grapes). Asprey will have some traditional English party crackers for Christmas, decorated with green ribbons and a purple Asprey label, and stuffed not only with a paper hat and a balloon but with the favor of your choice from Asprey's collection of trinkets. There's a travelling pepper mill (gilt) in a red leather pouch ($25); a small enamelled box with a Christmas tree on it ($50); a silver ballpoint pen ($85); and other items, mostly silver, although a large diamond can also be wrapped and inserted in the cracker if the customer so wishes. The cracker itself is free, and poses a test of character for the host: if your friends are not all named Asprey, you may want to cover the Asprey label with a label of your own.

During the holidays, pack up the family, including the baby, and take them to the American Craft Museum. It lifts the spirits, and nothing is for sale.

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Grand Junction* (*Colo.*) *Daily Sentinel*]

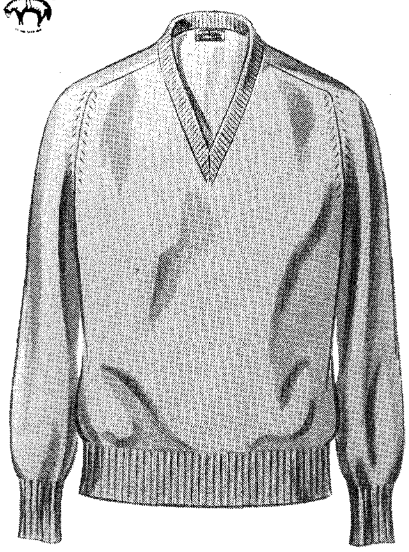
Other neighbors said they were astonished to see the Special Services Unit trooping through their yards in combat gear Thursday afternoon.

"They rang my doorbell, but I wouldn't answer it," said Mary Ann Morton, who lives next to the Rozgas. "I thought they were Texans."

•

Evgeny Kisin, the young aspiring pianist from the Soviet Union, is currently in Japan, making his debut in the Western world.—*Japan Times, a Tokyo English-Language newspaper.*

He made a wrong turn at Vladivostok.



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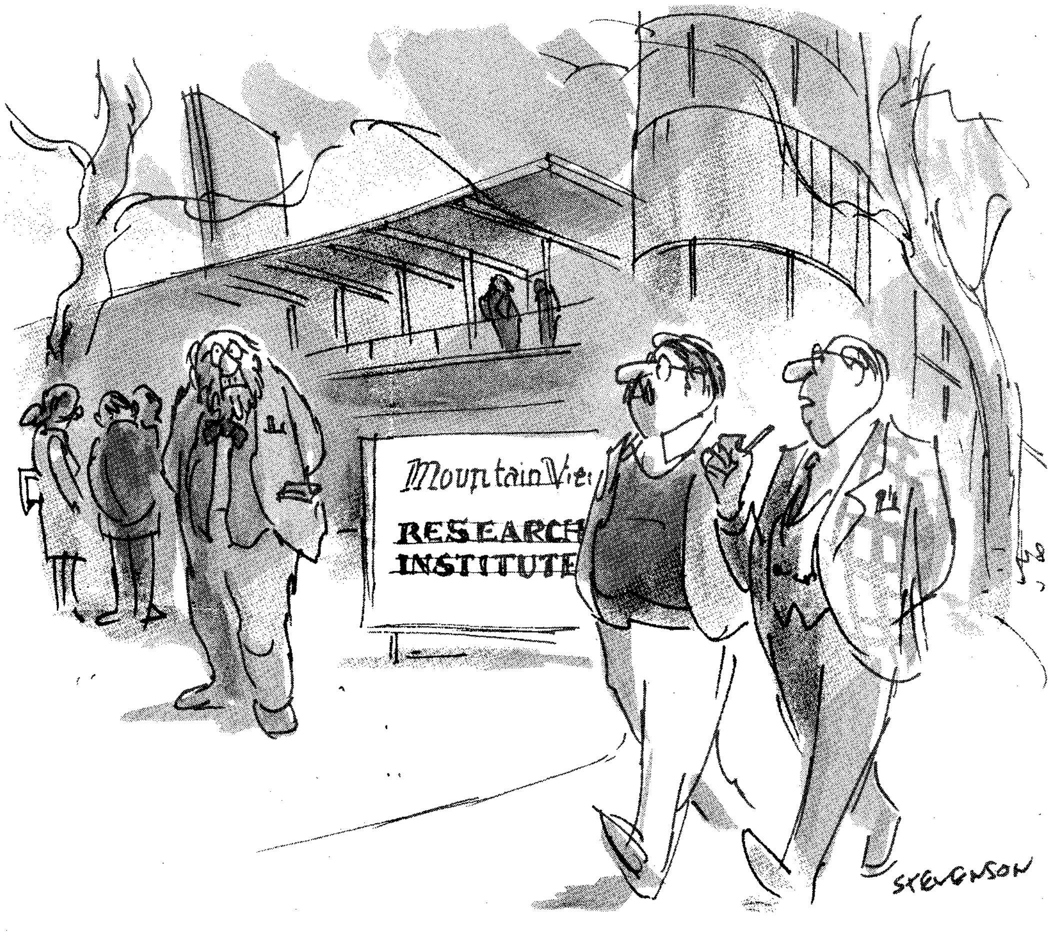
THE ART WORLD

Between Neo- and Post-

THE new art package has arrived. It has set off a sort of feeding frenzy among the trendier dealers and collectors, some of whom had very little advance knowledge of the contents. If you had been really attuned, of course, you would have known about a year and a half ago that something was up—another swing of the pendulum, the emergence of a new sensibility, which looked with scorn upon neo-expressionism, graffiti, and other recent art packages. Now it's here, turning up all over town, and if you want to get in on it you are probably too late. The question of what to call the new thing has not been settled. "Neo-geo," the catchiest title, may not stick, because it refers only to one ingredient of the package—the geometric abstract painting that mimics and comments on earlier geometric abstract painting. "Neo-conceptualism," "neo-minimalism," and "neo-Pop" are broad enough to take in the assemblages and the manufactured commercial objects that some of the other artists go in for, but as titles they lack pizzazz. (They also call attention to the fact that nothing here is new, only "neo.") Even without a suitable name, though, the stuff is getting major attention as it moves out of the East Village and into the international mainstream. The big event of the downtown art season this fall was the October 18th opening of a four-artist show of the new work at the Sonnabend Gallery, in SoHo. The show sold out so quickly that Ileana Sonnabend's only problem has been placating the collectors who were too slow in placing their orders. The four young artists—Peter Halley, Ashley Bickerton, Jeff Koons, and Meyer Vaisman—can write their own tickets in terms of future gallery representation. Sonnabend will take on Koons and Bickerton, and she will share Vaisman with her colleague (and former husband) Leo Castelli, who, for his part, plans to show several other new artists in collaboration with Pat Hearn, the current doyenne of East Village dealers. The situation at the moment is highly "fluid," as Ileana Sonnabend puts it, and quite touchy. Sonnabend and Castelli do not wish to be seen as corporate raiders, capitalizing on the groundwork of small East Village galleries; they are willing, they say, to coöperate with the artists' original dealers on future exhibitions and on sales. But some of the artists, having scaled ambition's ladder, seem to feel that the East Village is now behind them. A number of friendships have been strained as a result.

Much of the talk about the new artists centers on their own aggressive self-marketing. Meyer Vaisman, twenty-six, born in Venezuela and a fairly recent graduate of the Parsons School of Design, is a dealer as well as an artist: he is a co-owner of International with Monument, the East Village gallery that shows Halley and Koons. Jeff Koons, who supported himself for five years as a highly successful commodities broker with Smith Barney, Harris Upham & Co., Inc., is said to be as adept at promoting his art work as he was at selling cotton futures. "These artists actually do the things I was accused of doing," Mary Boone said to me the other day, in amusement. (The Mary Boone Gallery, in SoHo, launched Julian Schnabel, David Salle, and other stars of the neo-expressionist wave; she represented Koons briefly, but he left her for another SoHo gallery, which he also left.) One especially effective ploy that has reportedly been used is to let on that Charles Saatchi has just bought your latest work. Saatchi, the British advertising and public-relations executive who is also the world's most active buyer of contemporary art, began acquiring works by Koons, Halley, and others in the group about a year ago, and his purchases galvanized the market for them. Another factor in their meteoric rise has been the rather strident enthusiasm of Estelle Schwartz, a private New York art adviser who exerts an uncanny influence over a small group



"I'm a bit worried about Harold. He's begun to call everything 'mind-boggling.'"

of collectors. It was Estelle Schwartz who got Ileana Sonnabend to look at the new work.

What with all the talk of escalating prices and rampant self-promotion, it is a surprise to find the new art so agreeable and (relatively) unassuming. Halley paints multi-panel pictures in which a few simple shapes—squares or rectangles—occupy large areas of Day-Glo color. Vaisman uses very large surfaces whose over-all design pattern is a photographic blowup of the weave of a piece of canvas. Bickerton makes eccentric wall constructions with eccentric images on them—the outline of a subway map, for example, or an array of gaudily painted simulated rocks. Koons buys kitschy objects from decorative-art outlets or souvenir wholesalers and has them cast in stainless steel. At least, this is what they did for the Sonnabend show; with the exception of Halley, who has been painting in the same vein since 1983, the others have done very different work in the past, and they might easily do very different work in the future. (Koons told me he probably would not do anything more in stainless steel.) What we have, then, is neither a movement nor a common style but a very loose group of artists ("barely even a group," Sonnabend says) who share certain attitudes and influences. The primary influences appear to be Pop art, with its ironic use of vulgar or commercial imagery, and conceptual art, in which the physical art object or image is simply a vehicle for the communication of aesthetic, philosophical, or social ideas. The new work is cool, unemotional, and frequently enigmatic—not the sort of thing to incite collectors to frenzy, you might think. On the other hand, it has a fresh, cheerful look that comes as a relief from the primal screaming of neo-expressionism, and it does seem to plug right into recent art history.

Ah, but wait. Art history these days is reckoned not in decades but in years or months. Although the primary influences may be Pop and conceptual, the immediate antecedent of the new work is something called "appropriation," which I had rather hoped I could ignore. Artists have always appropriated the work and the ideas of other artists, needless to say, in the sense of building on previous achievements, but the term entered art jargon and assumed a new dimension in the work of a number of recent American artists, the most widely exhibited of whom is Sherrie Levine. Levine made

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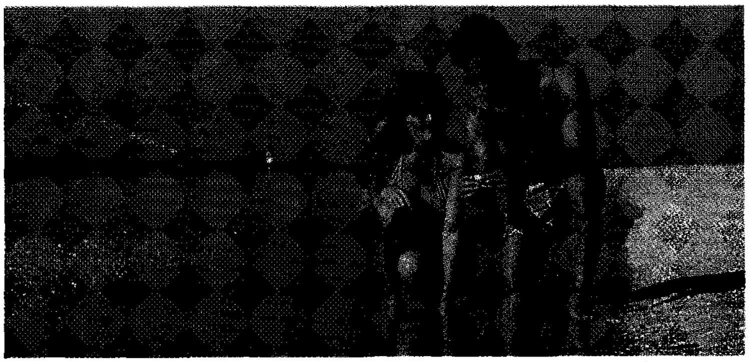

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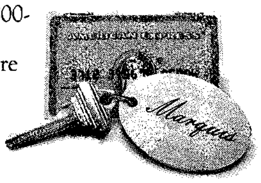

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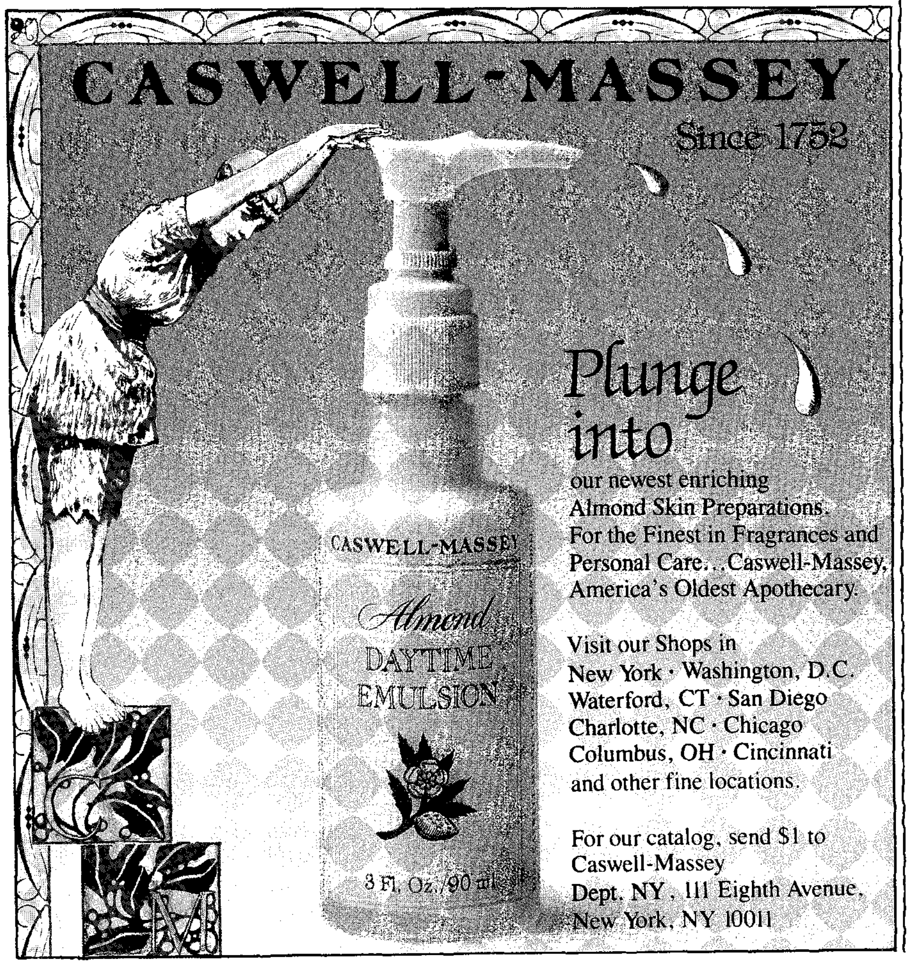

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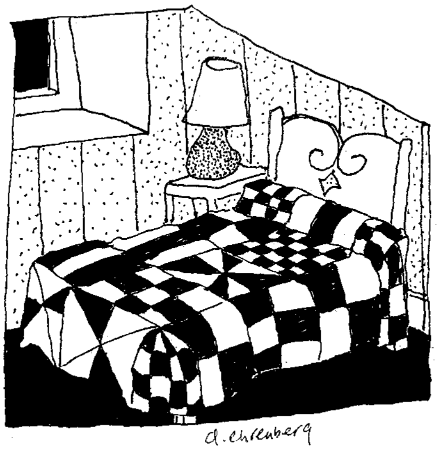
a name for herself in 1981 by rephotographing some art-book reproductions of vintage photographs by Edward Weston, having prints made from these negatives, and hanging them, unaltered except for the addition of her signature, in a show at Metro Pictures. She went on to make exact copies in watercolor of art-book reproductions of pictures by Egon Schiele, El Lissitzky, Joan Miró, Piet Mondrian, and Kasimir Malevich, which she exhibited under her name with titles such as "After Joan Miró" and "After Piet Mondrian." These "appropriations" were received with considerable awe, by certain critics, as conceptual works that questioned and commented on the issue of originality in art. Having gained a measure of fame as an appropriationist, Levine has now decided that appropriation is no longer enough for her, according to a recent article in *ARTnews*, and she has gone on to paint geometric abstractions (stripes and checkerboard patterns) and to exhibit pieces of plywood untreated except for the knotholes, which she has painted gold. These works, she has said, "are about death in a way: the uneasy death of modernism."

Thirteen years ago, two people writing under the name Cheryl Bernstein published an essay on a fictitious artist named Hank Herron, whose work consisted of making exact copies of paintings by Frank Stella. The essay, which appeared in a widely distributed anthology called "Idea Art" (Dutton; 1973), argued that Herron's copies introduced "a radically new and philosophical element . . . that is precluded in the work of Mr. Stella, i.e., the denial of originality." This sly spoof went unrecognized as one at the time, and now, according to Thomas Crow, a critic who discusses it in the catalogue of a current group show of Halley, Koons, and others at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Boston, it is being rediscovered and cited as prophetic. And so it is, to my chagrin. I had gone on naïvely assuming that appropriation itself was a more or less amusing hoax, but no such luck—it turns out that Sherrie Levine's efforts (if not Hank Herron's) are in deadly earnest, and, worse still, that they are tied up with French post-structuralist philosophy, an exceptionally glum line of thought which also informs some of the newest art. I have no doubt that Charles Saatchi and his fellow-collectors are close students of post-structuralism, and are therefore in a better position than I am to understand the new work. They have surely mastered the notion of the simulacrum, for example. Jean Baudrillard, one of the top-drawer post-structuralists, has advised us that we live in a world of simulacra, by which he means, I think, a world of signs that have become detached from the real things they supposedly represent. As a result of the overwhelming power of advertising, television, and the media in general, we no longer inhabit a world of real things, according to Baudrillard; reality has been replaced by the signs and images that refer to it. And art—well, art has been replaced by its simulacrum, too. The artist can no longer make art; he or she can only refer to it, and one way of doing so is by appropriating or mimicking previous art. In the process, the artist Peter Halley has written, the elements of modernism "are reduced to their pure formal state and are denuded of any last vestiges of life or meaning."

Halley, who is thirty-three, has done a lot of thinking about these matters, and he has published a number of essays on the intellectual underpinnings of the new work. He comes from one of those New York families that take ideas seriously. His father, Rudolph Halley, served as chief counsel to the Kefauver Committee that investigated organized crime in the nineteen-fifties, and also served for two years as president of the City Council. Peter went to Andover, a school whose highly professional art program helped him decide to become an artist. At Andover, he learned about minimal art, which was developing great strength in those years (the late nineteen-sixties), and was firmly grounded in aesthetic theories. At Yale, where he went after Andover, the art program seemed to him much more conservative, with an emphasis on figurative painting which made



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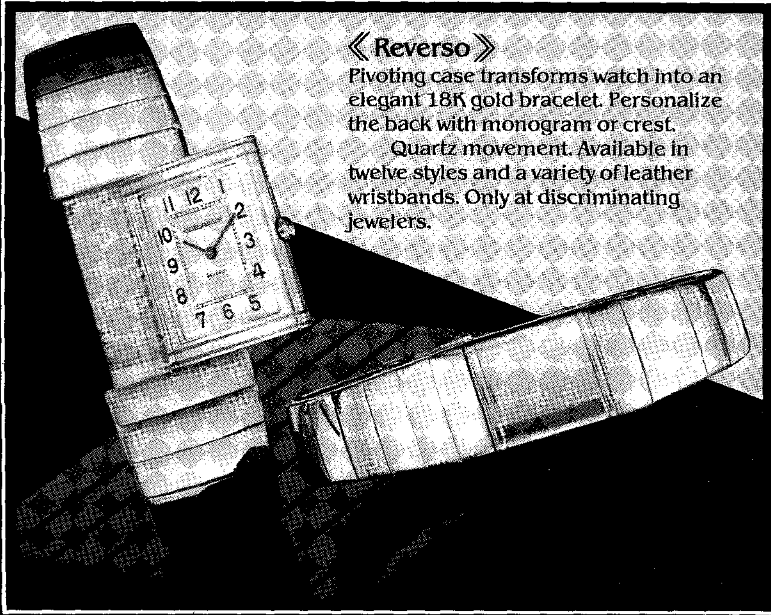

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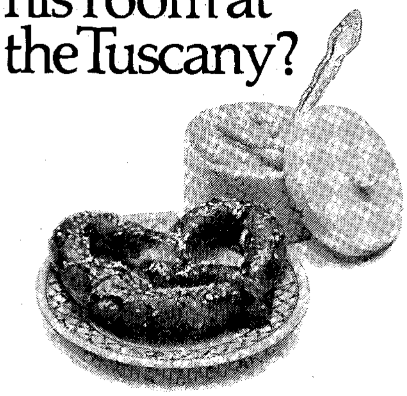

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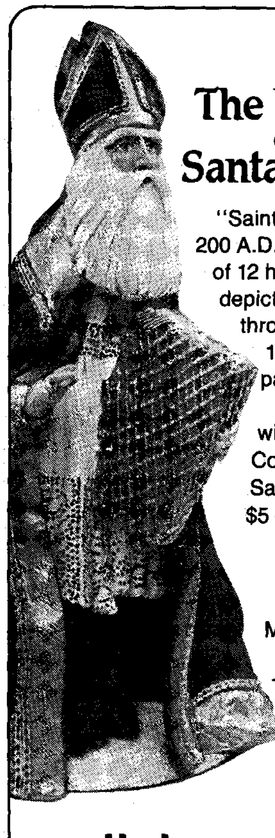

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him feel out of tune with the other students—so much so that he decided to do his graduate work at the University of New Orleans. The wave of figurative, expressionist painting that swept over the art world in the early eighties seemed to Halley wholly irrelevant, backward, and uninteresting. "I felt that Frank Stella was right when he said that systems, repetitive shapes, and non-relational work were what was interesting now," Halley told me last month. "But suddenly all these artists seemed to have gone back to an interest in composition, which is related to an older, European state of mind." By 1980, Halley was living in Manhattan again. He was painting minimalist abstractions, and he had started to meet some young artists who were using images from TV and other media in their work. Barbara Kruger, one of these artists, introduced him to the writings of Jean Baudrillard, whose ideas seemed to clarify his own. "My work had tended to vacillate between an interest in Pop art and an interest in artists like Rothko and Newman, who dealt in existential or transcendental themes," Halley said. "But now my belief in transcendental themes broke down. I began to see that my work was no longer either abstract or minimal, it was *about* those things. The same kind of issue was turning up in the work of media-oriented artists like Barbara Kruger and Jenny Holzer, and it was also turning up in music—David Byrne, for example. Byrne is a musical version of Pop and minimalism combined."

Halley found himself painting geometric abstractions in which a few vertical lines within a square block of color suggested "cells"—he saw them both as images of confinement and as cellular units in the scientific sense. Often the cell blocks were connected to one another by heavy black lines, which he called "conduits," signifying either spatial corridors or electrical connections. These images of confinement and interconnection had social implications for Halley; they suggested the condition of the individual in a media-controlled, post-industrial world. The highly reflective Day-Glo colors he was using were the "hyper-realized simulated equivalent" of color, he wrote.

Halley is the house intellectual—few of the artists with whom he is associated are so steeped in post-structuralist theory. Jeff Koons told me that Halley says Koons' work is very much in line with Baudrillard's

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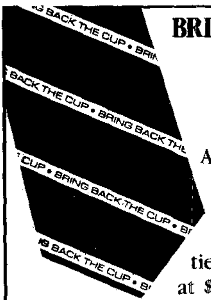
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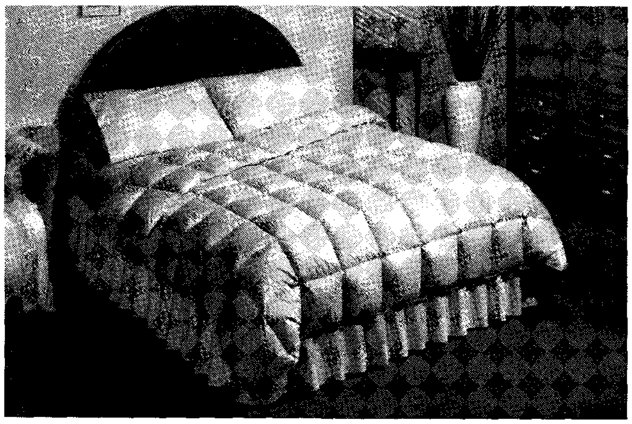

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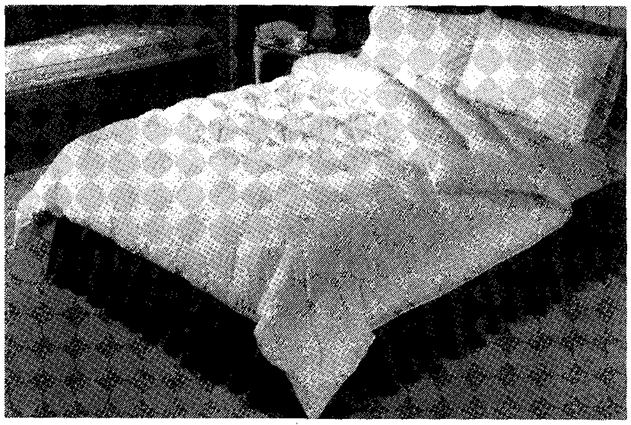

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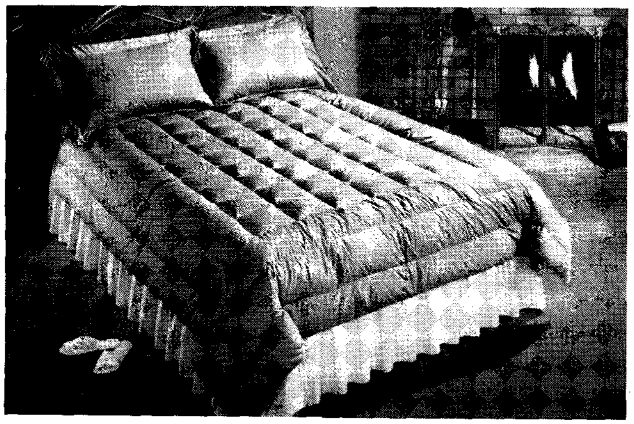

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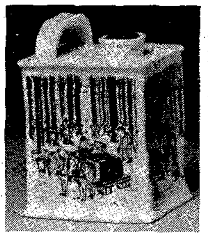

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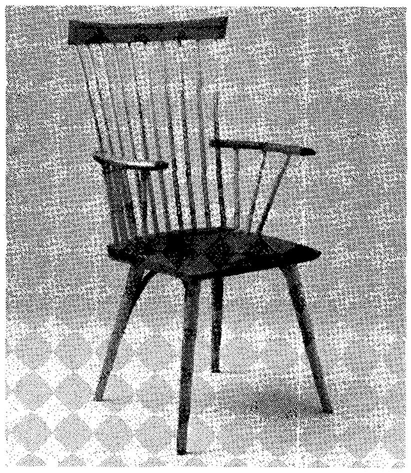
thinking; this is O.K. with Koons, who has not read any Baudrillard. In his own much-discussed 1985 show at International with Monument, Koons offered three separate but related classes of simulacra: large advertising posters for Nike athletic shoes; bronze casts of aquatic equipment (Aqualung, snorkel, rowboat); and large aquariums containing regulation basketballs that had been filled with enough fluid (either water or mercury) so that they remained partly or completely submerged. He has also exhibited brand-new vacuum cleaners encased in Plexiglas, and, earlier this fall, at International with Monument, poster-size liquor ads (made from the commercial originals, with permission) and stainless-steel replicas of novelty liquor decanters and other aids to alcoholic consumption. All this has something to do, I surmise, with ideas about our consumer culture and the desire for status. I must say, though, that the vacuum cleaners and the basketballs mysteriously hovering in tanks of water were indelible images—something I have not yet discovered in the work of Vaisman or Bickerton.

THERE are a number of new artists I haven't mentioned. Haim Steinbach does installations of commercially manufactured items in strange combinations—for example, a portable radio-tape player on a shelf with a pair of latex "Yoda" masks. Peter Schuyff, Ti Shan Hsu, and Mary Heilmann paint geometric abstractions. Ross Bleckner, an artist who has been showing since 1979 at the Mary Boone Gallery, began in 1981 to show stripe paintings that referred directly to the Op-art movement of the nineteen-sixties and reëstablished Bleckner as an important influence on the current scene. The Europeans Helmut Federle, John M. Armleder, and Gerwald Rockenschaub have turned up in group shows of the new abstraction here, and most of the Americans are now starting to show in Europe.

The most curious case, however, and, in my view, the most interesting artist of this new generation, is Philip Taaffe. Although Taaffe's paintings are nearly all "appropriations" of the work of certain twentieth-century artists—Barnett Newman and Bridget Riley are his current models—he does not seem to attach any post-structuralist significance to this fact. And, indeed, the superficial resemblance is deceiving, for Taaffe's paintings differ



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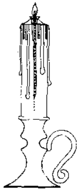

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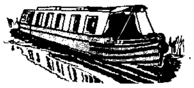

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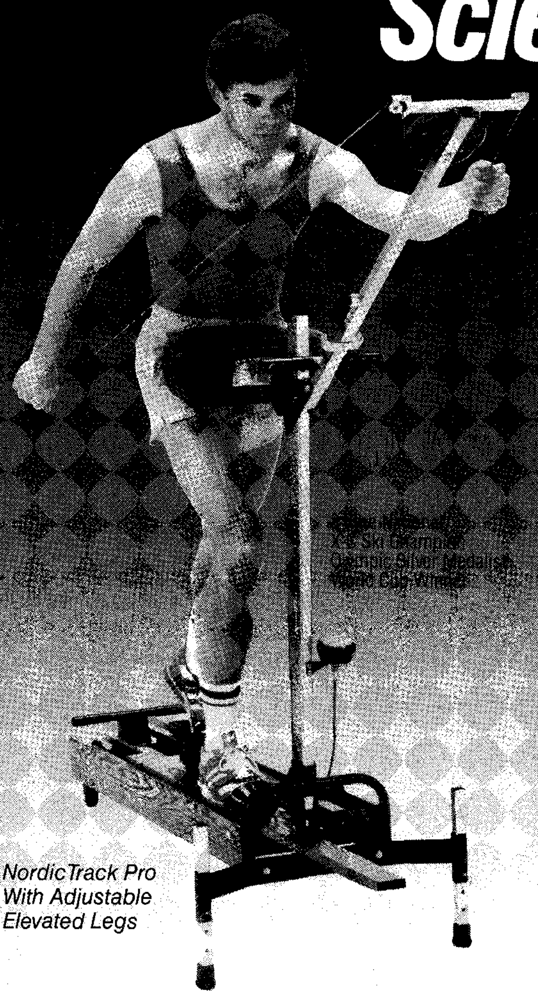

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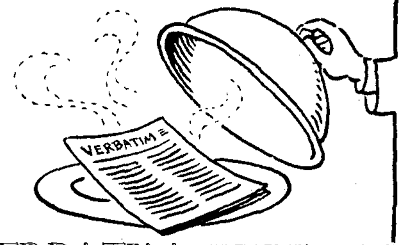

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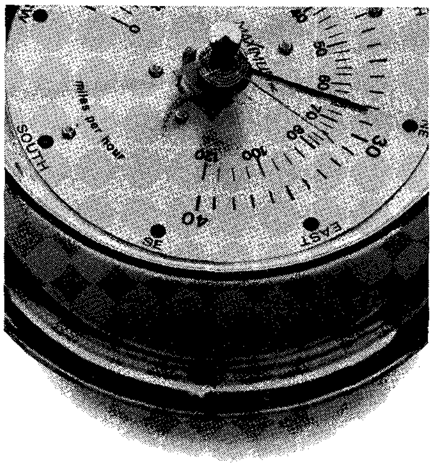
in many ways from the "originals." For one thing, virtually all of them are collages. When Taaffe makes an Op-art painting with an undulating stripe pattern which mimics the work of the British artist Bridget Riley, for example, he uses an obsessively complex technical process that is entirely his own. First, he hand-prints the wavy stripes from linoleum blocks, cuts them out, and glues them to the canvas; next, he paints over the entire surface; he then scrapes the paint down to retrieve the outlines of the stripes. There are many more steps in the process, and they give the finished picture a dense, handmade look that is the antithesis of Riley's smooth, impersonal surface. (Reproductions of Taaffe's work do not show this aspect at all.) When Riley was in town last month for the opening of her first New York show in several years, at the Jeffrey Hoffeld Gallery, on Madison Avenue, Taaffe went to the opening, introduced himself, and invited her to his studio. She accepted the invitation, and, according to Taaffe, her reaction to his reworked Rileys was by no means unfavorable. "You mean she took it as a compliment rather than a ripoff?" I asked him. He nodded, but a moment later he said that, to be honest, what he was doing was not simply a compliment to an artist he admired. "I do admire her work a lot, but unfortunately there's always some violence involved in taking another artist's work and making it your own," he said. "What I think I'm doing is romanticizing the space of Op art. There isn't much room for the imagination to move around in Op, but in my paintings, I think, there is."

Taaffe, who is thirty-one, has kept somewhat aloof from the East Village artists. He did not participate in group discussions that Halley and others used to have fairly regularly in the apartment of Tricia Collins and Richard Milazzo, two young critics who have written about the new work and organized a number of group exhibitions of it. He does not even live downtown; his present studio and living quarters are in a midtown commercial building on Broadway. Nor does Taaffe share the pessimism of post-structuralist thought. He decided to be a painter when he was a young child growing up in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and his emotional and intellectual commitment to painting is untouched by philosophical doubts. He feels that painting can still have a powerful effect on



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society, in the sense that the sort of concentration and integrity that it requires can be a model for how one leads one's life. And his use of other artists' work as the basis for his own does not strike him as being any different from, say, Manet's use of Giorgione in "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," or Picasso's use of Delacroix and other Old Masters.

Taaffe is intensely bothered, moreover, by the accusations of commercialism, cynicism, and hype which have been levelled against the new abstract art. "That kind of talk makes me furious," he told me. "It makes me want to say, 'Just wait until I do the paintings I have in my head.' " He shows with Pat Hearn, and he is not in negotiation with Sonnabend, Castelli, or any other gallery. The furor that now exists about his work and the work of Halley, Koons, and one or two others is just so much noise in the background, he says, which he tries to ignore as best he can.

"If only art could accomplish the magic act of its own disappearance! But it continues to make believe it is disappearing when it is already gone." That's Jean Baudrillard, quoted in a recent issue of *Flash Art*, a magazine that keeps in close touch with the latest trends. Taaffe isn't buying this line. He said last spring in a panel discussion at the Pat Hearn Gallery (he is not *totally* aloof), with the invigorating arrogance of the young, "I think we've gotten to the point now where it's been proven that painting cannot be killed . . . It won't die, and we have to accept that fact."

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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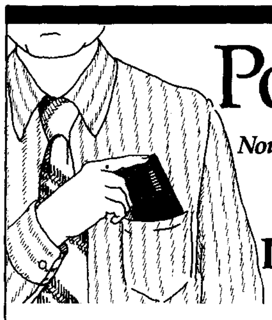

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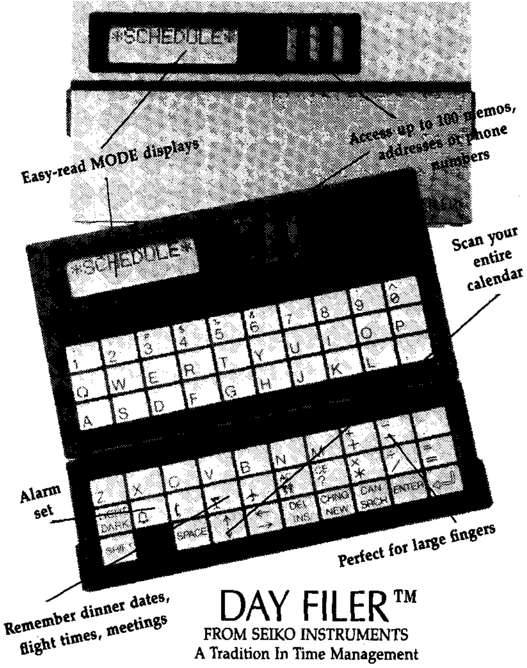
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Quaternion

THE music of Elliott Carter, as the AmeriGrove entry on him says in its opening sentence, "at its best sustains an energy of invention that is unrivaled in contemporary composition." His chamber music has entered the modern repertory. The Third String Quartet has been thrice recorded: by the Juilliard, the Composers, and the Arditti Quartets. His piano piece "Night Fantasies" has been thrice recorded: by Paul Jacobs, Charles Rosen, and, most recently, Aleck Karis (on a Bridge compact disk, BCD 9001). His orchestra pieces are heard less often; they need more rehearsal than most orchestras are willing to afford. But that stirring performance of the Piano Concerto—Ursula Oppens the pianist, with the Cincinnati Symphony, conducted by Michael Gielen—which I wrote about two years ago has appeared now on a New World record (NW 347, both regular and compact), coupled with the Variations for Orchestra done by the same orchestra and conductor, with the same alertness. Earlier this year, the Triple Duo and the Robert Lowell cycle "In Sleep, in Thunder" appeared on a Nonesuch disk (79110), performed by their original interpreters (the Fires of London; and the tenor Martyn Hill with the London Sinfonietta, conducted by Oliver Knussen). The records are important: listeners no less than performers need time to get to know Carter's works. Through the waves of fashion that have swept Western music in the last four decades he has pursued his personal course. Not a year passes now without a festival at which his music is prominent. This year, it was much played at Festival Miami (presented by the University of Miami School of Music) and at the Warsaw Autumn Festival. The works heard in Miami ranged from the First Symphony, of 1942, to the Fourth String Quartet, completed earlier this year, which received its first performance there, on September 17th. The new quartet was commissioned jointly by the Composers, Sequoia, and Thouvenel Quartets. It is dedicated to the Composers Quartet (Matthew Raimondi, Anahid Ajemian, Jean Dane, and Mark Shuman), long associated with Carter's music, which gave the Miami performance. This month, the Composers played the quartet at Northeastern University, and then at Vassar College (where I heard it), in an all-Carter concert presented by the Department of Music. The piece comes to New York on December 13th, when the Composers will play it in Merkin Hall; the concert is to be broadcast the next day by WNYC, at 7:30 P.M., and beamed up to the radio satellite so that other public broadcasting stations can carry it.

Pierre Boulez has declared that writing for a string quartet is "a thing of the past," and in 1968 he began to recast his big "Livre pour Quatuor," embarked on twenty years before, as a "Livre pour Cordes," for a large string orchestra. In fact, the string quartet shows no sign of ceasing to be what for more than two centuries it has been: a medium for a great composer's—for Haydn's, Mozart's, Beethoven's, Bartók's, Shostakovich's, Carter's—most profound and personal thoughts. The string quartet is the only form to which Carter has returned regularly: once in each decade, roughly, since the long First Quartet, of 1950-1951, in which he discovered his mature musical language. Each of his quartets has been an exploration and consolidation of ideas adumbrated in earlier compositions, worked out now with the freedom, the boldness, and the intensity that the medium affords, and at the same time a pointer to the future. The first three of them sired ideas that grew in later works, and no doubt the Fourth will do the same. In rude summary, the First Quartet played with—worked with—polymetrics; time scales simultaneous but not synchro-

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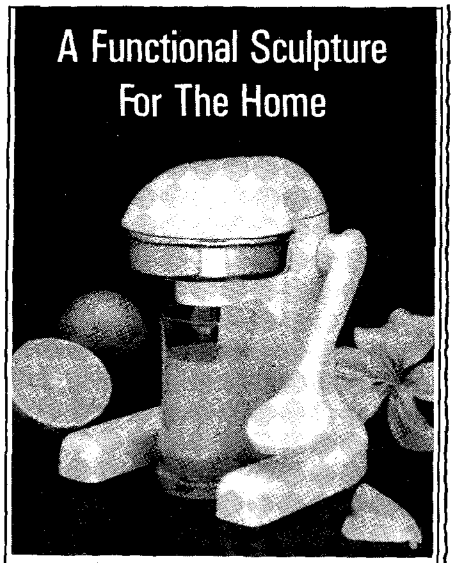

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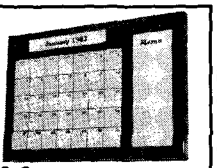

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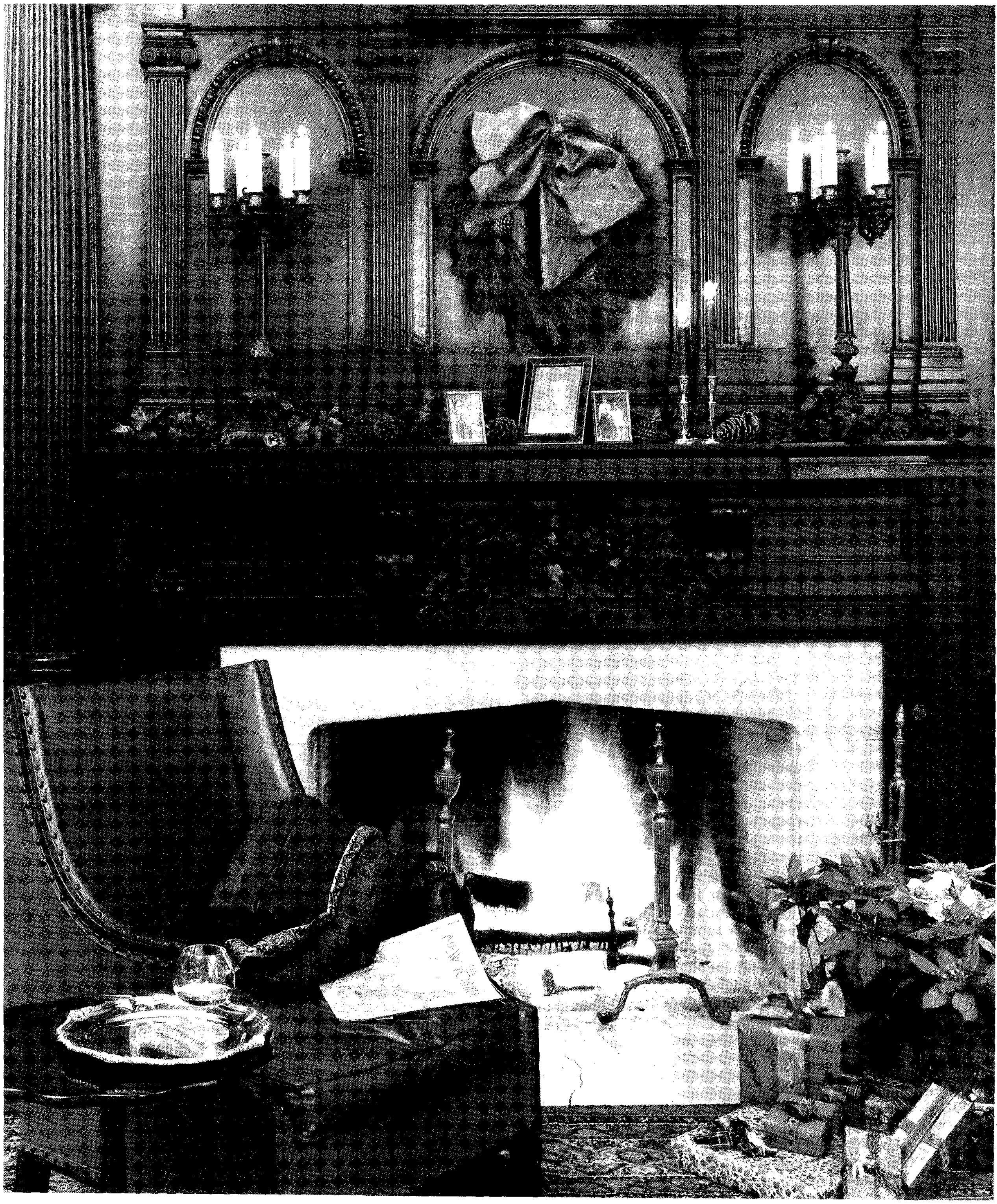
nous; and chords, not those of conventional harmony, that defined a world in which the quartet moved. It was written (in the Arizona desert) without regard for practical difficulties: "I often wondered whether the quartet would ever have any performers or listeners," Carter said, in a program note for a Composers Quartet recording. It then became the most often played of his compositions. The Second Quartet (1959), which he has described as a "four-way conversation," is a discourse at once logically developed and without thematic recurrences, and one in which each instrument maintains its own kind of characteristic utterance, its own kind of music. The Third Quartet (1971) is a double duo: two distinct yet complementary suites of movements—one for violin and viola, the other for violin and cello. The Duo for violin and piano and the Triple Duo for the six players of the Fires found starting points there; so did the Symphony of Three Orchestras, with its lapped movements for three separated ensembles.

THE Fourth String Quartet, which lasted about twenty-four minutes, is in four movements: Appassionato, Scherzando, Lento, and Presto. The movements are played without breaks, and they are articulated by chordal passages in which one can hear the building of the harmonies—the pressure of note against note against note—far more clearly than in the swift-moving textures that Carter has generally favored. This is one of the new things in the quartet: the dwelling on expressive intervals. But it grows from preceding pieces. In the violin solo "Riconoscenza per Goffredo Petrassi" (1984) the melody pauses, between flights, on long-sustained consonances. In an obituary essay for Stefan Wolpe, in 1972, Carter recalled a Dartington class by Wolpe that became "a meditation on how wonderful these primary materials, intervals, were." Wolpe sat playing them

> over and over again on the piano, singing, roaring, humming them, loudly, softly, quickly, slowly, short and detached or drawn out and expressive. . . . As he led us from the smallest one, a minor second, to the largest, a major seventh—which took all afternoon—music was reborn, new light dawned, we all knew we would never again listen to music as we had. Stefan had made each of us experience very directly the living power of these primary elements.

One is reminded of Carl Nielsen's remark "The glutted must be taught to regard a melodic third as a gift of God, a fourth as an experience, and a fifth as the supreme bliss." Or Stravinsky's remarks "during one of his habitual, bitter attacks against contemporary composers" as reported by Nicolas Nabokov in his memoirs: "Why, they've lost all sense of the interval. One should treat intervals as if they were dollars." In the new quartet the living power of music's primary elements is treated as something precious.

Another new feature is the use of rests, pauses, breaks, silences. In a September *Musical America* interview Carter said, "This is much more a work of pauses, whereas the other quartets had great long lines of material. . . . This is nothing new; you find a great deal of it in Haydn and Mozart. The Mozart quartets are my favorite quartets, and I wanted to see what I could do with these ideas. I hadn't explored them yet, and wanted to." The freely punctuated, almost "vocal" lines are also a development from those of the miniatures "Riconoscenza" and the flute-and-clarinet duo "Esprit Rude/Esprit Doux." Carter speaks of Mozart's pauses; in addition, the chordal passages of the new work recall Mozart's C-major "Dissonanzen" quartet, K. 465, where note pushes against note, creating a world of unexpected harmonies. It must also be significant that between the Third Quartet and the Fourth Carter returned, after thirty years of avoiding it, to vocal music: "A Mirror on Which to Dwell" appeared in 1976, "Syringa" in 1978, "In Sleep, in Thunder" in 1982. Musicians sometimes amuse themselves by proposing vocal/instrumental pairs of contemporaries: Handel/Bach, Mozart/Haydn, Wagner/Brahms, Schoenberg/Stravinsky. "Treats instruments like voices/treats voices like instruments" provides the rule for what is hardly more than a game. The distinctions cannot be pressed. But they are not altogether valueless. The Carter of the Third Quartet would surely be ranged on the "instrumental," Haydn side; not so the Carter of the instrumental works that have followed "In Sleep, in Thunder"—the Triple Duo, the miniatures, "Penthode," and now the Fourth Quartet, with their spans of lyrical melody. The quartet has the genial, conversational quality of the Triple Duo and "Penthode": conversation apparently free, one idea prompting another, while each speaker maintains



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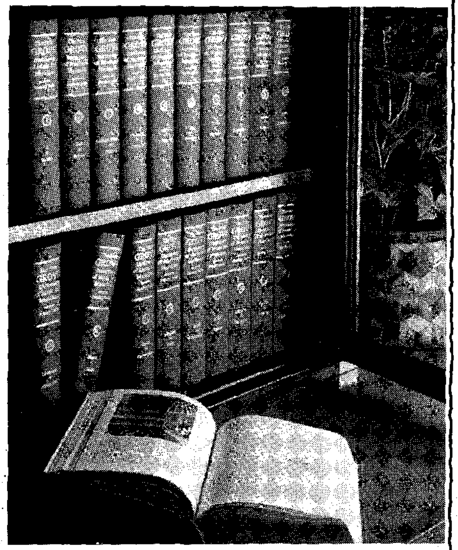

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his or her own characteristic vocabulary and inflections. (Yet all is fashioned by art into carefully planned, shapely periods.) That sense of "characterizations" goes back to the Second Quartet, in which, the composer said, "each instrument is like a character in an opera." Avowed early influences on Carter—sources of "the notion of multilayered texture which has preoccupied me since 1948"—were Charles Ives and, "of course, the operas of Mozart, Verdi, and Mussorgsky." Carter doesn't write operas, though in some aspects "Syringa" comes close to being one. (Or, rather, he has not written an opera since 1934: "Tom and Lily," listed in the New Grove as an uncompleted oratorio of that year, is catalogued in AmeriGrove as a one-act comic opera, for four soloists, chorus, and chamber orchestra. The composer has withdrawn the piece.) He does write dramas—what he has called "scenarios, auditory scenarios, for performers to act out with their instruments, dramatizing the players as individuals and participants in the ensemble."

In the Fourth String Quartet we meet again the four characters of the Second: twenty-five years on, but as intellectually vigorous, adventurous, fluent, and exuberant as ever, with quite different things to say and discuss. The first violin favors large, brave gestures. During the first movement, when the others scurry or flurry he strikes big, shining high notes above their busy dialogue. Such notes from him later crown the chords of the Lento. (The first-violin line of the quartet could, I imagine, be played as a solo that would be enthralling to hear. It might make a good introduction to the richness of the full work.) In an essay for the Composers Quartet recording of the Second Quartet, Carter wrote of Anahid Ajemian's "fascinating wit and humor" in the second-violin role. Here, again, the second violin is a witty, amused, amusing commentator. But she also has ideas of her own to propose. In the Appassionato she brings forward a theme of trim neoclassical cut, of a kind that in Hindemith would lead to a fugato; the cellist rejects it with a kindly smile and a touch of teasing parody. Undaunted, biding her time, she suggests a similar, related theme toward the end of the Lento; the response is sustained chords from the others and, when she insists on her contribution, a final "enough of that" gesture from the cello. Carter believes in typecasting—in instru-

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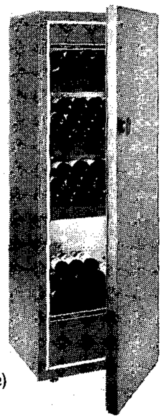

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ments' being true to their essential natures. (Stéphane Goldet, in his "Quatuors du 20^e Siècle"—a survey from Bartók and Berg to Boulez, Carter, and Brian Ferneyhough, published by IRCAM—notes that, of all the composers he considers, only Carter confines himself to normal bow techniques and pizzicato.) The viola is a most "viola-like" poet, while the cello reveals a bolder, more passionately lyrical vein; sometimes he seems to be feeling that he, not the first violin, is the natural leader of the ensemble.

YET another feature that distinguishes the new quartet from its predecessors was pointed out by Carter in a September *Music & Musicians* interview: "In the other quartets—since it was a new idea to me—I was more concerned with making plain the idea that there was a kind of opposition in all these pieces." Now—that confrontational technique mastered, familiarized, through a series of compositions—"in the Fourth Quartet I've been more concerned with making them all join together; they're all playing different things but somehow they're all interconnected with each other. . . . In the end it's one piece without conflict." Or, as Carter put it in the *Musical America* interview: "Each individual instrument is still a separate entity; it's like the Second Quartet in that respect, only not so antagonistic. This time the individuals try to coöperate in playing like a quartet!" He calls the new work "simpler," "lighter" in sound, and "quite different from any of my other quartets and quite different from other music I am currently writing." Its lucidity and grace result from hard, close work on the composer's part. The form is easier to apprehend at a first hearing, but the music is hardly any "simpler," harmonically or rhythmically, than its predecessors. The second violin generally subdivides the beat into threes, the

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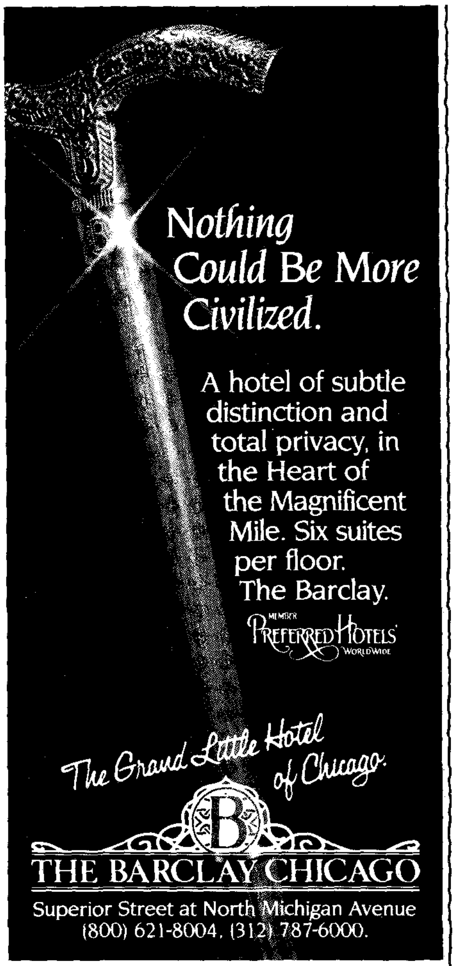
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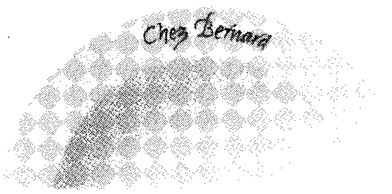

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viola into fives, and the cello into sevens. The listener's ear does not consciously catch this but (as in the Triple Duo, with the duos playing three against five against four) responds to freedom, plasticity; the players must be grateful for notation that can relate plasticity to a common pulse.

On the Vassar program there were also "To Music" (1937), sung by the Vassar Madrigal Singers; the Woodwind Quintet (1948) and the Eight Études and a Fantasy (1949-50), played by the Aspen Wind Quintet, with poise, precision, and charm; and "Riconoscenza," played by Matthew Raimondi. A half century of music! The Fourth String Quartet, at the close, brought together a creator's personal concerns with time, timbre, form, the counterpoints of polyphonic discourse, "speaking" instrumental lines into a new, beautiful unity. The Composers Quartet gave what seemed to me a masterly performance.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

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tongue from the mouth of my over-
stuffed chair. Long, blue-indigo

the months I've burrowed into
like delirious blankets wound

round immobile limbs. I order
dinner delivered, hoping for one

miracle: a small red truck
affixed with rusted blade that

might rev itself to attack
winter's serene achievement—

the isolation of everything.
Through the massive silence one

insect buzzes, biting the white
cosmic dust, making inroads, building

tunnels in an effort to bring me
egg roll, bean curd, water chestnuts,

and rice. Again and again, the scarlet
ant hurls itself against the avalanche

that is Mt. Fujiyama until, almost
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scent of duck sauce that brings to mind
the tenacity of spring.

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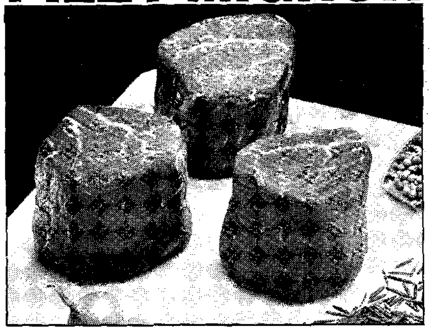

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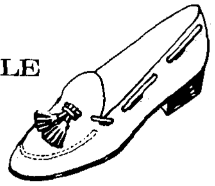

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

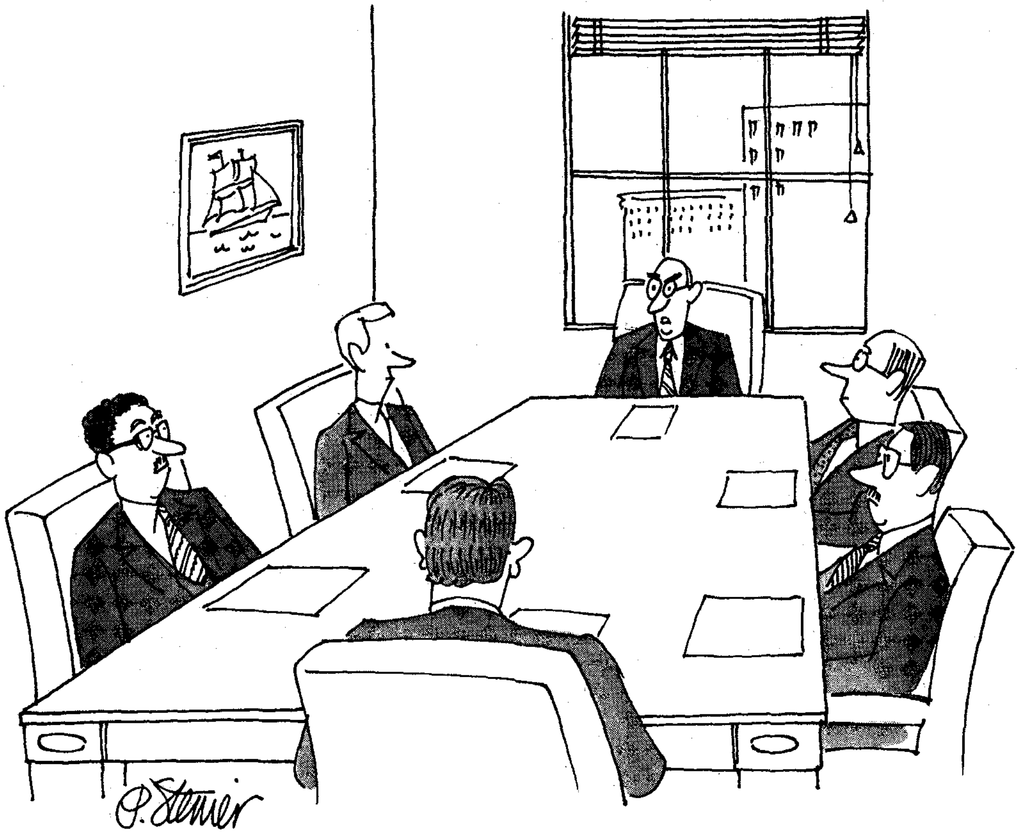
NOVEMBER 16

WASHINGTON is now adjusting its calculations in the wake of the buffeting the President is receiving for his exchanging weapons for hostages with Iran and his less than successful effort to save the Senate for Republicans.

Following each election, there is a solemn search for the Meaning of It All, and the more sweeping the judgment that is made, the more respect it seems to be accorded. We have been offered several such judgments in recent years. After the 1980 election, in which Reagan trounced Carter and the Republicans gained control of the Senate, it was fashionable to say that the country had taken a dramatic turn to the right. The 1982 election, which produced the same Republican-Democratic ratio in the Senate as there had been going in, and in which the Republicans managed to win most of the close races, was deemed a ratification of 1980. By 1984, when Reagan allowed Mondale to carry only Minnesota (and that barely) and the District of Columbia, though the Democrats picked up two Senate seats, it was commonly observed that the Democrats could no longer win in the South and the West, that the Republicans had established a political hegemony, and that they were on their way to enjoying a political "realignment," in which they would become the majority party. Certainly many Republicans, as well as many observers of politics, came to believe this.

The real truth probably is that elections are more situational than the theories allow for. The voters play the hand that is dealt them: they choose between the candidates they are given to choose between, on the basis of how they feel about those candidates, in the context of what is going on at the time. If the times are relatively good —or are seen to be that way—they are less inclined to register a protest vote, but they might still defeat an incumbent if they find the opponent preferable. If a very strong Presidential candidate is at the top of the ticket and he carries a state by a wide margin, this can affect others on the ticket. It certainly did in 1980, when a number of incumbent Democratic senators were defeated by far smaller margins than those by which Reagan carried the state, and it also happened, though to a lesser extent, in 1984. And the 1980 "ideological swing" theory was overdone: Reagan's margin in the popular vote was not nearly as commanding as it was in the electoral college; and while much was made of the fact that nine Democratic senators, most of them liberals, were defeated, it was also the case that ten Democrats, most of them liberals or moderates, were reëlected to the Senate, and that two Democrats were elected to it for the first time. Moreover, some senators who were defeated had had close elections before, and were defeated narrowly. It was the class of 1980 that was up for reëlection this year.

A new crop of theories is sprouting to explain the strong Democratic victory in this year's Senate races—with the Democrats picking up a net of eight seats, for a Senate to be dominated by the Democrats, 55–45—but the most plausible one is still the situational theory. Also, it would seem that the voters are essentially pragmatic: when they feel that things have gone too far in one direction or another, they make a correction. In 1980, they registered their objections to the economic situation and to what many of them saw as a breakdown of traditional American mores, and humiliations abroad—mainly Iran. Moreover, in Jimmy Carter they had a weak candidate. So they went for the one who promised better economic times and preached the importance of "traditional values," and of dealing from "strength." This year, there was a certain amount of economic discontent in certain states, which the Democrats were able to capitalize upon in some cases; on the whole, the Democrats fielded better candidates; and in several instances voters seemed to be saying that things had gone too far: most Republican incumbents who were out on the right fringes, or even somewhat eccentric, were turned out of office. Others seemed to be rejected because they just didn't measure up to the voters' expectations. Since many of the victors in 1980 were accidental ones, that they ran into trouble when they came up for reëlection was no surprise. Their election flukes in 1980 led to what might be called the turkey theory: a number of Republican strategists, including some in the White House, complained about the calibre of some of the incumbents they had to defend. On the other hand, some of the fluke victors in 1980 —such as Alfonse D'Amato, in New York, and Charles Grassley, in Iowa—worked hard in the next



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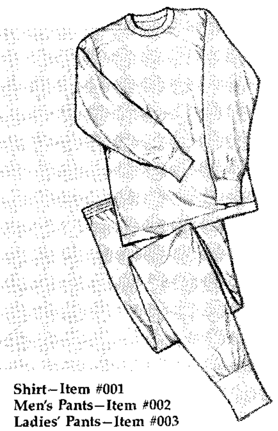

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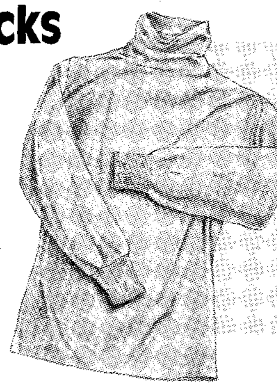

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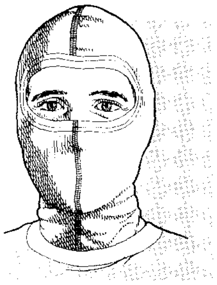

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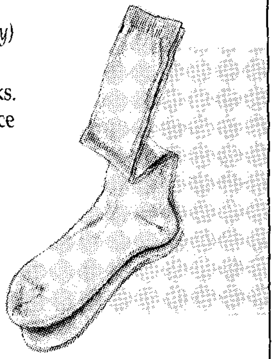

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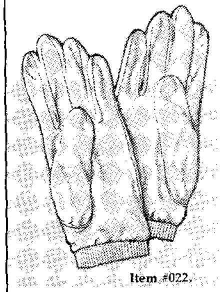

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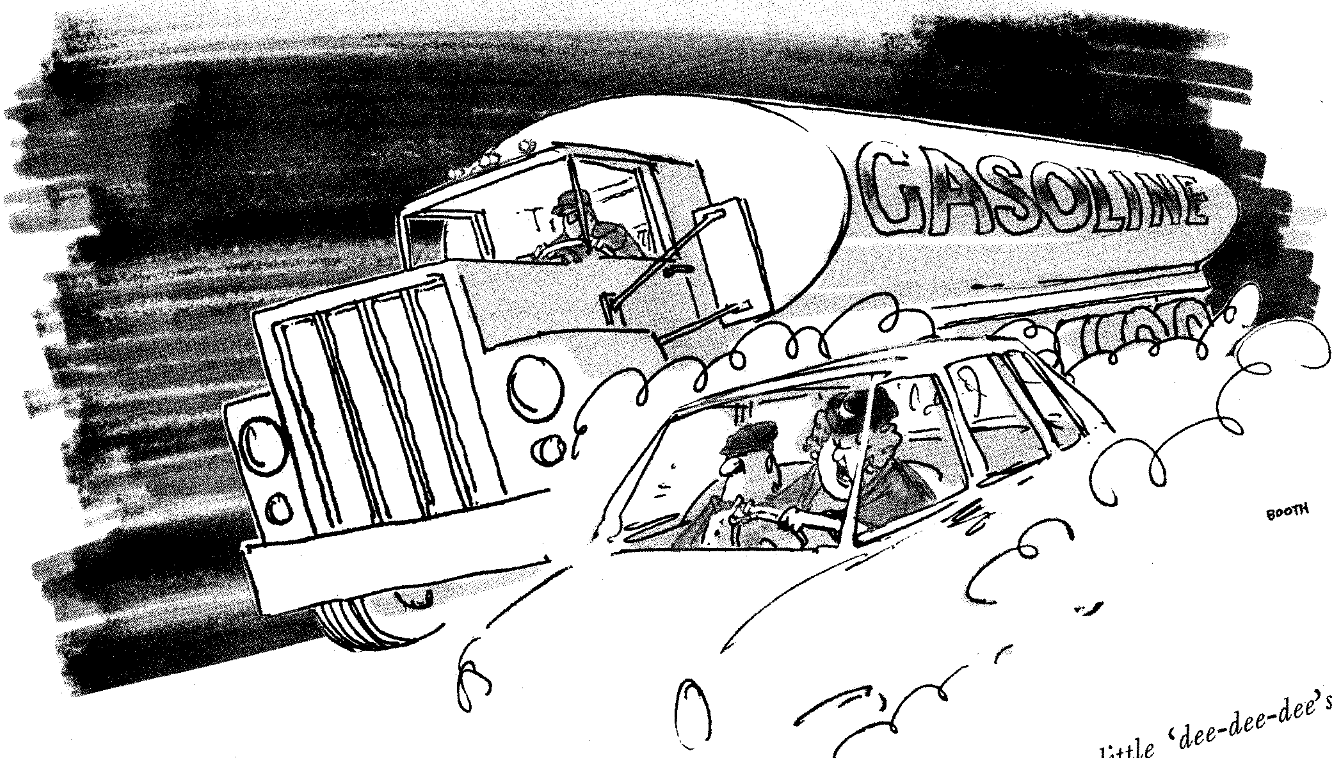

"I'm passing an enormous gasoline truck and you're talking about little 'dee-dee-dee's!"

six years to nail down their Senate seats. D'Amato worked as if he were an assemblyman, delivering the goods to his constituents, and separated himself from Reagan when it seemed prudent to do so. Grassley embedded himself as a populist man of the soil who stood up to the big shots in Washington—including Pentagon officials and the President—and who opposed vociferously the Administration's agriculture policy, which was quite unpopular in the farm states. By contrast, James Abdnor, of South Dakota, and Mark Andrews, of North Dakota, were seen as not having separated themselves from Reagan soon and often enough, and both also had other problems, mainly of personality, and were defeated.

ON the whole, the 1986 election was a most unappealing one. No large issues were joined—this was by deliberate decision of both parties. The largest domestic issue facing the country—what to do about the enormous budget deficits—was virtually ignored, because there is no politic answer to it. In fact, the election may have made addressing the budget problem even more difficult, because those few brave souls who had ever voted to curb Social Security benefits were beaten about the head for this by their opponents. The worst result of a very unattractive election could well be that our political system will become even more paralyzed. Elected politicians will be even more reluctant to make the hard choices—involving the casting of difficult votes—for fear of what may befall them when they go back to the voters. This was the probable worst result of the much discussed "negative" political advertising. Another problem with these ads, and with what passed for "issues" in this election, was that so many of them were over picayune matters. One favorite this year was attendance records: this was because an incumbent senator was defeated in 1984—in an upset—possibly by an ad (which was very funny) that criticized him for missing some votes. What seems to work in one election is what everyone seems to go for in the next one. Yet it is hard to maintain a perfect voting-attendance record, especially when one is running for reëlection or is a House member trying to run for the Senate. The candidates have to be somewhere else, raising money. And not all roll-call votes are important. Everyone knows these things, but the politicians and their handlers will go for whatever they think works. And, for all the handwringing by pollsters and political strategists over the negative advertising—probably for the benefit of journalists who were being critical of it—the probability is that next time around if it is believed the ads were effective they will be done again. Not every "negative" ad is unacceptable; it depends on whether the issue it talks about is of any importance, and whether the opponent's stand is distorted. Negativism in campaigns is hardly a new invention: what made it seem different this year was that there was so much of it, on such a powerful medium as television, and that in so many states there was so little else. But the point has been somewhat overdone. There were some positive ads. Some

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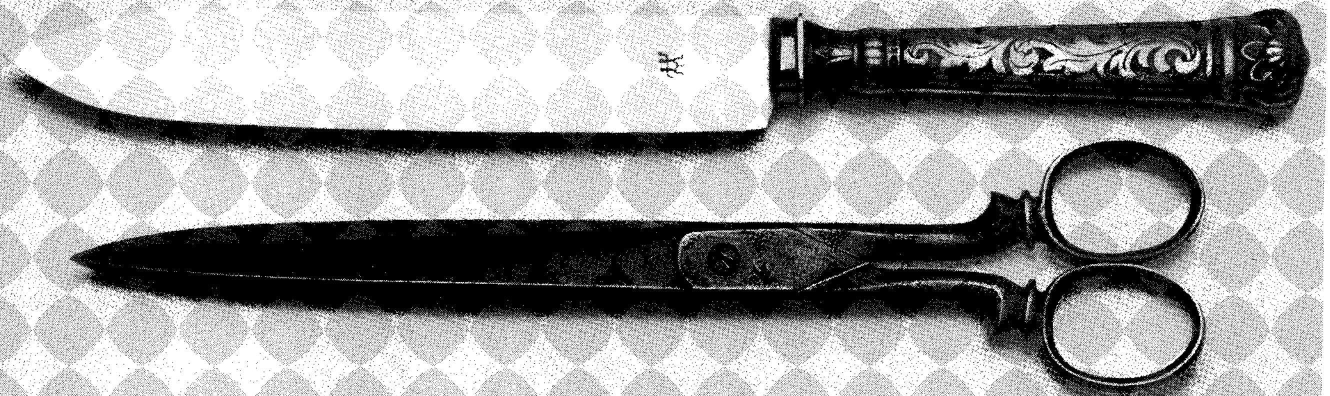

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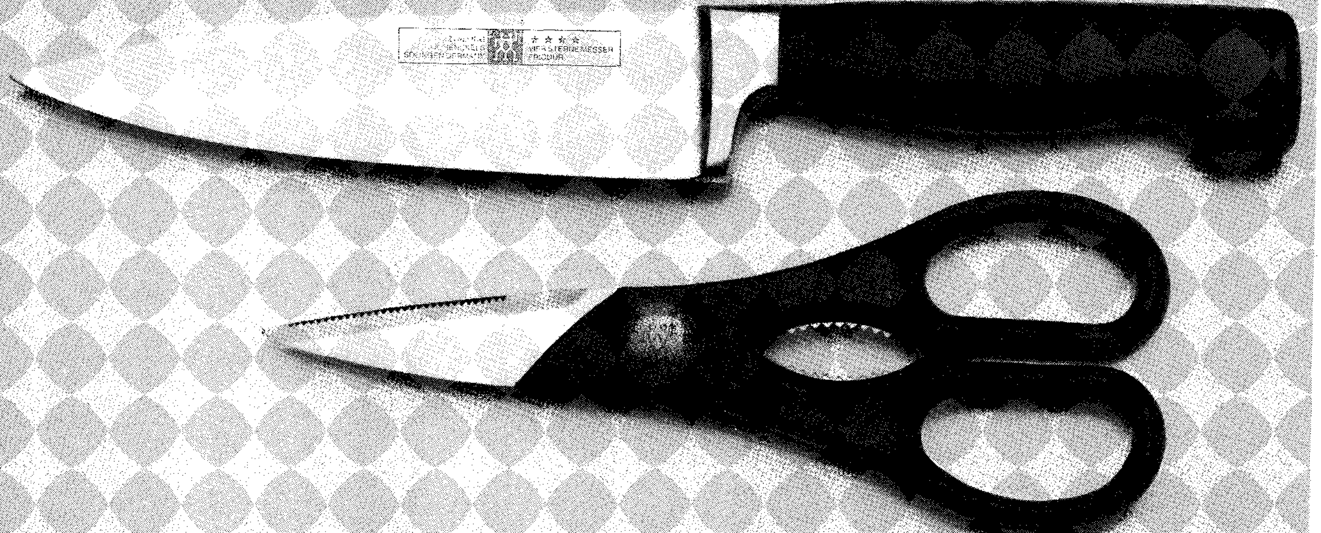

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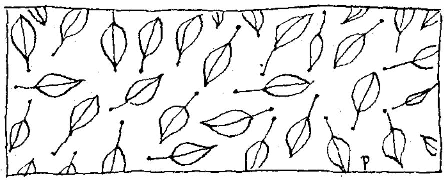
Senate races featured debates that probably affected the outcome, and in some races the candidates actually did get around and spend time with the voters—but this kind of activity is on the decline. The candidates have to spend too much time raising money. And, for a number of reasons, political rallies are going out of style—except those staged for a visit by the President. The other reason the negative ads drew so much attention was that there were no large issues that came between them and the public. This was by design, and in this both political parties accidentally colluded.

Democrats chose not to have a theme because, as one strategist put it, "we're in a kind of avoidance pattern now. We're in a pragmatic mode." While the Democrats seem to be moving toward the theme of "investment in the future"—by which they mean more investment in education and training and other things that will make the United States more productive and competitive—they shied away from using it as a theme in this election, fearing that the voters weren't ready to hear this yet. It was explained to me that Senate candidates feared that this would sound like the same old stuff—and would conjure up that dread word "spending"—but that this might be something a national candidate could get across later on. The nice thing about the idea of "competitiveness" is that no one can be against it; also, it does provide a cover for going at some of the things in this country that need working on. There's just the problem of justifying the money. And the Democrats were certainly not interested in running against Reagan, having done that to no avail in the past three elections. They felt that they lacked any sufficiently compelling issue to use against him: they felt there was no war that people were upset enough about that it could be used as an issue (and they still fear appearing insufficiently muscular in their anti-Communism), and thus the issue of Nicaragua rarely appeared; there was no deep recession—which Republicans had feared, and Democrats, for all their expressions of concern, felt would be to their political advantage. Nor did they want to talk about the budget deficit. Though some polls taken by the Democrats indicated that people felt enough money had been spent on defense, did not support aid to the Contras, strongly supported arms control, and were willing to spend more money on social programs, few Democrats, as one strategist put it, "had the guts" to run on these things. One Democratic strategist said to me, "This year we're just punting. We can't talk about the budget deficit, except in a defensive mode. We can't talk about the economy, because we don't have a grand economic plan."

It is altogether possible that the Democrats will not find their voice until fairly far into the next Presidential campaign—if then. That's how it usually works—for both parties. Policy papers and blueprints, such as the Democrats have been producing, can only go so far until the Party has a live, flesh-and-blood candidate to give voice to a theme. However, putting out the policy papers was one way in which Paul Kirk, the chairman of the Democratic Party, who has worked wonders since the 1984 debacle, managed to avoid the Party's having its midterm Convention—which usually provides enough fratricide to entertain the press but doesn't much help the Party. Kirk and others have tried to remove the stigma of being a Democrat. Greg Schneiders, a Democratic strategist, says, "We're a long way from it being a big asset; it's now neither a plus nor a minus." There appears to have been no meeting at which the Democratic Party decided, as far as fighting Reagan was concerned, to take a dive this year: it seems to have been a collective judgment arrived at by different people at different times, and became a consensus. The Democrats chose to fight local battles on local terrain, raising local economic issues (such as the farm issue), or environmental issues, or trade, where they saw fit, and going after their opponents with whatever they could get their hands on.

The Republicans were divided over whether to have a theme, and the way the campaign was played out reflected this. The argument against having a theme was that the one used in 1982, in the midst of a recession—"Stay the Course"—had been less than brilliant, and had cost a lot of money besides. This year, the Republicans decided to forgo national ("generic") advertising, and place considerable resources instead into targeting Republican voters and getting them to the polls.



(The Republicans also spent money on a "ballot integrity" project, which, it embarrassingly emerged, had the purpose of holding down the black vote. Once this became known, it apparently had the opposite effect.) In fact, the Republicans were the mirror image of the Democrats: the Democrats hadn't yet figured out what to say, and the Republicans had run out of things to say. Actually, Reagan hasn't really offered an agenda since 1981. What was called the "Reagan revolution" ran out of gas some time ago. In 1984, the theme was "Morning in America" (which wouldn't do in 1986), and Reagan serenely asserted that we would grow our way out of the deficit. Strangely, the Republicans didn't even get much mileage in this election out of tax reform, Reagan's one major initiative since 1984. So the Republicans fought the election on the terrain that the Democrats had chosen. When, after the Iceland meeting between Reagan and Gorbachev, Reagan took a run at making the Strategic Defense Initiative an issue, Democrats, on the advice of their pollsters and strategists, slipped the punch—and continued to campaign on economic and other local issues. Also, a number of Republican strategists didn't feel that making S.D.I. an issue was such a great idea. In Colorado, the one state where support of S.D.I. was a big issue, the Republican Senate candidate, Ken Kramer, seemed to be making some headway against the Democrat, Tim Wirth, until Kramer said that he would support spending a trillion dollars for the program. Even in Colorado, where some S.D.I. research is going on, and therefore the program means jobs, this was too much. Wirth, anyway, said that he supported continued work on the program; Democrats weren't inclined to oppose it outright. (Wirth also praised the President's performance in Iceland, saying, "God bless the President.") Wirth won the election.

The only national idea the Republicans had was to use Reagan's popularity. They were under no illusions that Reagan—or any other off-year President—had coattails. The idea was that Reagan would raise money for the Party (he raised an estimated thirty-three million dollars), and that his appearance in a state would dominate the news there for three days (he's coming, he's here, he left)—and, with any luck, boost the fortunes of the candidate he was endorsing. Another purpose, Republican strategists said, was to have the President fire up the local Party workers. The problem was how to transfer Reagan's popularity to the candidate. At first, his speeches tended to be tailored to the local race. Then, toward the end, when he covered fourteen states in the last two weeks of the campaign, he had a set speech. This was as close as the Republicans came to nationalizing the campaign—and it didn't seem to work. Of the thirteen Senate candidates Reagan lent his support to in the last two weeks, only four won. (The fourteenth state was for a House candidate, who lost.) Of the nine states he went to during the last week (Nevada and California twice each), in only one—Idaho—was the Republican Senate candidate the winner. Some people argue that the Republicans should have adopted a national theme earlier, but there is no consensus on what that theme would have been. In his set speech, the President made a boilerplate attack on the Democrats, warning of dire consequences if they took control of the Senate, and reminding his listeners how bad things had been before he took office. In at least one instance, he attacked Jimmy Carter himself. Some Reagan strategists think the memory of inflation and interest rates during the Carter years is so searing that they need only be mentioned to get people to support Republican candidates six years later. This did not turn out to be the case.

THE 1986 election gave more evidence of the problem of the role of money in our political system. The problem has been there for some time; it just keeps growing. This year, senatorial candidates spent roughly twice as much as was spent on the same seats in 1980. The average cost, as of October 15th, was about two million dollars. But many of the races were in relatively small states, and the races in, say, California and Florida cost the candidates roughly nine million and five million each. In the House races this year, according to reports filed covering the period through October 15th, political-action-committee (PAC) contributions to House races were twenty per cent higher than for the same period two years ago, with eighty-one per cent of that money going to incumbents. As of October 15th, total expenditures for House races were about twenty per cent higher than for the same period two years ago. Senate candidates received sixty-three per cent more from PACs

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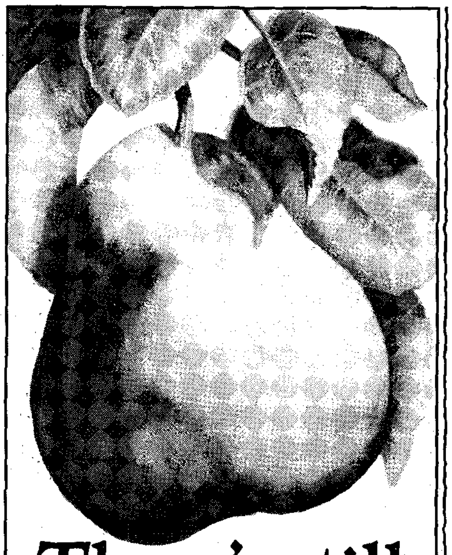
than two years ago, and incumbents raised more than two and a half times as much PAC money as their opponents did, and total expenditures on Senate races were nearly thirty per cent higher than two years ago. PACs may contribute five thousand dollars in the primary and another five thousand in the general election. Since it is more convenient to raise money from PACs, because individual contributions are limited to a thousand dollars in the primary and a thousand in the general election, and since PACs often get together to steer large amounts of money toward (or against) a single candidate, they are much sought after by the candidates. According to Common Cause, four Senate candidates had received a million dollars in PAC contributions by October 15th. The PACs' interests may have little to do with what matters in the state or congressional district. And individuals representing a certain interest also often combine to raise a fair amount of money for (or against) a certain candidate. The phenomenon of the ever-increasing size of the war chests bears some resemblance to the psychology behind the arms race. The effect is not only on the nature of the campaigns—with the candidates spending a tremendous amount of their time raising money to pay for television advertising (actually, this starts shortly after someone is elected)—but also on the behavior of the politicians before and after the election. The money rarely comes without a price—in terms of bills introduced, votes cast or not cast, quiet little deals made—and the politicians are also reluctant to act in a way that might stir up large amounts of money against them in the next election. Elected politicians facing any kind of opposition in the next election can't attend to their congressional business at the expense of having enough money in the till for the next time. What we have is a system of legalized corruption.

It is not out of the question that some of the worst aspects of the current system could be brought under control. And the one motivating factor that could get the politicians to change the system—embarrassment—seems to be growing. In fact, last August the Senate approved a reform measure, which had bipartisan support, by a vote of sixty-nine to thirty. Of course, a number of those votes were cast with the knowledge that, because of the parliamentary situation, the vote was not a final one, and the Senate Republican leadership managed to keep the issue off the table for the rest of the session. Incumbents tend to like the system by which they have been successful. Still, the number of votes cast for a change in the system last year, under the new regime of television coverage of the Senate, suggested a changing climate and a new degree of embarrassment. This year's election did nothing to reduce those factors.

THE Democrats' regaining control of the Senate is a mixed blessing for them. With the Democrats already in control of the House, the Senate victory leaves the Democrats exposed; they have nowhere to hide. They will have fewer excuses for legislative inaction. And in Reagan they will have an opponent who is a past-master at the politics of blame. Congress is by nature the reactive branch; it's never easy for the opposition party to have a program, and the Democrats may be too disparate to have a program—but they will be expected to have a program. There will be one of sorts. Senator Robert Byrd, of West Virginia, who will be the next majority leader, said right away that the Democrats' first priority would be trade legislation, which didn't sound very imaginative, but in a conversation I had with him shortly after the election he said that he actually had "competitiveness" in mind—education, scientific research, and the like. But there will also be a trade bill. There will be a lot of talk from the Democrats about the need to invest in the future so as to make America more competitive. There will also be the excruciating problem of figuring out how to find the money for their priorities. Domestic programs, other than entitlements (Social Security, veterans' benefits, and others), have already been cut substantially, and for the last two years the defense budget was actually reduced. Senator Lawton Chiles, of Florida, who will head the Budget Committee, has talked in the past about investing in the future, and used to say that the money would be found through excise taxes and eliminating tax loopholes. But the latter option has been pretty much taken care of by the tax-reform bill, and the Democrats have very mixed views about offering any kind of proposal to raise taxes unless the President is willing to go along—which he is not likely to be. Byrd has said that the Democrats should not offer proposals for tax increases without the



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President's concurrence; others, including Chiles, believe that if a good enough case is made for the use of the funds people will go along with some sort of tax increases. One of the difficulties the Democrats will face is the fact that next year's target for the deficit level under Gramm-Rudman—a hundred and eight billion dollars, with another ten billion leeway—is one that no one thinks can be met, at least without new taxes. Many of the tricks for reaching the law's goals were already used in this year's budget. And the President can be in the pleasant position of blaming the Democratic Congress if the goal isn't met. Democrats are already looking at ways to slip the Gramm-Rudman requirements—Byrd is thinking about stretching out the time for meeting the law's goal (a mindless one) of a balanced budget, and says he thinks that this can be put across politically. But Reagan should not be expected to make it easy for Congress to do this. As for other matters, a number of issues were settled by a difference of three votes or less in the last Senate; these had to do with authorizing a new type of nerve gas, cutting the funding for S.D.I. further, approving the appointment of Daniel Manion to a Court of Appeals, and confirming military assistance to the Contras. Not all of these sorts of issues will necessarily be turned around, and Reagan will still have the power of the veto—which can only be overriden by a vote of two-thirds of both chambers.

But the Senate will be a very different place as a result of the election. As for Contra aid, what Byrd and Claiborne Pell, who will head the Foreign Relations Committee (and who opposes the aid and calls the Contras "our terrorists"), have in mind is hearings that will bring to light what the funds have gone for and what the Administration might have been doing to get around the restrictions on military aid that were in effect until this year. This would, of course, be a first run at further eroding public confidence in the Administration's Nicaragua policy. The area of judgeships is one in which the change in party control will have an effect—up to a point. Hacks will have a harder time getting approval, and so will ideologues—up to a point. If, for example, Reagan nominated Senator Orrin Hatch, a right-winger from Utah, for the Supreme Court, as many think he might do if there is another vacancy, the tradition of senatorial courtesy is ex-

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pected to prevail. Plausible conservatives with distinguished records would probably still get through—up to a point. As the 1988 elections approach, the Democrats could simply stall.

The investigative power, or "oversight," that the Senate Democrats will now wield will give them a field day. They can hardly wait. Controversial Administration policies, some of the Administration's more wacko initiatives, and odoriferous goings on, of which there seems to be a fair amount, will be aired. Senator David Boren, of Oklahoma, who will head the Intelligence Committee, has told me that, in concert with William Cohen, of Maine, who will be the senior Republican on the committee, he wants to have a closer look at various C.I.A. activities. Senator Edward M. Kennedy will use his role as chairman of the Labor and Human Resources Committee to raise questions about Administration policy in a number of areas, and to try to start redirecting priorities. One way will be through hearings, perhaps around the country, on the effects of Administration policies, as part of a process of conditioning the public to accept the fact that more needs to be done. Kennedy chose heading the Labor Committee over the Judiciary Committee because of his interest in the subjects under Labor's jurisdiction—health, education, and the like. But he will still sit on Judiciary—and weigh in on judicial nominations. Senator Sam Nunn, of Georgia, will use his new position as head of the Armed Services Committee to, among other things, hold hearings in which hard questions about the Administration's arms-control policy will be aired. Nunn, who is good at raising hard questions, has already raised some in speeches and interviews; now he will have a powerful forum. He told me recently, "We need a much wider understanding of what S.D.I. is and what it isn't." In hearings, he will delve into the discrepancies in Administration statements about what happened in Reykjavik, and will ask the views of the Joint Chiefs of Staff about some things the President seems to be proposing.

Most important of all, perhaps, will be the change in the chemistry of the Senate. There has been much talk about the changes in committee chairmanships, and much pointing out that in some cases the ideology of the new chairman is not much different from that of his predecessor, and in some that the new chairman might be more

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conservative—but all this misses the point. For one thing, committee chairmen do not have the power that their ancestors did. For another, the Senate Democrats as a whole are going to be an assertive lot. Several of the new Democrats are more liberal than the Republicans they replaced—some of them decidedly so—and are far less likely to support the President on a wide range of issues. (The only Senate seat that the Democrats lost—Missouri—will see a liberal, Thomas Eagleton, who retired, replaced by a moderate, Christopher Bond.) And a number of the new Democrats—such as Wyche Fowler, of Georgia; Thomas Daschle, of South Dakota; Kent Conrad, of North Dakota; Brock Adams, of Washington; Terry Sanford, of North Carolina; and certainly Barbara Mikulski, of Maryland—have served in the House or been in state politics before, know the ropes, and aren't going to sit mute while their seniors make policy. They will join some other recently elected Democratic senators in stirring up the Democratic caucus, and the Senate.

Not all Democrats are thrilled by the prospect of their new congressional leadership: James Wright, who will be the new House Speaker (Thomas P. O'Neill retired), and Byrd. Wright comes across as a bit too slick, and is too wedded to Texas oil interests, to suit a lot of his colleagues' tastes, but he has the job nailed down, having served as majority leader for ten years and used the opportunity to assure his next position. Byrd, too, has worked diligently to maintain his position as the Democrats' leader: he is very good at doing favors and collecting and counting votes. Many of Byrd's colleagues say they realize that Byrd is not the most charismatic figure they could put forward but think that he deserves the job—which he has reportedly said he wants to hold for only two years—because he led the Democrats, and not ineffectively, in the wilderness years since 1980. Besides, some figure, Byrd's lack of flair will allow their own charisma to shine through.

Whatever the difficulties that will come with their new position, the Senate Democrats, when I asked them in the past why winning control of the Senate would be so good for them, said that they wanted to take over because of the investigative power, the authority to set the Senate agenda, and the possibility that this would give them a way of laying the groundwork for a victory in 1988—just as, they said, the Democratic capture of a large number of seats in 1958 laid the groundwork for John F. Kennedy's victory in 1960. (Of course, they simply prefer being in the majority, and seemed to consider their minority status in the last six years an indignity.) But Kennedy came within an eyelash of losing in 1960. What this year's election did show is that the two parties can be competitive on a national basis—and the outcome in 1988 will be determined by more variables than can be known now. The Democrats have dusted themselves off from the 1984 defeat, and they have their morale back, but they still face a lot of problems when it comes to Presidential politics. Their only comfort can be that so do the Republicans. Many Democrats will still proceed with their finger to the wind, but now, as of the recent election, they have less reason to fear Reagan.

Washington being what it is, people are adjusting to the change. Hostesses who had grown bored with the same old faces are happily freshening their guest lists. A sizable proportion of the town is updating its Rolodexes, and

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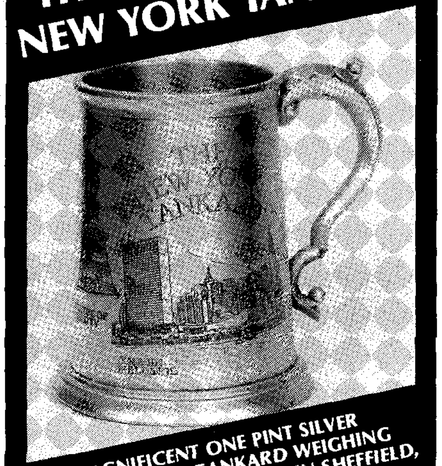
staff aides to Democratic senators are receiving more phone calls than they did not very long ago. Lobbyists with good connections to Democratic legislators have a new spring to their step.

THE news, which broke just after the election, about the Administration's reported swapping of arms for hostages with Iran was greeted here with amazement and disbelief—even in a town that was becoming accustomed to strange happenings in the Administration's conduct of foreign policy. First, the "disinformation" campaign about Libya; then the downing in Nicaragua of an American air-cargo plane, carrying weapons to Nicaragua, and the capture of Eugene Hasenfus; then the peculiar meeting in Iceland; and now this. The Iranian dealings were almost beyond comprehension, and for a while an embarrassed Administration struggled to keep the lid on. But then, toward the end of last week, when the story was causing a furor and could no longer be contained, the blackout policy was replaced by yet another propaganda blitz. There was some willingness here to disbelieve that, as reports out of Iran had it, former national-security adviser Robert McFarlane went to Iran disguised as an airplane-crew member, carrying a false passport, a Bible signed by President Reagan, and a cake in the shape of a key—but the denials that McFarlane, or someone in his entourage (perhaps Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver North, as a member of the staff of the National Security Council who was involved in this and other adventures), did take a cake and a Bible to Iran have been notably porous. And what possessed McFarlane to think that he could fly into Tehran and deal with one faction without the Khomeini faction finding out is unfathomable. Also, I am reliably told that the Iranian contacts McFarlane and others met with before the trip to Iran were very low-level people. Before the Administration confirmed anything, it was clear that arms were allowed to be shipped to Iran (some of them via Israel), and that three hostages were released in exchange. (Three additional hostages have also been taken in Lebanon, by, it is believed, groups with ties to Iran.) Of course, such a policy defies common sense, since, among other things, it encourages the taking of hostages; puts the lie to our pressure on other countries not to allow arms to go to Iran; helps the country we would less like to see win in the Iran-Iraq war (though we have been officially neutral); infuriates moderate Arab countries in the region; makes a joke of the Administration's righteous pronouncements against negotiating with those who take hostages or sponsor terrorism; and either breaks the laws designed to stop the transfer of arms to Iran (under which some Americans are to be tried) or violates their spirit. Some of the people who appear to have carried out the arms caper—North and a retired military officer—have experience at this: they are apparently the same people who carried out the policy of getting arms to the Contras during the period of a congressional ban on such aid.

One objective of the policy, the Administration indicated when the news began to get out, was to open up lines of communication to Iranian "moderates," in anticipation of the eventual end of Ayatollah Khomeini's rule, but I am reliably told by an official who was aware of what was happening that the primary purpose was to get help in getting the hostages back. (The Iranians had helped with the freeing of some hostages taken from T.W.A. Flight 847 in June, 1985.) No one can be against trying to open up such lines—though such efforts have been frustrated in the past, and appear to have been frustrated this time, too—but it would be a good idea to try to do it intelligently. And it is not at all clear that there are any such "moderates," or what the term means in the context of what is going on in Iran. The "moderate" chimera is an old one, which has been chased in a number of countries in the past. Also, it is not clear how giving arms to Iran helps the "moderates" against the fanatical regime waging the war. "I don't know how they would know who the moderates are," one State Department official said to me dryly early last week. And he added, "None of it makes any sense to me." Other State Department officials were scathing in off-the-record remarks. And some people here with some familiarity with what has been going on say that the concern for winning the release of the hostages was primary, and that the interest in opening lines to the "moderates" was in the background—and that the question of whether or how to do so was never seriously discussed within the Administration. There is also the problem that, historically, when the United States becomes identified with a "moderate" in Iran he has to become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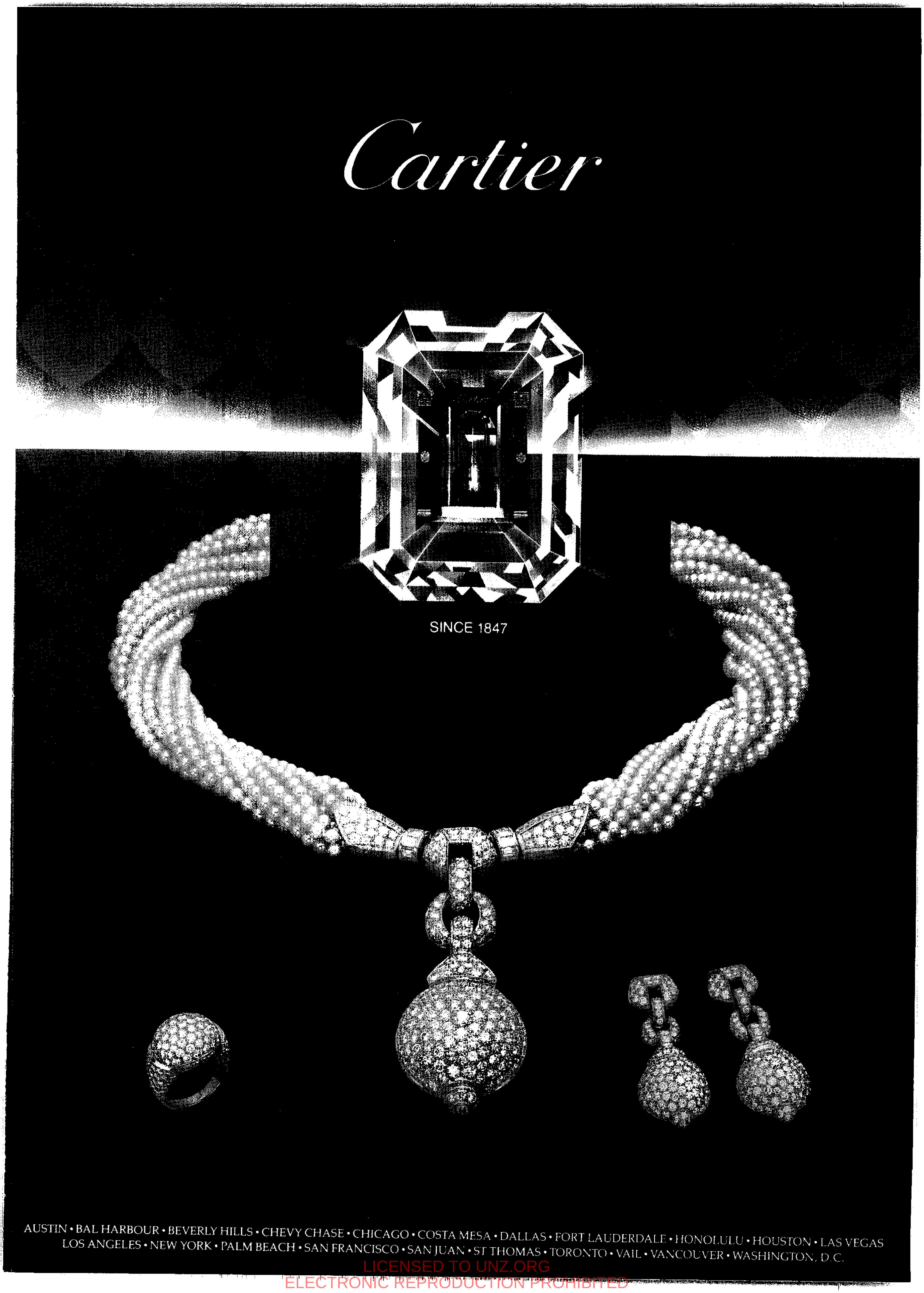

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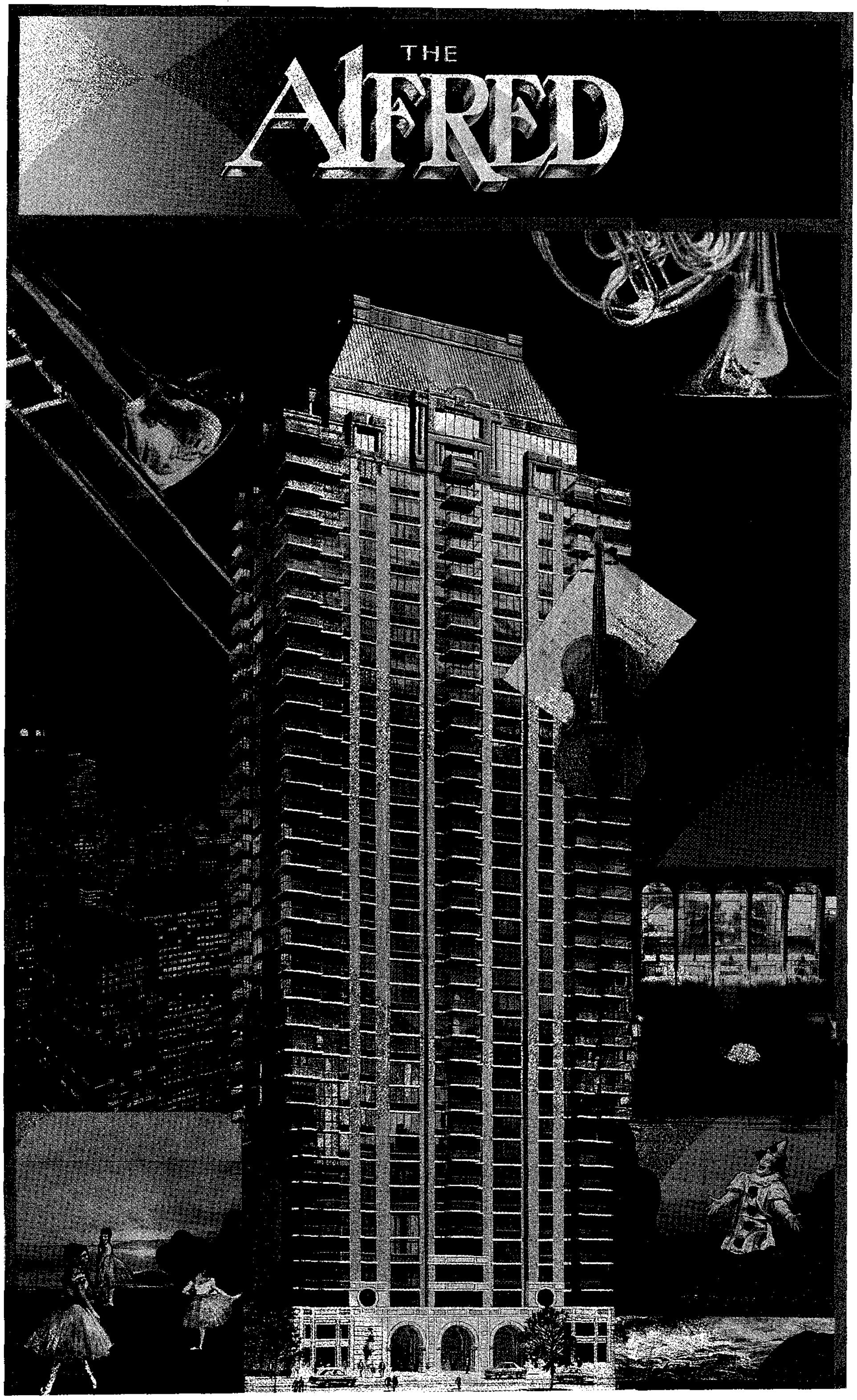

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a radical or he disappears politically. The Carter Administration went through this many times. An official says, "When we try to do these things, we have to be patient and discreet, and we're neither."

The implementation of the arms-for-hostages policy apparently began in September, 1985. The Secretaries of State and Defense, George Shultz and Caspar Weinberger, who had been opposed to such a policy, were told of it, but it was to be kept secret from those around them—yet some people around both men had an idea of what was going on. These things are very hard to keep secret within the government. Besides, a number of people in the Pentagon and the C.I.A., which facilitated the arms shipments, had to know about them. But, having lost the argument, Shultz and Weinberger appear to have decided to keep quiet, and to have preferred not to know what was taking place—thus washing their hands of the matter. It is not uncustomary for officials to prefer not to know something officially when to do so would be inconvenient. Today's Washington *Post* reported that Admiral William Crowe, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was not told about the operation, and was "astonished" when he learned about it from news reports. In fact, there has been a fair amount of officials' letting it be known that they didn't know what was going on, or had been ordered by the President to keep their silence—of daintily lifting their skirts to avoid the mud. And Shultz, appearing today on "Face the Nation," made it clear that he still doesn't like the policy. Vice-Admiral John Poindexter, the President's national-security adviser, has emphasized the involvement of C.I.A. director William Casey in the policy. Disarray in the Reagan Administration's management of foreign policy is not new, but it has reached new heights.

One apparent purpose of running this and other (how many others is not yet known) clandestine operations out of the N.S.C., which is supposed to coördinate policy among the various government agencies, is that the N.S.C. is covered by executive privilege, and its staff does not have to appear before Congress. But the Administration may have pushed its luck this time. Moreover, it has now emerged that the C.I.A. was involved in the operation—and Congress was not informed, as it is supposed to be, of such activities. (It is also, by law, sup-

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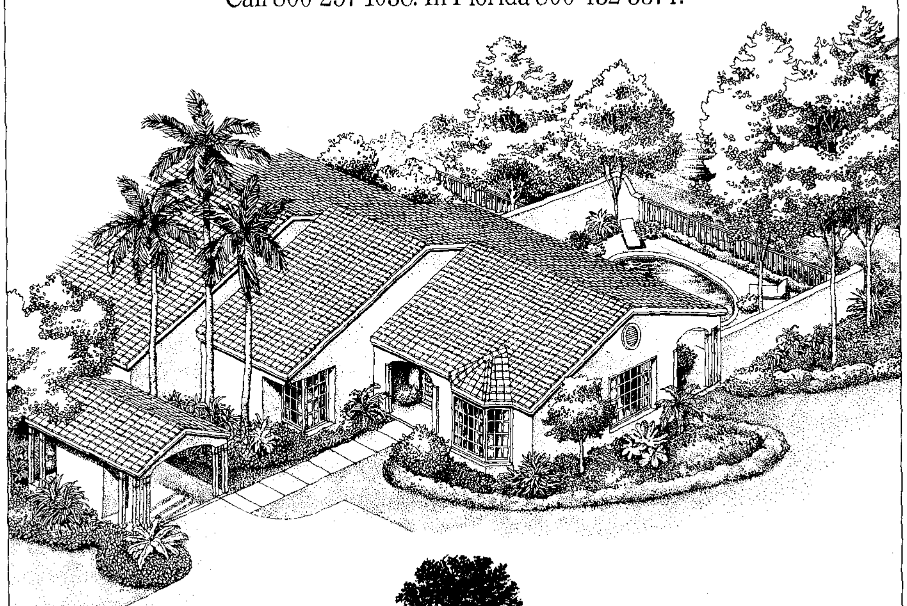

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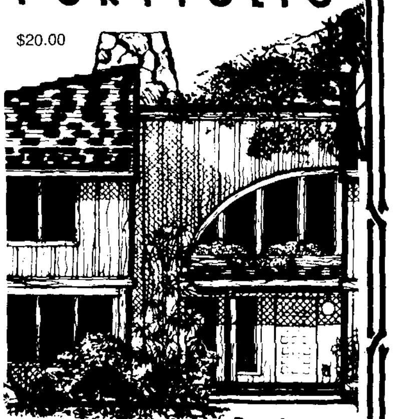

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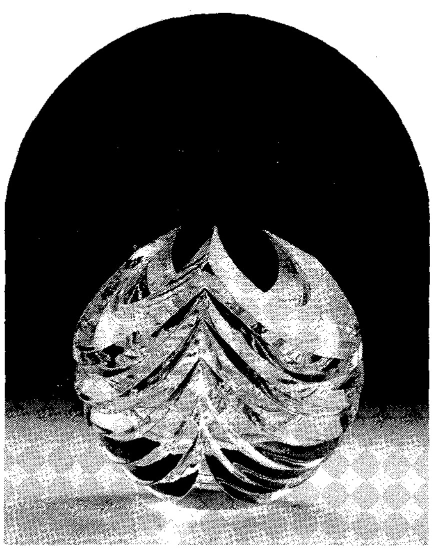
posed to be informed of the kinds of arms transactions that went on.) Obviously, it was sheer folly to think that word of the Iranian operation would not leak out eventually.

The President, in his televised speech on Thursday night, said, "We did not—repeat, did not—trade weapons or anything else for hostages." But he was up against unmistakable evidence, and his and other officials' explanations of what took place were exercises in semantics. The President's speech was unaccustomedly defensive in tone, and it was sketchy and selective in detail. Reagan insisted that the real purpose of the dealings with Iran was to establish relationships for a post-Khomeini period, to bring an end to the Iran-Iraq war (he did not explain how sending arms to Iran would do this), to "eliminate state-sponsored terrorism," and to get the hostages back. He said that he had authorized the transfer of "small amounts of defensive weapons and spare parts for defensive weapons," and that "these modest deliveries, taken together, could easily fit into a single cargo plane." He did not mention the weapons that went to Iran via Israel, and the next day Poindexter said, in a briefing for reporters, that the cargo plane he had in mind was a C-5A—which is a very large plane that can carry more than a hundred tons of weapons. Some reports have it that some of the weapons were offensive, but even the "defensive" weapons—anti-tank weapons, anti-aircraft missiles, and spare parts for F-14 fighter planes—were, obviously, of military value.

In the many briefings that followed the President's speech, the officials, in trying to dig themselves out, succeeded in digging themselves in even further. In one briefing, White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan said that the Iranians the Administration was dealing with wanted arms from us as a measure of our good faith, and that we wanted hostages as a measure of their good faith. He said, "That was the trade." Called on this by reporters, Regan said, "I misspoke." Poindexter gave a similar explanation of the tradeoff. When Regan was asked at a breakfast meeting with reporters on Friday whether it wasn't hypocritical to ask other nations not to send arms to Iran while we were sending them, he replied, "Hypocrisy is a question of degree." When one unnamed official was asked whether in sending arms to Iran the United States was violating its own principle, he replied, "We have never said that we weren't shipping arms to Iran." Both Poindexter and Regan said that the arms embargo still holds, and that we would continue to press other countries not to send arms to Iran. On Friday, Poindexter told the Washington *Post* that the revelations might "expedite" the release of the five American hostages still held in Lebanon, and perhaps he even believed this, while other aides said that the infighting in Iran had probably ended the hostage dealings. (Two American hostages have been killed—one of them after the U.S. raid on Libya, in April.) Then the Iranian government said that it can give the United States no further help on the hostages "under the present circumstances." The officials tried—to little avail—to make the point that we weren't rewarding hostage-takers, because the people we dealt with in Iran had not themselves taken the hostages. This is a new distinction. Also, since the beginning of 1984 Iran has been on our list of nations that sponsor terrorism, and at the time that openings to it were being explored the President, in a speech, denounced it, along with some other countries, as being part of "Murder, Incorporated." And arms shipments to Iran have been barred by an Executive Order issued by Jimmy Carter in 1979. Moreover, Iranian-backed groups, along with Syrian-backed groups, were involved in the bombing of the U.S. Marine barracks in Lebanon, in 1983, and the bombings of the American Embassy in 1983 and 1984. Various reconstructions of events show that shipments of weapons to Iran preceded by a short period of time the release of each of the three hostages that have been returned since this exercise began. The reconstructions also show that the Administration kept thinking all the hostages would be released—that time and again hopes were raised and then dashed. And this, of course, is exactly what had happened to Jimmy Carter. The Reagan Administration clearly had learned nothing from the Carter Administration's experience with Iran—about dealing with "moderates," about what tough, shrewd, and ultimately frustrating bargainers the Iranians can be. But learning from history is not one of the Administration's long suits.

The Administration's latest public-relations campaign to revise reality doesn't seem to have worked. One reason may be that it has been tried too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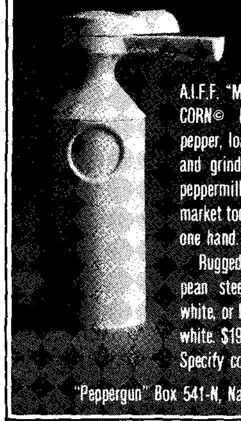
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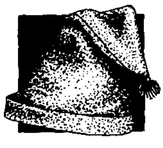
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many times. Today's New York *Times* quotes Donald Regan as saying, "Some of us are like a shovel brigade that follow a parade down Main Street cleaning up." Regan added, "We took Reykjavik and turned what was really a sour situation into something that turned out pretty well. Who was it that took this disinformation thing and managed to turn it? Who was it took on this loss in the Senate and pointed out a few facts and managed to pull that? I don't say we'll be able to do it four times in a row. But here we go again, and we're trying."

President Reagan has an unbounded faith in his own powers of persuasion, and they have got him out of various corners before, but perhaps now he has gone to the well of public support once too often. And this latest episode raised to a new level doubts about the judgment and competence of Reagan's advisers—and, it has to be said, of Reagan himself. These doubts have certainly been around, but now they have entered the public consciousness as never before. Also, as a result of the recent elections, Reagan had lost some of his mystique. Now politicians were not cowed by his popularity, and were not reluctant to take him on. Even few Republicans came to his defense. A great many people—a critical mass, it seems—refused to go along with him this time. So the circular nature of Ronald Reagan's popularity was interrupted.

And there are some factors that are specific to this case that made it more difficult for the President and his advisers to talk their way out of it. For one thing, the case was a hard one—even an impossible one—to make, and it was made with particular ineptitude. Because the Administration didn't make a clean breast of it, additional pieces of the story kept coming out—and thus the story was perpetuated, and grew. For another, it was known that this was a policy that two of the President's most important Cabinet officers—the Secretaries of State and Defense—objected to. Also, the story raised the spectre of unaccountable, mysterious aides, working out of the White House, on clandestine missions. Obviously, it wasn't Watergate, but it touched a nerve sensitized by Watergate. And, in an almost cosmic irony, it tapped into the folk memory about Iran: Reagan and the Republican Party had expended a great deal of effort (and money) in reinforcing the memory of America having been humiliated in Iran, and insisting on the

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importance of "standing tall"—and now the wheel had turned.

THE Administration is also still trying to work its way out of the muddle that has come out of the meeting in Iceland. There is the problem of what the President actually agreed to—whether, as some officials had insisted, it was the abolition of all ballistic missiles (which Reagan had proposed) or all strategic offensive nuclear weapons (which Gorbachev had proposed). The Soviets have said it was the latter, and an Administration official finally conceded that that might have been the case. The problem here is that the President does not have a grasp of the subject matter—which did not prevent him from tossing such proposals back and forth with Gorbachev. And our Secretary of State, who sat in on some of the meeting between the two leaders, appears to be less than conversant with the topic as well. This confusion happened even though the President's backup team in Reykjavik wrote down for him and Shultz the difference between the two categories of weapons. This is rather basic stuff. The President continued to confuse the matter on the campaign trail. The meeting between Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze which took place in Vienna the week before last showed that the result of the Reykjavik meeting was to set the arms-control discussions back—for how long is anybody's guess. And our European allies (particularly British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher) were fit to be tied about the Administration's tentatively agreeing, in Iceland, to the elimination of intermediate-range nuclear missiles in Europe—which they had gone to some political trouble to get installed—and the elimination of all ballistic missiles, or whatever, in ten years. Both proposals leave Western Europe vulnerable to the Soviet Union's superiority in conventional forces. Thatcher and Reagan met this weekend at Camp David and attempted to fuzz over their differences. The American delegation took the proposal to eliminate all ballistic missiles to Vienna, and put it on the table in the negotiations in Geneva, even though it did not have the approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. A large part of the Vienna meeting was taken up by disagreement over what had been agreed upon in Iceland, thus giving the two sides a whole new subject to argue about.

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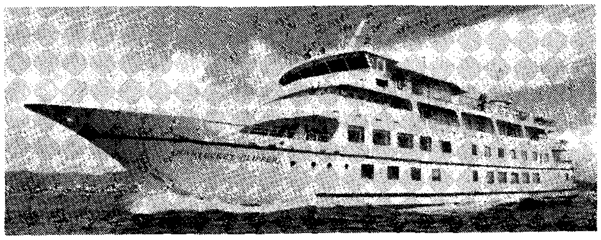

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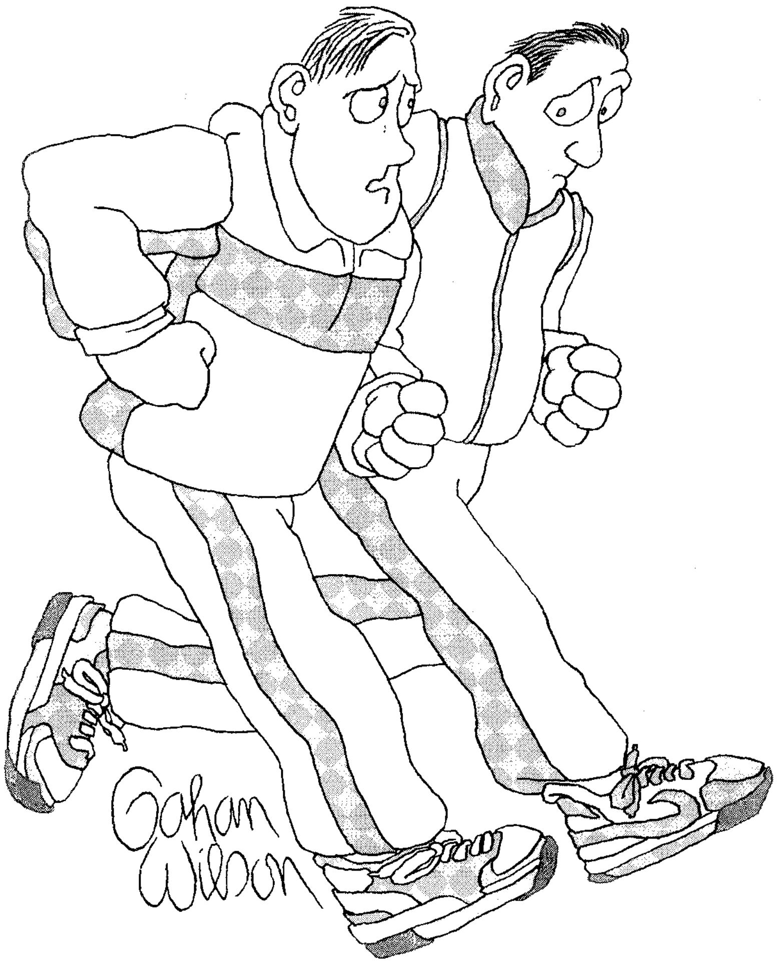
"Move Your Shadow" is difficult to read, because it engenders indignation to such an extent that one pauses every now and then to sort out emotions. Of course, indignation doesn't help, and in the end one reads on. What we need is knowledge about how things ever got this way in South Africa. Mr. Lelyveld must have found himself puzzled to such an extent that he could not leave the question "How?" unanswered. It was not just emotion that kept him plugging away, but he did plug—surely not many other foreign correspondents have spent such a large part of their working lives on one problem. His experience with South Africa began in May, 1965, when he moved to Johannesburg as a correspondent for the New York *Times*. After eleven months, he received word from the authorities that he had to get out. In Afrikaans, he was *uitgeskop*—"out-kicked"—for his reporting of the state of affairs that he witnessed. Fourteen years later, when it seemed that he would be permitted to enter the country again, he welcomed the chance: "There was something irresistible about returning to a story you had once covered; it was like a trip in a time machine, one of the few ways a newspaperman could inject a little coherence and resonance into a vagabond life."

Why did South Africa think of letting him in again? Probably, he says, the authorities felt that they had improved matters, and that he couldn't complain of them anymore. Certainly when he returned people kept asking if he didn't notice changes. It is fair to say that he has never really enjoyed South Africa, before or after that extended absence. His first time there was one of "silence and fear," when the system of apartheid was being extended, and "the security apparatus, having . . . crushed the main black nationalist movements, was stamping out the few sparks of resistance that white radicals had managed to ignite." In those early days, a number of the people whom Lelyveld knew and admired were in trouble on account of apartheid—a system that seemed awful, of course, but too ridiculous to survive.

Whites, who number fifteen per cent of South Africa's population, occupy about eighty-six per cent of the country's land. The philosophy of apartheid was crystallized by Hendrik Verwoerd (1901-66), a political leader who, Mr. Lelyveld writes, "had no tolerance for dissent, no tolerance even for tolerance." Verwoerd's plan was that blacks should live not among whites but in their own "homelands." "In his first plunge into politics, this immigrant son of an immigrant had resisted Jewish immigration from Nazi Germany on grounds that it was necessary to limit the number of Jews in order to prevent the spread of anti-Semitism," the reporter tells us. "With the same purity of motive, he now argued that blacks could not be allowed a permanent foothold in 'white South Africa' because it would be a denial of their rights to keep them there as a disenfranchised majority. Insisting that they belonged in 'their own countries'—even if they had never seen them, even if there was not the remotest chance that they would ever go, even if most of these so-called countries existed only in his mind—was actually to champion black nationalism." For the sake of the blacks as well as the whites, Verwoerd held, there must be no racial mixing, in sports, at concerts, or even in the workplace, though whites ever since their first arrival at the Cape of Good Hope, in the seventeenth century, had depended on nonwhite labor. (Verwoerd himself had no black servants—something that probably could be said of few of his followers.) In 1966, Verwoerd was assassinated. Mr. Lelyveld, after being expelled, assumed that the dead man's ideas lived on. At last, when he came back, he was able to see for himself.

Admittedly, there were changes. He visited the Tswana "national state," Bo-



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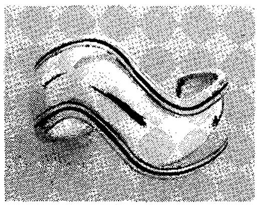

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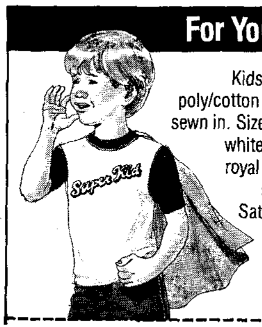

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phuthatswana, which was new to him. It was said to be a sovereign and independent nation, and its one and a half million black residents were no longer considered South African. The "national state" was divided into six pieces, each piece surrounded by white-held property—mainly ranches. Though the borderline between black and white areas was not clearly marked, you could always discern it: if you saw fields empty of anything but cattle and grain, you were in South Africa; but if the land was crowded with people in tribal villages or desolate shantytowns, that was the "national state." Mr. Lelyveld visited the glossy resort known as Sun City, where blacks and whites mix, and where a prizefight was scheduled between a black boxer and a white one. Sun City was one of the much-vaunted changes, and white South Africans were obviously proud of it. At the fight, he even heard the Bophuthatswana anthem. Not long after this, however, he realized that things were not really very different, when he witnessed from his Johannesburg hotel window an arrest, on a rooftop, of three black men who, he presumed, did not have passes. (He later learned that they did have passes.) Policemen were beating the men, who showed no resistance. He tried in vain to learn the particulars of the case from them. Helen Suzman, a member of the South African parliament who has long battled for reform, explained to him later that the victims would not complain of assault, since the police would support each other in denying it. Indeed, any victim of such a beating might well, if he lodged a complaint, lose not only his job but his status as a migrant worker.

What was especially vicious in modern South Africa, the reporter suggests, was the way the system kept squeezing and squeezing Indians and people of mixed race as well as blacks. "Something had definitely slipped loose, but whatever it was, it wasn't political power," he writes. "White power seemed more entrenched and happy with itself, with its own devices and cleverness, than ever." The boasted changes of practices and attitudes had not lost to the whites the advantages of white supremacy, though black trade unions were getting legal rights, and the brown minorities—Coloreds and Indians—"were being offered a junior partnership in a national government that would continue to exclude blacks." Nowadays,

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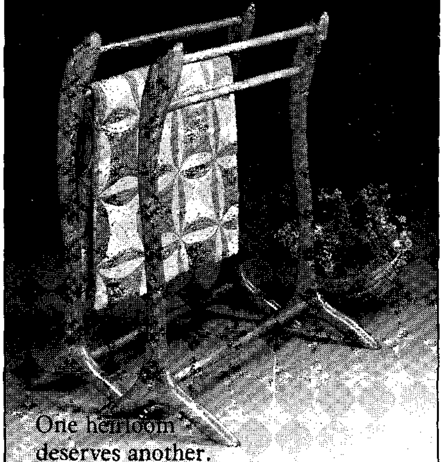

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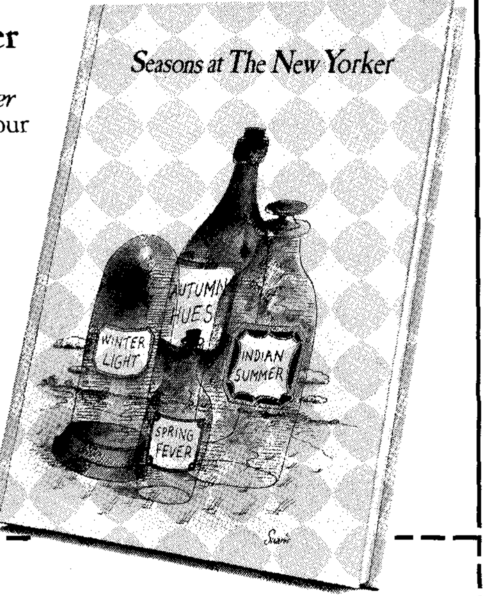
white South Africans avoid the word "apartheid," but the promise made by Verwoerd has been faithfully kept. "The areas in which whites, browns, and blacks once lived in proximity have nearly all been cleared and sorted out." There is a new sort of openness, with carefully selected nonwhites joining in discussion of racial matters, but it doesn't really amount to much, and the talk between black and black is very different. "South Africa sates you with paradox," Mr. Lelyveld reports. Though "a black poet can say almost anything, it seems, as long as he is sparing in his use of proper nouns" (Benjamin Moloise had not been hanged when he wrote this), a black mechanic got into trouble for scratching on his lunchtime mug the phrase "Release our leaders, release Nelson Mandela." For this offense he was immediately fired and given eighteen months in jail—more time than he had got on a previous conviction, for culpable homicide. "If there is a mastermind behind all this," the bewildered reporter says, "he must be a genius."

IN 1965, Mr. Lelyveld had met a "typical" farmer, Johannes van der Linde, then a major in South Africa's reserve corps. He was a nice man, in his way. He had built a schoolhouse for the children of his black laborers, and said approvingly of one of his men, Old Sam, an elder in the church, "It's very good to have black people like that. You meet white people who don't have the same quality. Of course, every now and then Sam will get cheeky or something." Mr. Lelyveld asked what van der Linde did in that case, and he said, "It's very like the way you treat your own children. You don't want to be too tough, but if you're not firm, you won't have your farm long. I have to clout one every now and then in the stable." He found it strange that people outside his country were beginning to criticize the Afrikaners. "Is it something in this century?" he asked. "It wasn't always so."

During Mr. Lelyveld's second existence in South Africa, he looked up Major (now Colonel) van der Linde to see what had happened to him. Much had. He had visited America and found that he liked New York. He forgave Mr. Lelyveld for publishing the story of how he hit his blacks when they were cheeky. The farmhouse was more extravagantly furnished, with television and other com-



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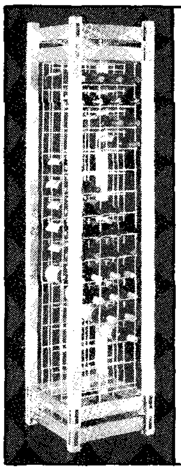

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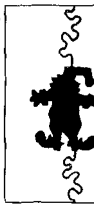

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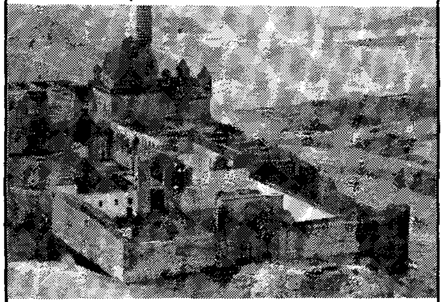

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forts. The van der Lindes had also been to Greece, which Mrs. van der Linde didn't like, because it was too poor. When Mr. Lelyveld asked if she had ever visited the black settlement next door, "she grimaced and said no."

MR. LELYVELD quotes what Lord Randolph Churchill once wrote of the Boer: "It may be asserted, generally with truth, that he never plants a tree, never digs a well, never makes a road, never grows a blade of corn. Rough and ready cultivation of the soil for mealies by the natives he to some extent permits, but agriculture and the agriculturalist he holds alike in great contempt. He passes his days doing absolutely nothing beyond smoking and drinking coffee. He is perfectly uneducated." Mr. Lelyveld also cites Jan Smuts, the Boer War hero who was much admired in Britain and who in a series of lectures at Oxford theorized about the blacks: "The negro and the negroid Bantu form a distinct human type. It has largely remained a child type, with a child psychology and outlook . . . A child-like human cannot be a bad human, for are we not in spiritual matters bidden to be like unto children?" Perhaps, Mr. Lelyveld observes, the Oxford audience would have said the same of the Afrikaners.

Today, it is true, attempts are being made by white South Africans to reply to world criticism, but the Afrikaners' replies indicate their limits of thought. For example, the Minister of Coöperation and Development "went around the world declaring South Africa's intention to abolish 'unnecessary and hurtful discrimination.'" Mr. Lelyveld asked what discrimination wasn't hurtful, and the Minister brushed him off, saying impatiently, "That's semantics, that's absolutely semantics."

The Minister of National Education said in Washington, "Separateness is no longer recognized as the total answer to the problem of accommodating a multiethnic society; while separateness is recognized as still an essential ingredient, it is accepted that it should in many cases be combined with an inevitable measure of togetherness."

"Parse that if you can," Mr. Lelyveld comments. "I think it means, 'We will have as much separateness as we can get, but we realize that we can't have as much as we want.'" This minister once told the reporter that "Afrikaners were not racists . . . They were simply revolted by the way some blacks sneeze and spit in public."

However, sometimes one can find real meaning in official statements out of South Africa. The Minister of Constitutional Development has said that there can be no place for blacks in the parliamentary structure, because blacks would outnumber whites, Coloreds, and Indians by a ratio of 36:9:5:2.

"A LOPSIDED social structure is not peculiar to South Africa," says Mr. Lelyveld. "What is peculiar is the fact that it is legally mandated and rigorously imposed on the basis of race." He found that the printed laws referring to blacks weighed, when he stepped on the scales with them, more than ten pounds. The social structure is very, very complicated. For instance, there is a broad distinction between urban and rural blacks. The urban blacks are further subdivided between "insiders" and "commuters." Insiders are, in effect, permanent residents of South Africa and have a certain immunity to expulsion. Urban commuters, who live in townships close to cities, may nevertheless be regarded as foreign; they can get special licenses authorizing them to work in an urban area. Rural commuters, who also work in urban areas, often have to travel very long distances to their workplace, but they can go home at night and live with their families. So-called migrants live in urban townships or on the mines or sugar plantations, in single-sex hostels, usually for eleven months every year. Farm laborers, the next subcaste, live in white rural areas; until lately, they have usually been paid in sacks of cornmeal, but now wages are coming into fashion. The lowest caste are the homeland blacks, who live all their lives in the black rural areas: they are "mainly dependent on the wages of migrants, or scratch out a meager existence as subsistence cultivators on exhausted soil, or are unemployed and wholly destitute." The children of this group are especially liable to starvation diseases.

In a chapter entitled "Forced Busing" we get a close-at-hand description of what a commuter's life is like. As apartheid progressed, the social engineers had to find ways to limit the number of blacks who stayed overnight in urban areas, so they built up the number of commuters. More and more blacks were forced into homelands—out of South Africa—and enor-

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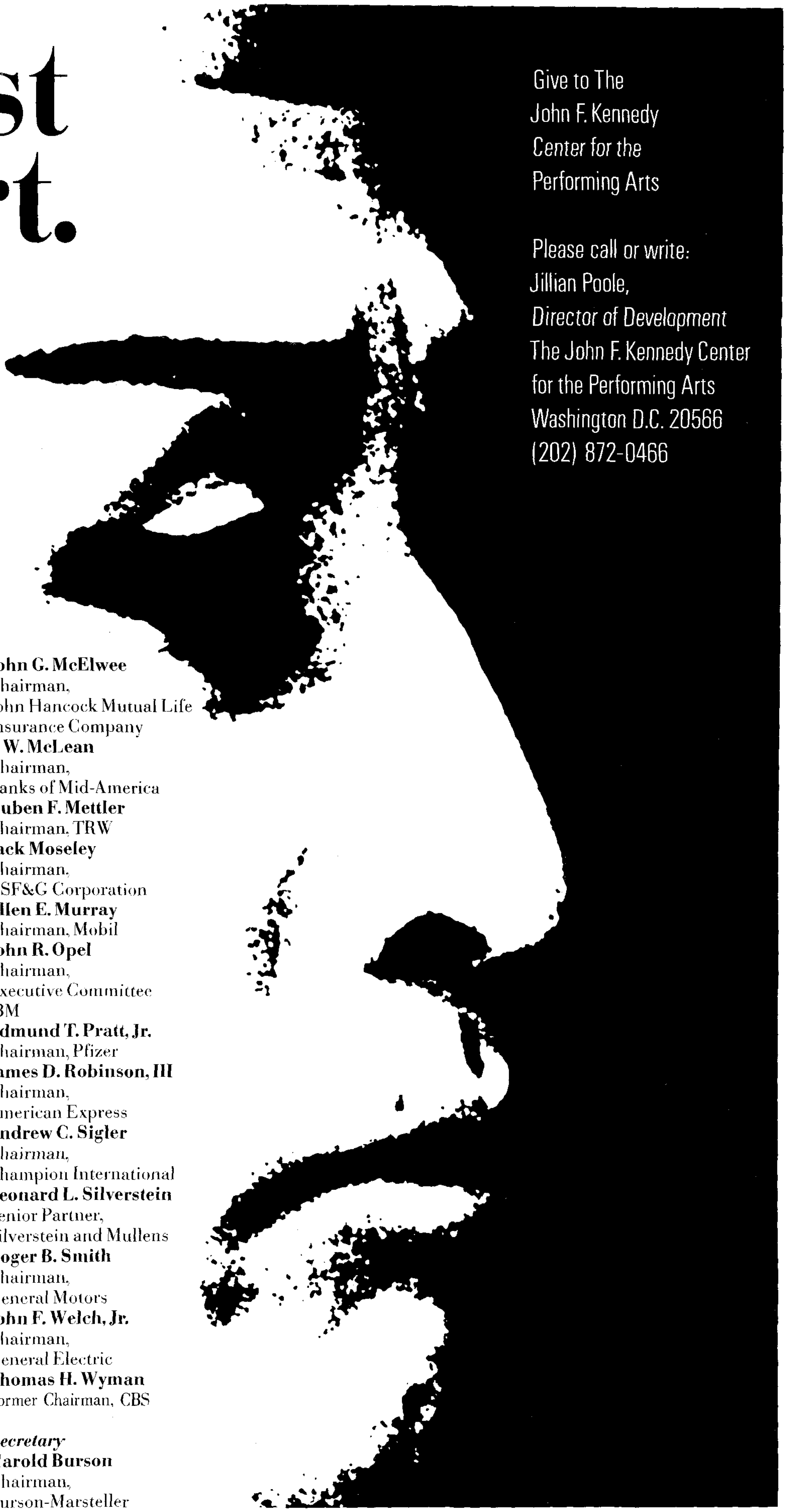

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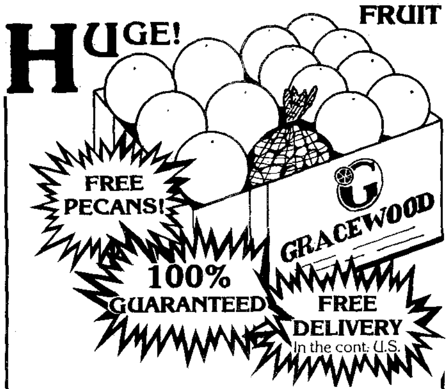
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mous growth areas were created. KwaNdebele, the smallest of them, is near Pretoria. With the photographer David Goldblatt, Mr. Lelyveld arranged to make a bus journey from KwaNdebele to Pretoria. The first bus from KwaNdebele was scheduled to leave in the early hours of the morning. The black settlers of the new state who boarded the bus would have to ride ninety-five miles before transferring to local buses that took them to their workplaces. This meant a minimum journey of a hundred and ninety miles a day—eight hours every day spent in buses. And these were the lucky ones: they at least had work. The bus was late in starting; it was two-forty before the lights were switched on and it pulled out. En route, the reporter interviewed one of the workers and learned that bus fares used up a quarter of his wages. This man had to take three buses to get to his job. Only on Sundays did he get to see his family by daylight. With luck, he got to bed by ten o'clock. So, with four hours' sleep at home and a couple of hours' more sleep on the buses, he could stay awake at work; if he was caught napping, he could be fired. After this conversation, the man leaned his head against the seat in front of him and went out like a light. Toward the end of the trip, besides the reporter, the photographer, and an official of the bus company, only one passenger was awake.

Not all Mr. Lelyveld's interviews in the homelands were with underprivileged blacks. He spoke with the Chief Minister of the homeland known as Qwaqwa, a successful official, who was shocked to learn that his questioner was "one of those foreign journalists who come to South Africa with preconceived ideas." He had learned, he said accusingly, that Mr. Lelyveld was taking pictures of poor houses and shanties. The journalist replied that he wasn't trying to photograph the poorest dwellings; he was only trying to give an idea of the density of population in Qwaqwa. Somewhat mollified, the Minister said that there were eight houses built by the government for him and his Cabinet which had cost a million dollars, and he was pleased when Mr. Lelyveld said he would like to come and photograph those, too. Certainly the houses were better than shacks, and were well defended by fences and a gate.

IN Cape Town, an Afrikaner businessman asked Mr. Lelyveld, "Do you see the changes?" and he replied,

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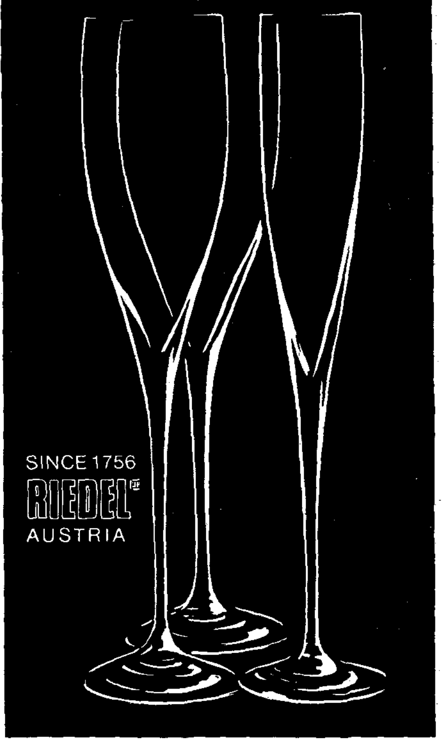

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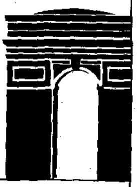

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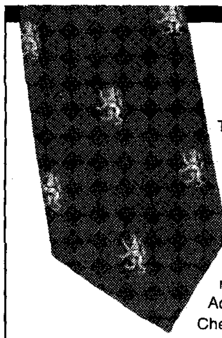

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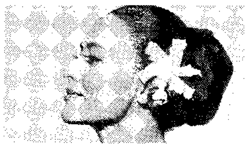

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"Yes, I never imagined they would be able to carry apartheid so far."

"Who," he asks, "could have imagined KwaNdebele or Qwaqwa? Or a resettlement program extending into the nineteen-eighties and beyond?" He observes that despite a high birth rate the number of blacks in South Africa—according to official estimates—showed a decline: "Apartheid double bookkeeping, subtracting blacks every time there was an independence ceremony in a homeland, made this miracle possible. . . . Not only people but places disappeared."

Among the beneficiaries of apartheid was Lieutenant General Xhanti Charles Sebe, director of state security in "independent" Ciskei—"a flamboyant black cop who sometimes wore a black Stetson with his smoked glasses and Christian Dior suits," a generalissimo who "not only went along with the system that produced him but was as dedicated as any white to the task of *rooting out its enemies.*" Sebe had, Mr. Lelyveld tells us, a helicopter and a couple of planes, weapons and listening devices, four small military bases, a prison system, and "a real security problem in an area that had long been the crucible of black resistance to white dominance." For three years, "he wielded more power and accrued more notoriety within the South African system than any black man had before him." When, at last, he fell from this eminence, South African security officials did everything they could to bring him back—and no wonder. He was exactly what they needed.

Mr. Lelyveld decided that Sebe, whom he quite liked, had sold out not because he realized how much power and wealth he could get—he hadn't realized that at first—but because "he wanted to be on the side of power and authority." "Every culture, every society, produces such men," says the reporter. (Remember Quisling?) These thoughts brought Mr. Lelyveld to an important conclusion: the fact that Sebe could exist at all suggests that apartheid might be more durable than he had imagined. It is true that Charles Sebe and his coterie of bright young men ultimately found themselves in jail, but others would take their places. Before his fall, Sebe had occasion to address an audience of Afrikaner students at the University of the Orange Free State—the only time, no doubt, that these young people had ever listened to a black man making a speech. Mr. Lelyveld was there. The

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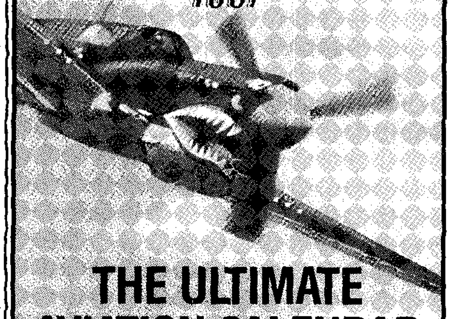

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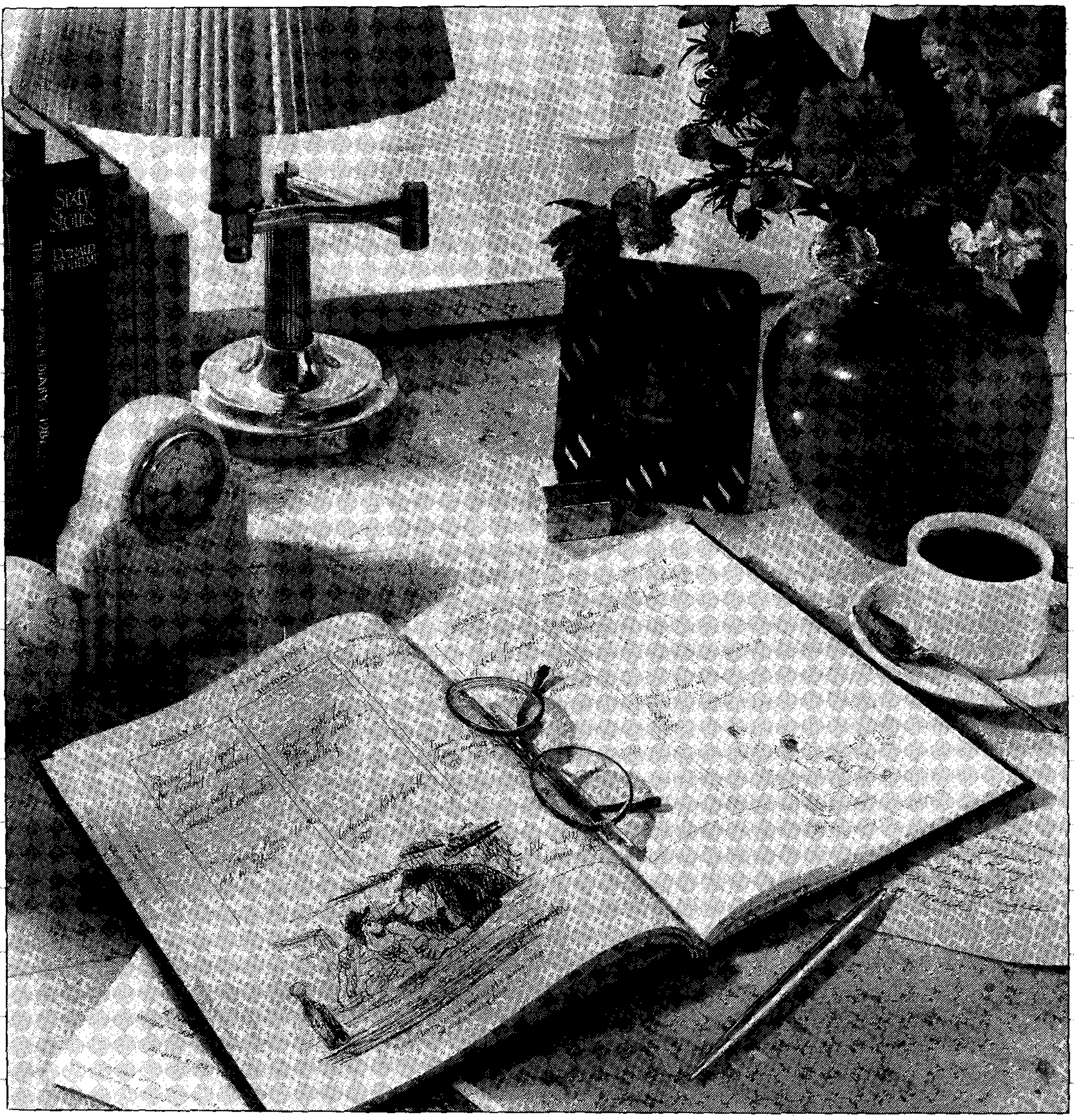

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lecture was on Sebe's specialty, Communism. The General stated that Communism is everywhere, and proved his point with quotations from the book "None Dare Call It Treason," an underground best-seller when the John Birch Society was establishing its cells. "There is an international traffic in cast-off conspiracy theories as well as cast-off machinery and garments," Mr. Lelyveld observes. "One nation's lunatic fringe is another nation's security policy."

IN the chapter "Part of Us," Mr. Lelyveld goes into the history of American missionaries in South Africa as well as of the sudden growth of the gold- and diamond-mining industries. The Anglo American Corporation, founded by Ernest Oppenheimer, son of a cigar-maker in Germany, got "half its initial capital from Wall Street interests, thanks in part to . . . an American middleman, a former mining engineer named Herbert Hoover." American influence was not noticeably pitched against apartheid at the beginning. An American Ambassador to the Congo, G. McMurtrie Godley, said to Lelyveld during the reporter's first sojourn in Africa, "The day has not yet come when white men will fight white men in Africa for the sake of black men." But the American attitude changed under President Carter, who chose Andrew Young to be Ambassador to the United Nations. Sir Ernest's son Harry Oppenheimer, a past chairman of the Anglo American Corporation, asked the Ambassador-elect what Americans meant by the term "majority rule." The answer was "One man, one vote."

MANY people wonder why black anger isn't greater. Mr. Lelyveld asked Father Buti, a young Roman Catholic priest who had been trained in Rome, if it was a question of blacks' awaiting a messianic leader. "That's not how it is," Father Buti said. "The students you see here aren't waiting for any Messiah. They just get cut down so fast. A student leader lasts for three to six months. The police are on to them very fast. They go to jail, or they go to exile. Or they wear out—they come home and just sit . . . It's not that they're waiting for the Messiah. It's the pressure. They've just had too much."

The chapter "W-A-R?" examines various attempts at change that have been made by dissidents. One of the dissidents, Philip Kgosana, whom Mr. Lelyveld interviewed in Sri Lanka, told the reporter that he no longer believes freedom can come to South Africa from the outside—it will have to have "its own spontaneous growth there." Sometimes, he said, in low moments, he thinks he will never see it in his lifetime. Once, long ago—on March 30, 1960—he led a famous freedom march of migrant workers in Cape Town, but he called it off when he realized they might all be slaughtered. Mr. Lelyveld asked if he had ever regretted doing that. No, said Kgosana. "They would mow you down. And they would walk on your blood. And the world would scream, it would scream its protests. And then Verwoerd would emerge with bullets in his head, and he would say, 'This is survival. We are fighting for our survival.' "

"What do *you* think is really going to happen?" a university professor asked Mr. Lelyveld, who could think of nothing stronger to say in reply than "Plenty of conflict."

"It has to come," the professor said, turning away.

This is a splendid book.

—EMILY HAHN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

FINDING HOSEYN, by Colin MacKinnon (Arbor House; $16.95). A first novel that remembers something of the ratiocination of John le Carré and also something of the le Carré manner of telling. The scene, however, seems more contemporary than le Carré's, and the turns and twists even more labyrinthine: Iran, chiefly Tehran, in the last days of the Shah, with side trips to Munich, Paris, Beirut, and Tel Aviv. The story concerns the assassination on a street in Tehran of an Israeli agent presumed by his masters to have been secure in deep cover, and the pursuit of the assassin and of the reasons behind his act by another Israeli agent and by an American journalist in search of a big story. Mr. MacKinnon's rich novel is given depth by his understanding of place and time: he has lived for several years in Iran; he speaks Persian and other Near Eastern languages; and he is aware of the reach and power of contemporary Islam, of the vehemence of Israeli intelligence, and of the strength of Khomeini.

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CELEBRATION, by Mary Lee Settle (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.95). An odd collection of characters assemble in London in 1969, in this moving allegorical novel, the author's ninth. At the center of the group is Teresa, an American anthropologist widowed in Turkey in her mid-twenties. In the British Museum, she meets, and will fall in love with, Ewen, an introverted Scottish geologist who is recovering from malaria, which he contracted in Africa. Various characters from their pasts emerge, among them Pius, a six-foot-nine black Jesuit priest, who saved Ewen's life in Africa, and Noel, a homosexual English aristocrat (and Teresa's oldest friend), who returns from Hong Kong with tales of corruption during the waning days of British rule. All have faced death, and all willfully celebrate life, taking salvation from their friendships. Occasionally, the strands of the novel are difficult to follow—the narrative moves in and out of the first and third persons, exotic settings rise up with little introduction, dreamlike figures become real—but the over-all effect is something of a tour de force.

CAT'S GRIN, by François Maspero, translated from the French by Nancy Amphoux (Knopf; $16.95). A wise and bitter novel about memory and death—about *auf Wiedersehen* versus *adieu*. Cat is the nickname of a precocious boy, thirteen years old in the spring of 1944, the younger son and grandson of famous scholar-travellers. Just as the Allies begin to make some headway in Europe, Cat's parents are arrested and shipped to German death camps, and Cat's adored, idealistic brother joins the Resistance. The title alludes (as the stunning dust jacket makes clear) to the Lewis Carroll character, but Kipling's Cat That Walked By Himself is the one that Cat's brother would have him emulate, at least for the duration. Cat's straitlaced Parisian relatives, obliged to take him in, think he is thick, but a runaway who nicknames him Snail knows that he has simply pulled in his horns. In a foreword, François Maspero, a left-wing journalist born in 1932, tips his hat to Kipling. A hat should be tipped to the translator, too.

NOTE: "Collected Stories, 1948-1986," by Wright Morris, has been published by Harper & Row

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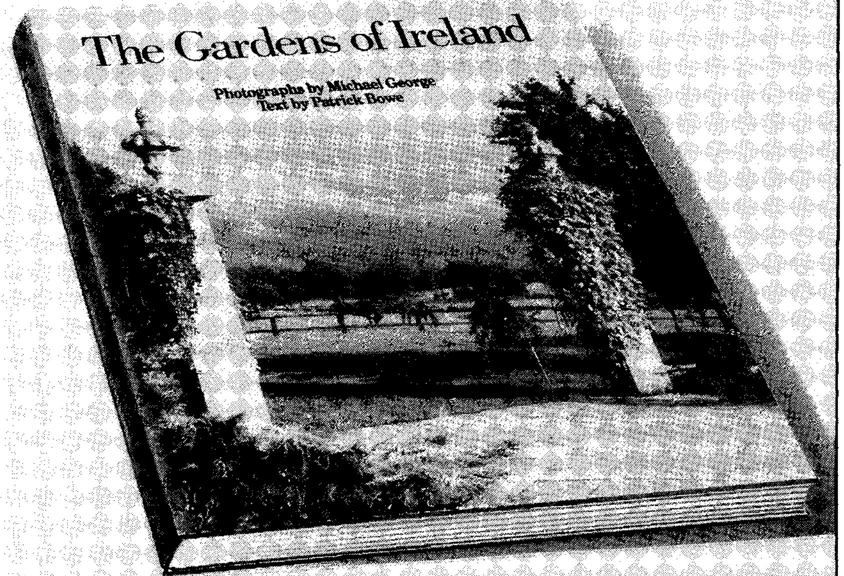

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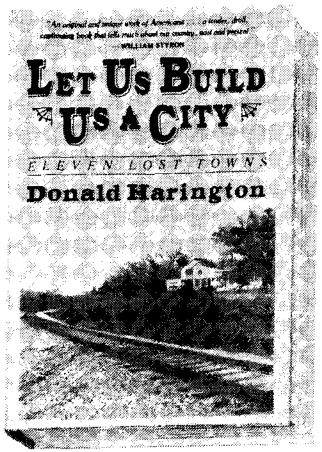

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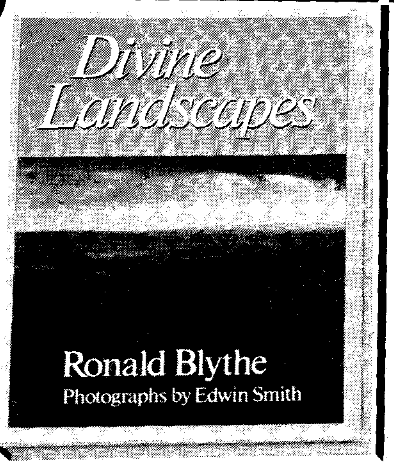

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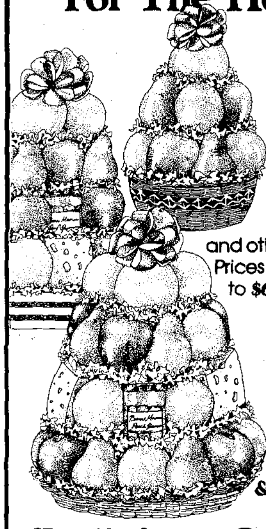

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($17.95). Many of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

GENERAL

Divine Landscapes, by Ronald Blythe (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $22.95). An account of a series of pilgrimages to places in "the celebrated heartlands of England's Christian experience"—villages, cities, riversides, moors, chalk cliffs, hills, entire counties associated with poets, mystics, and martyrs. Mr. Blythe travels with commodious literary baggage. He tells us of writers from George Crabbe and William Blake to Thomas Hardy and T. S. Eliot. He visits John Bunyan's Bedfordshire, the land of "The Pilgrim's Progress;" the Herefordshire countryside of William Langland's "Piers Plowman;" the rocky hill in Lancashire on which young George Fox was inspired to create a Society of Friends; and, notably, the little village near Salisbury Plain where George Herbert served his brief tenure as parish priest, restored a lovely Anglican church, and wrote some of the finest English poetry. Illustrated with many photographs, by Edwin Smith.

The Anti-Soviet Soviet Union, by Vladimir Voinovich, translated from the Russian by Richard Lourie (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $19.95). A collection of short pieces—essays, anecdotes, memoirs, and fiction—by a Russian writer who was exiled in 1980 and was subsequently deprived of Soviet citizenship. Mr. Voinovich, who now lives near Munich, discovered as an émigré how little Westerners understand about life in his native land: its deprivations and injustices seem beyond their imagination. He sets out to describe the reality, not by arguing but by telling stories. He fixes on small problems—for example, how a Moscow family gets its New Year's tree (the equivalent of our Christmas tree)—to help readers appreciate not merely that the regime is evil or inefficient but that it is grotesque. His wit, his irony, and, above all, his sense of individual personalities make the book both entertaining and convincing.

Mishima: A Vision of the Void, by Marguerite Yourcenar, translated from the French by Alberto Manguel in collaboration with the author (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $14.95). This concise study affords

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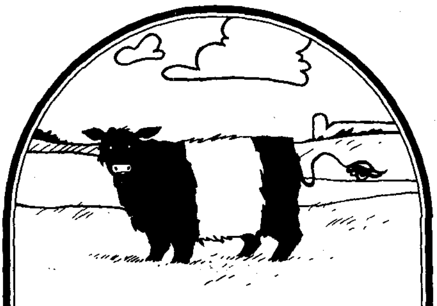

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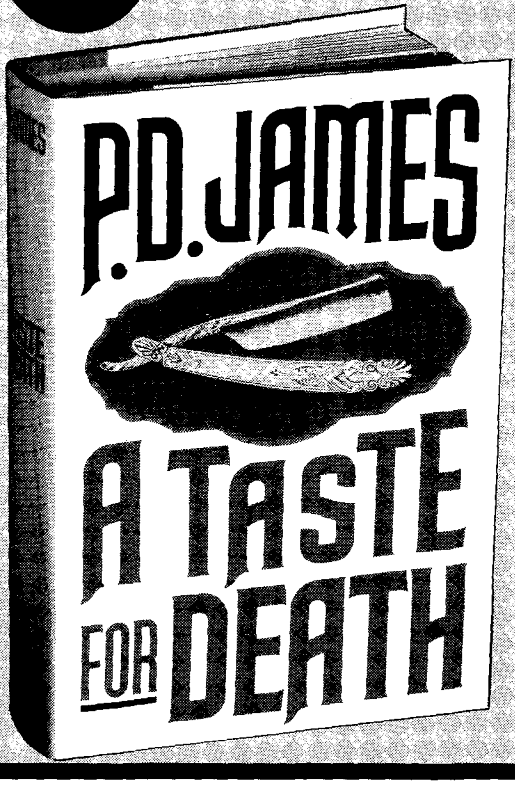
entry into the work of a writer who may now be best remembered—in the West, at least—for his ritual suicide, before a terrorized audience of Japanese military cadets, in 1970. Mishima was a sickly child, raised in a bizarre and uncongenial family; he grew up with an uncertain sexual identity, an attraction to violence, and a passion for literature. His early success seemed hollow to him, and he embarked on a program of physical training to increase his endurance, and formed a paramilitary band in support of a vision of imperial restoration. He once told a group of Communist students that "love itself had become impossible in a world bereft of faith." The faith he more or less concocted for himself was a belief in the moral grandeur of pre-modern Japan, but Marguerite Yourcenar's critical acumen has detached him from the exotic and connected him to the quixotic. The reader recognizes that Mishima belonged to a tribe that exists in all times: men and women who are not satisfied by ordinary loyalties, and feel that life can be justified only by a cause that transcends it.

LEWIS HINE: PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHILD LABOR IN THE NEW SOUTH, edited by John R. Kemp (Mississippi; $19.95). An album of eighty black-and-white photographs of children, from four to fourteen years old, who worked in the mills and factories of the South in the early years of this century, during the so-called Progressive Era in American industry. Some of the children are shown in glassworks, coal mines, textile mills, and canning factories; others shucked oysters, picked cotton, or rolled cigars. They put in ten or twelve hours a day and were paid a pittance—perhaps fifteen cents a day. The pictures were first used by Lewis Hine, a prominent reformer and a photographer of the Jacob Riis school, in the long and bitterly contested struggle to outlaw child labor in this country, and they are eloquent.

NOTE: "At the Gentle Mercy of Plants," a collection of essays and poems by Hildegarde Flanner, has been published by John Daniel ($10 paper). Some of the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FADEAWAY, by Richard Rosen (Harper & Row; $15.95). Harvey



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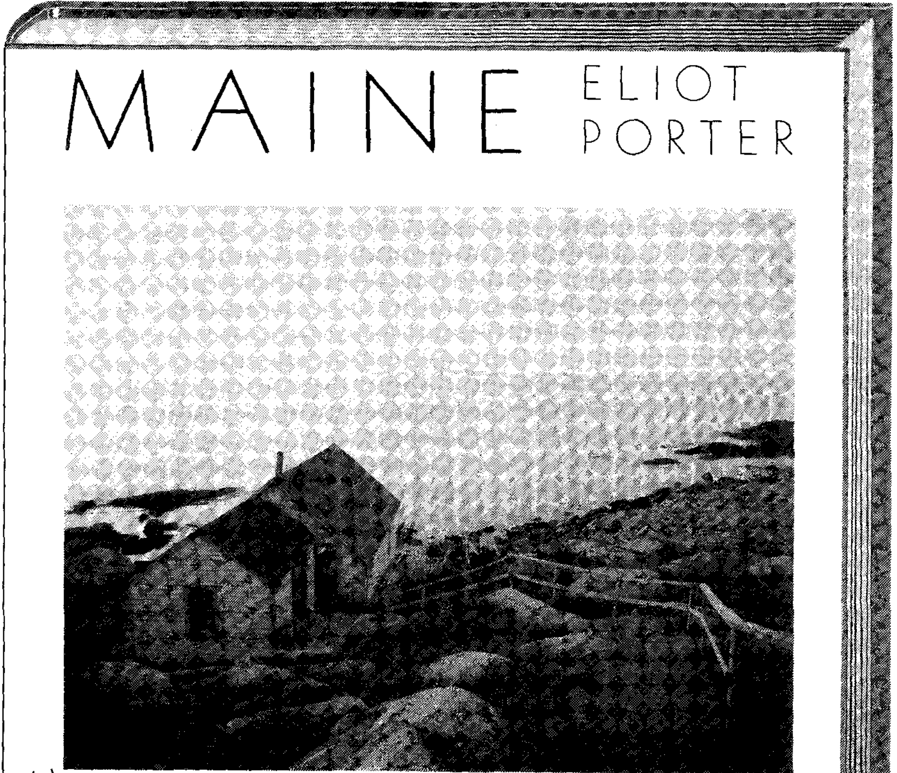

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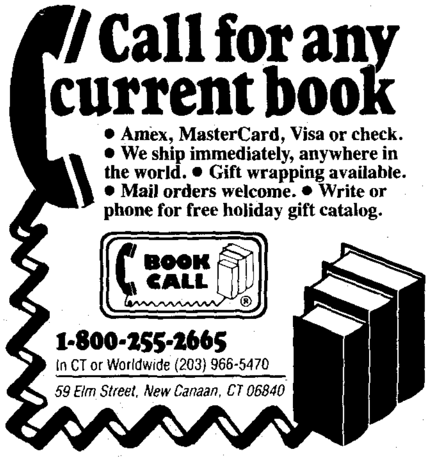

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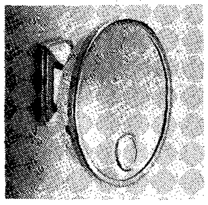

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Blissberg, Mr. Rosen's Boston Red Sox center fielder turned private investigator, is an attractive representative of what would seem to be a new trend in the genre. First of all, like Robert B. Parker's Spenser and several others, he is based in the Hub. Then, also like Spenser, he has a brash and brainy girlfriend, he is an amateur "gourmet" cook, and he has his aesthetic side: he paints in watercolors. The question that involves him here is why two professional basketball players—one black and one white—are murdered in Logan Airport, and it is a question that Mr. Rosen is skillful enough to enlarge into something more than simply a puzzle. A diverting, often witty, and well-considered novel.

A TASTE FOR DEATH, by P. D. James (Knopf; $18.95). Two men are discovered dead, their throats cut, in the vestry of a run-down London church. One is a former Cabinet Minister, Sir Paul Berowne, the other is an alcoholic vagrant, and the case is turned over to Commander Adam Dalgliesh, Miss James's poet-detective, who has been put in charge of a Scotland Yard team assigned to handle politically sensitive crimes. So far so good, but this promising beginning is eroded by a flood of information dealing with Berowne's family and associates—an unattractive and often predictable lot—and by the author's portentous tone. There are a few striking characters among the large cast—notably Berowne's crippled, autocratic old mother and Dalgliesh's determined young assistant, Kate Miskin—but even they become mired in the prevailing gloom.

•

MOST ARRESTING METAPHOR OF THE WEEK

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"This is the first time there has been institutional support," said Martin Levinson, the director of the drug prevention program in District 30 in Queens. "For the morale of the drug workers, it is a shot in the arm."

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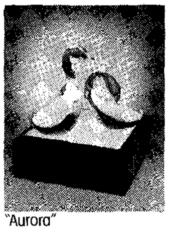

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Useful travel suggestions by resident Americans for inquisitive travelers who seek the out-of-the-way: villages, chateaux, resorts—what's new and still worthwhile: cuisine and restaurants—provincial and Parisian.

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We put every Old Grand-Dad barrel through 45 seconds of hell.

If you've ever watched pure white sugar melt until it becomes delicious brown caramel, you'll appreciate why we're so all-fired particular about the way the white oak barrels we age Old Grand-Dad in are charred.

You see, wood has sugar, too, though it's not the kind you sprinkle on your corn flakes. The intense heat from charring turns some of it into wood-sugar caramel.

As the bourbon slowly ages, it's this reddish caramel that gives Old Grand-Dad its rich, ruddy color and helps create its full-bodied flavor.

Sounds simple.

But it's not.

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A fraction of an inch either way can actually make the difference between a magnificent bourbon and a mediocre one.

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Old Grand-Dad

HEAD OF THE BOURBON FAMILY

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY 40601 © 1986 National Distillers

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